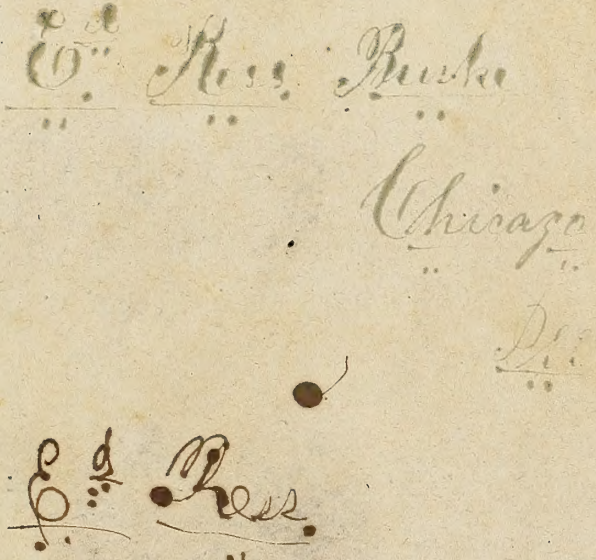
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THE

SIXTH READER;

CONSISTING OF

EXTRACTS IN PROSE AND VERSE, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES OF THE AUTHORS.

FOR THE USE OF ADVANCED CLASSES

IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

BY

G. S. HILLARD.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY TREATISE ON ELOCUTION,

By PROF. MARK BAILEY.

CHICAGO:
W. B. KEEN & CO.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by
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PREFACE.

THE "SIXTH READER" corresponds to the "FIRST CLASS READER" in the compiler's former series, and, like that, is intended for the most advanced classes in our public and private schools. The main object of all reading books is to teach the art of reading, and this has been constantly borne in mind in preparing this compilation. With this view, a wide range of selections has been made, so that the pupils using it may be trained to give proper force and due expression to every form of style, whether grave or gay, humorous or pathetic, elevated or familiar, declamatory or simple. The pieces, as a general rule, are of moderate length, and care has been taken to admit nothing which young persons would be likely to pronounce dull or tame. Several of the most approved pieces in the "First Class Reader" have been retained, but a large proportion of the contents is new. As compared with the former work, it will be seen that there is a greater number of declamatory and animated pieces; and this change has been advisedly made.

As far as was consistent with the end of preparing a good reading book, the compiler has endeavored to make his young readers acquainted with the treasures of English and American literature, and thus to aid them in forming a good literary taste. No one who recalls his own youth need be told how lasting are the impressions made by the pieces habitually read in the school-room, and how they shape and color the mind through life. With this view much care has been given to the introductory notices, biographical, critical, and explanatory, prefixed to most of the selections.

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The compiler has taken several pieces which have long been familiar to all persons acquainted with English literature, and which may to some extent be pronounced hackneyed; such as Collins's "Ode to the Passions" and Gray's "Elegy." But the permanent popularity of such pieces is due to their intrinsic merit, and it seemed to the compiler that they ought not to be displaced to make room for productions which, it is true, are now commended by the gloss of novelty, but will not be likely to wear so well as those on which time has set its lasting seal of approval. Several pieces will also be found here which were first made generally known in Pierpont's "American First Class Book," an admirable work, which, in many respects, has never been surpassed by any of the many similar compilations which have since appeared. In retaining these the compiler has been guided not only by his own judgment but by the express wishes of several teachers who were desirous that selections should be retained which have so long borne the sharp test of daily use.

In the preparation of the work the compiler has been aided by the judgment and experience of many practical teachers, especially several masters of grammar schools in this city, whose services and interest are gratefully remembered. And at every step he has had the valuable assistance of his publisher and friend, Dr. T. M. Brewer, to whose taste and judgment no small portion of whatever merit the work may be found to possess is to be ascribed.

The introductory portion, on reading and the training of the vocal organs, has been prepared expressly for this work by Prof. Mark Bailey, of Yale College, a gentleman of large experience in the teaching of elocution; and it is confidently believed that teachers will find it of great practical service, and that it will add much to the value of the work.

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TABLE OF VOWEL SOUNDS.

A **Vowel** is a letter which represents a free and uninterrupted sound of the human voice.

An **Equivalent** is a letter or combination of letters used to represent an elementary sound more appropriately represented by another letter or letters. The Equivalents given in these tables are those of more common occurrence.

Name.	Example.	Element.	Name.	Example.	Element.
A long	Fāte	ā	O long and close	Môve	ô
A short	Făt	ă	U long	Tūbe	ū
A Italian	Fär	ä	U short	Tŭb	ŭ
A broad	Fâll	â	U middle or obtuse	Fûll	û
E long	Mēte	ē	U short and obtuse	Für	ü
E short	Mĕt	ĕ	OI and OY	Böĭl	öĭ
I long	Pīne	ī	OU and OW	Böûnd	öû
I short	Pĭn	ĭ			
O long	Nōte	ō			
O short	Nŏt	ŏ			

EQUIVALENTS.

E	short and obtuse, like ü in Für	Hër	ë	U	like O in Move	Rûle	ů
I	like E long	Machîne	î	Y	like I long	Tÿpe	ȳ
I	short and obtuse, like ü in Für	Sïr	ï	Y	like I short	Sўmbol	ў
O	like A broad	Nör	ö	Y	short and obtuse, like ü in Für	Mÿrtle	ÿ
O	like U short	Sŏn	ŏ	EW	like U long	Newˉ	ew̄

The following vowel sounds cannot be easily pronounced alone, as distinct elements, so as to be distinguished from some of the other sounds.

Name.	Examples.	Name.	Examples.
A long before R	Fȧre, pȧir.	I slight or obscure .	Ruịn, ability.
A intermediate	Fȧst, brȧnch.	O slight or obscure .	Actọr, cọnfess.
A slight or obscure . .	Liạr, palạce.	U slight or obscure .	Sulphụr, famọus.
E like A long before R	Hẹir, thẹre.	Y slight or obscure .	Truly, envy.
E slight or obscure . .	Brieṛ, fueḷ.		

TABLE OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

A **Consonant** is a letter which cannot be sounded, or but imperfectly, without the aid of a vowel; or, it represents a sound that is modified by some interruption during its passage through the organs of speech.

Vocal Consonants are those uttered with a slight degree of vocality, but less than that of a vowel. They are formed with a vibration of the vocal cords.

Aspirate Consonants are those in which the pure breath alone is heard. They are formed without any vibration of the vocal cords.

VOCAL CONSONANTS.[1]

NAME.	EXAMPLE.	ELEMENT.	NAME.	EXAMPLE.	ELEMENT.
B	Babe	b	R (trilled)	Rap	r
D	Did	d	R (untrilled)	Nor	r
G hard	Gag	g	TH soft	Thine	th
J	Joy	j	V	Valve	v
L	Lull	l	W	Wine	w
M	Maim	m	Y	Yes	y
N	Nun	n	Z	Zeal	z
NG	Sing	ng	ZH (or Z)	Azure	zh

ASPIRATE CONSONANTS.

CH	Church	ch	T	Tent	t
F	Fife	f	S	Seal	s
H[2]	Hold	h	SH	Shine	sh
K	Kirk	k	TH sharp	Thin	th
P	Pipe	p			

EQUIVALENTS.

C soft, like s	Cease	ç	S soft, like z	Muse	ṣ
C hard, like k	Cake	c̣	S like zh	Vision	s
Ch hard, like k	Chasm	c̣h	Q like k	Coquette	q
Ch soft, like sh	Chaise	çh	X like ks	Tax	x
G soft, like j	Giant	ġ	X like gz	Exalt	ẋ
Ph like f	Seraph	ph			

Q has the sound of *k*, and is always followed by *u*, which, in this position, commonly has the sound of *w*, but is sometimes silent.

WH is an aspirated *w*, pronounced as if written *hw*.

[1] Sometimes called Subvocals, or Subtonics.

[2] H sounded before a vowel, is an expulsion of the breath after the organs are in a position to sound the vowel.

AN

INTRODUCTORY TREATISE

ON

ELOCUTION;

WITH

PRINCIPLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, ARRANGED FOR TEACHING AND PRACTICE.

BY

PROF. MARK BAILEY,

INSTRUCTOR OF ELOCUTION IN

YALE COLLEGE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by MARK BAILEY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Connecticut.

PREFACE.

GOOD READING includes that mastery of the elements of language and elocution, which teachers and scholars so rarely attain. *Articulation* and *pronunciation* must be not only distinct and accurate, but expressive. This last excellence cannot be attained by merely enunciating meaningless sounds and syllables. Too many such mechanical exercises kill the instinctive use and recognition of expressive tones which the child brings to school, and in the end completely divorce his elocution from the spirit and sense to which it should be inseparably wedded, and which alone can inspire natural expression. The child feels and thinks before he talks. Nature, in her teaching, begins with the idea, and in her repeated efforts to express the idea more perfectly, perfects the elementary parts of language and elocution. Let us enlist Nature into our service by following her teachings. Let even the earliest lesson in reading be enlivened by the aid of some idea familiar and interesting to the child. He knows the thing, the idea, "man," or "sun," he has spoken the word a thousand times, and he is pleased to learn that the mysterious art of reading is only conscious talking, — that he is but analyzing, and sounding, and naming the unknown parts of a familiar whole. But especially with the advanced classes, (which are

expected to use the following work on elocution,) would the author commend this practical method of improving the parts, with the immediate purpose of giving better expression to the whole, — of practising and perfecting the execution of the dead elements of elocution, in the life-giving light of inspiring ideas.

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds."

This analogy in Nature between tones and sentiments is the central source from which the author has drawn the simple principles and hints which are given to aid teachers in their laudable efforts to cultivate in the school-room, and thus everywhere, a more natural and expressive elocution.

The art, embracing the expression of the whole range of human thoughts and feelings, from the earliest lispings of the child to the most impassioned and finished utterance of a Garrick or Siddons, covers too wide a field, and reaches too high a point in human culture, it is evident, to be all compressed into these few introductory pages; nor would the highest refinements of the art be practicable in the school-room if they could be here given. Yet, such initial steps have been taken, and clearly marked out in the right direction toward the highest art, it is hoped, as will tempt many to go on further in this interesting study of nature and art, till they see for themselves to what "rich ends" our "most poor matters point."

PART I.

ELOCUTION is the VOCAL EXPRESSION of IDEAS with the *speaking* tones, as distinguished from the singing.

GOOD ELOCUTION, in reading or speaking, is the expression of ideas with their *appropriate* or *natural* speaking tones of the voice.

But how can we, intelligently, even *attempt* to give *correct vocal expression* to what is not first CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD and APPRECIATED?

Hence arises at the very outset, as a prerequisite to any possible excellence in elocution, the necessity of a THOROUGH ANALYSIS and STUDY of the *ideas* or the *thoughts* and *feelings* to be read.

Let, then, each lesson in reading begin with this *preparatory* work of "*Logical Analysis.*"

METHOD OF ANALYSIS.

In any *other* art, if we wish to *conceive* and *express* things *clearly*, we inquire, first, for the GENUS, or the GENERAL KIND; secondly, for the SPECIES, or the INDIVIDUALS, under that kind.

If, for example, we were asked to *paint* a group of animals or flowers, —

1. We should ascertain *what kind* of animals or flowers is meant, — the horse, or the lion; the rose, or the lily.

2. We should determine the *peculiarities* of the *individuals.*

3. We should feel obliged to learn something of the *general colors* we are to paint with, their *various shades*, and how to blend these into *expressive* lights and shades. Then only should we feel prepared to take the *first step successfully* in the art of painting.

Let us, in the kindred art of *elocution*, adopt the same *natural* method and order of inquiry.

Let us determine, —

1. The *general spirit* or *kind* of the piece to be read.
2. The *important individual ideas.*
3. The *relative* importance of the ideas.

1. We must determine the *kind* or general spirit, that we may know what general or *standard force*, and *time*, &c., of voice we should read with. There must be some *standard* to guide us, or we cannot tell *how much* emphasis to give to any idea. "Read the emphatic words *louder*," says the teacher. Louder than what? "Louder than the unemphatic words." But *how loud* are *they*, the unemphatic words? This question must be answered *first*, or we have no *standard* to go by; and the answer to this question is determined always by the *general spirit* of the piece. If *that* is unemotional, the standard force required is *moderate;* if bold, the standard force is *bold*, or *loud;* if subdued or pathetic, the standard force is *subdued*, or *soft.*

2. We must determine the *important individual ideas*, that we may know *what words* need *extra* force or emphasis.

3. We must determine the *relative* importance of these ideas, that we may know *how much* emphatic force we must give to each respectively, so as to bring out in our reading, clearly, the *exact* and *full meaning* of the author.

But it may be objected that this method of catching the spirit of the author, *first*, is too difficult for the school-room, because there are so many emotions not easily distinguished or remembered. Yet, since this *natural* order of inquiry, if it *can* be made *practicable*, will make all our after progress so much more intelligent and rapid, and since the chief charm of all the best pieces for expressive reading, lies in the *emotional* part, let us see if we cannot sufficiently *simplify* these difficulties, by grouping nearly all the emotions into a *few representative*

classes, which will be *definite* enough for all ordinary purposes in teaching elocution, and which can be *easily* recognized by any one who can distinguish joy from sorrow, or a mere matter-of-fact idea from impassioned sentiment.

As appropriate answers to our *first question* in analysis, let pupils become familiar with some such simple and comprehensive classes as the following: —

DIFFERENT KINDS OR CLASSES OF EMOTIONS.

1. '*Unemotional*,' or *matter-of-fact*, (whether didactic, narrative, or descriptive).
2. '*Bold*,' (including the *very emphatic* passages in the first class, and all declamatory pieces).
3. '*Animated* or *joyous*,' (including all lively, happy, or beautiful ideas).
4. '*Subdued* or *pathetic*,' (including all gentle, tender, or sad ideas).
5. '*Noble*,' (including all ideas that are great, grand, sublime, or heroic).
6. '*Grave*,' (including the deep feelings of solemnity, reverence, &c.).
7. '*Ludicrous* or *sarcastic*,' (including jest, raillery, ridicule, mockery, irony, scorn, or contempt).
8. '*Impassioned*,' (including all *very bold* pieces and such violent passions as anger, defiance, revenge, &c.).

When selections are of a *mixed* character, — some passages 'matter-of-fact,' some 'bold,' some 'noble,' &c., — the *first* question must be asked as often as there is a marked change.

Having *clearly analyzed* any given example, we are ready intelligently to ask and answer the first *elocutionary* question, viz., How can we *read* the same so as to *express* with the voice the '*general spirit*' and the '*individual ideas*' with the '*relative importance*' of each? This brings us to the subject of, —

VOCAL EXPRESSION.

Before analyzing the elements of vocal expression, let pupils be made to understand, as clearly as possible, this broad, general principle, viz., that EXPRESSION in *Nature* or *Art* depends on some kinds of *lights* and *shades*, as of color, or form, or sound.

Let them see that the clean *white wall* or the *blackboard*, has *no expression*, just because it has but *one* shade of *one* color, while the painted *map* on the wall *expresses* something, because it has *different shades* of *various colors*.

They will then the more clearly understand that the true expression of thoughts and feelings in reading depends on using the right *lights* and *shades* of the *voice*. That a monotonous *tone* gives no more expression to the *ear* than the one monotonous color does to the eye.

All our lights and shades of expression in elocution are to be made out of the following: —

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.

1. '*Force*,' with all its natural variety, from moderate to louder or softer.

2. '*Time*,' with its changes from moderate to faster or slower movement, also with its longer or shorter *quantity* and *pauses*.

3. '*Slides*,' '*rising*' and '*falling*,' and '*circumflex*,' and all these as moderate, or longer or shorter.

4. '*Pitch*,' with its variety of '*key-note*,' '*compass*,' and '*melody*.'

5. '*Volume*,' with more or less '*fulness*' of tone.

6. '*Stress*,' or the different *kinds* of force, as '*abrupt*,' or '*smooth*,' or as given to different *parts* of a syllable.

7. '*Quality*,' as '*pure*' and resonant, or '*impure*' and aspirated.

Let us now study and practice the principles for the right use of each one of these elements of vocal expression, in Part II.

PART II.

PRINCIPLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.

FORCE.

As in our analysis of the *spirit* and *sense* of each passage, we have always two quite different questions to ask, viz., What is the *general spirit*, and what the relative importance of the *individual ideas?* so in our analysis of each one of the *elements* of vocal expression, we have the same *general* and *individual* inquiries to make:

1. What *general* degree of *force* will best express the 'general spirit' of the piece?

2. Taking this general force as our '*standard*' degree of loudness or softness to be given to the *unemphatic* words, how much *additional* force must we give to the *emphatic* words, in order to bring out, in our reading, the relative importance of the different ideas?

PRINCIPLE FOR STANDARD FORCE.

Determine the 'standard force' for the unemphatic words by the 'kind' or 'general spirit' of the piece.

If the kind is 'unemotional,' the standard force is '*moderate.*'

If the kind is 'bold,' the standard force is '*loud.*'

If the kind is 'pathetic or subdued,' the standard force is '*soft.*'

PRINCIPLE FOR RELATIVE OR EMPHATIC FORCE.

Taking the 'standard force' for the *unemphatic* words, give *additional* force to the *emphatic* ideas, according to their *relative importance*.

"Learning is better than wealth;
Culture is better than learning;
Wisdom is better than culture."

ANALYSIS.

The 'general spirit' or 'kind' is '*unemotional*.' The '*standard force*' is, therefore, '*moderate*.' The words "better" and "wealth" in the first line must have just enough *additional* force to distinguish them from the unemphatic words "is" and "than." "Learning" is *more important* than "wealth," and must have enough more force than "wealth" to express its relative importance. "Culture" is more important than "learning," and must therefore be read with more force. "Wisdom" is still more important than "culture," and must be read with still more force, to distinguish it as the *most* important of all.

Hence, to read this simple paragraph *naturally*, that is, to express distinctly the general spirit and the relative importance of the different ideas, we need *five distinct degrees* of *force*.

Let us mark the *least* degree of emphatic force by *italics*, the second by *small capitals*, the third by *large capitals*, the fourth by *larger capitals*, and *express* the same in reading.

"Learning is *better* than *wealth;*
CULTURE is better than LEARNING;
WISDOM is better than CULTURE."

'*Unemotional*' *examples for* '*moderate*' *standard force.*

1. "I am charged with *ambition*. The charge is *true*, and I GLORY in its truth. Who ever achieved anything GREAT in *letters, arts,* or *arms,* who was NOT *ambitious?* *Cæsar* was

not *more ambitious* than *Cicero.* It was but in *another way.* ALL GREATNESS is born of *ambition.* Let the ambition be a NOBLE one, and who shall *blame* it?"

2. "The *plumage* of the *mocking-bird,* though none of the *homeliest,* has nothing *gaudy* or *brilliant* in it; and had he nothing *else* to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his *figure* is *well-proportioned,* and even HANDSOME. The *ease, elegance,* and *rapidity* of his *movements,* the *animation* of his *eye,* and the INTELLIGENCE he displays in *listening,* and *laying up lessons* from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really SURPRISING, and mark the *peculiarity* of his genius."

3. "Three *poets,* in three *distant* ages born,
Greece, Italy, and *England* did *adorn:*
The *first* in MAJESTY of thought *surpassed;*
The *next* in GRACEFULNESS; in BOTH, the *last.*"

[UNMARKED EXAMPLES.*]

4. "Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

5. "In every period of life, the acquisition of knowledge is one of the most pleasing employments of the human mind. But in youth, there are circumstances which make it produc-

* Some examples under Force, Time, and Slides are given without elocutionary marks, that teachers and pupils may exercise their own judgment and taste in analyzing and reading them according to the principles.

tive of higher enjoyment. It is then, that everything has the charm of novelty; that curiosity and fancy are awake, and that the heart swells with the anticipations of future eminence and utility."

'Bold' examples for 'loud' standard force.

1. "Sir, we have done *everything* that *could* be done, to *avert* the storm which is now coming on. We have *petitioned;* we have REMONSTRATED; we have *supplicated;* we have *prostrated* ourselves before the *throne,* and have implored *its* interposition to ARREST the *tyrannical* hands of the *ministry* and *parliament.* Our *petitions* have been *slighted;* our *remonstrances* have produced ADDITIONAL *violence* and *insult;* our *supplications* have been *disregarded;* and we have been SPURNED, with *contempt,* from the foot of the throne!"

2. "My friends, our *country must* be FREE! The land
Is never *lost,* that has a *son* to *right* her,
And here are *troops* of sons, and LOYAL ones!
Strong in her *children* should a *mother* be:
Shall *ours* be HELPLESS, that has sons like US?
God SAVE our NATIVE *land,* whoever pays
The ransom that redeems her! Now what wait we?
For *Alfred's* word to *move upon* the *foe?*
UPON him then! *Now think* ye on the things
You *most* do *love!* *Husbands* and *fathers,* on
Their WIVES and CHILDREN; *lovers* on their BELOVED;
And ALL upon their COUNTRY!"

3. "The gentleman, sir, has misconceived the spirit and tendency of Northern institutions. He is ignorant of Northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the Northern laborers? Who are the Northern laborers? The history of your country is their history. The renown of your country is their renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page.

Where is Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the North? And what, sir, has shed an imperishable renown on the names of those hallowed spots, but the blood, and the struggles, the high daring, and patriotism, and sublime courage of Northern laborers? The whole North is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence of Northern laborers? Go, sir, go preach insurrection to men like these!"

4. "Our Fatherland is in danger! Citizens! to arms! to arms! Unless the whole Nation rise up, as one man, to defend itself, all the noble blood already shed is in vain; and, on the ground where the ashes of our ancestors repose, the Russian knout will rule over an enslaved People! We have nothing to rest our hopes upon, but a righteous God, and our own strength. And if we do not put forth that strength, God will also forsake us. Hungary's struggle is no longer our struggle alone. It is the struggle of popular freedom against tyranny. In the wake of our victory, will follow liberty to the Italians, Germans, Poles. With our fall, goes down the star of freedom over all."

Examples of the 'subdued or pathetic' kind for 'soft' standard force.

1. "Little Nell was *dead*. No *sleep* so *beautiful* and *calm*, so *free* from trace of *pain*, so *fair* to look upon. She seemed a creature FRESH from the hand of GOD, and *waiting* for the *breath* of *life;* not one who HAD *lived* and *suffered* DEATH. Her *couch* was dressed with here and there some *winter-berries* and *green leaves*, gathered in a spot she had been used to *favor*. 'When I *die*, put *near* me something that has *loved* the LIGHT, and had the SKY *above it always*.' Those were her words."

2. "But *Bozzaris* FELL,
Bleeding at every *vein*.

"His few surviving comrades saw
His *smile*, when *rang* their *proud* HURRAH,
And the red field was *won:*
Then saw in *death* his eyelids *close*
Calmly, as to a *night's repose*,
Like *flowers* at *set* of *sun*."

3. "I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope, —
Of sweet and quiet joy, — there was the look
Of Heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once, and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, — a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain!"

4. "There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

"The storm that sweeps the wintry sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose."

'Soft force' is also appropriate for the 'grave' kind of sentiments, and 'loud force' for the 'joyous' and 'noble,' and 'very loud force' for the 'impassioned;' but since *other* elements of the voice, such as '*time*,' '*slides*,' '*quality*,' &c., have more *characteristic prominence* than '*force*' in the finished expression of these classes, we shall be more likely to secure *naturalness* in the end, if we call attention *first* to the MOST *characteristic* elements.



TIME.

'*Time*' has the same *general* and *relative* use as 'Force.'

PRINCIPLE FOR STANDARD TIME.

Determine the 'standard time' by the 'general spirit' of the piece.

If the general spirit is 'unemotional,' the standard time is naturally '*moderate*.'

If the general spirit is 'animated or joyous,' the standard time is '*fast*.'

If the general spirit is 'grave,' 'subdued or pathetic,' or 'noble,' the standard time is '*slow*.'

PRINCIPLE FOR RELATIVE OR EMPHATIC TIME.

Taking the 'standard time' for the *unemphatic* words, give *additional* time to the *emphatic* ideas, according to their *relative importance*.

EXPLANATION.

'*Emphatic time*' has *two* forms. 1. That of actual sound, or '*quantity*.' 2. That of rest, or '*pause*.'

When an emphatic idea is found in a word whose accented syllable is *long*, give *most* of the emphatic time in long *quantity*, with only a short pause after the word. When the syllable to be emphasized is *short*, give to it only so much quantity as *good taste* in *pronunciation* will allow, and the *residue* of the required time in a *pause after* the word; thus holding the attention of the mind on the idea for the *full time* demanded by the principle.

When *extraordinary* emphasis of time is required, *long pauses* must be *added* to *long quantity*.

Thus far, 'time' harmonizes with 'force' in principle and practice. But 'time' is of additional value to us. It furnishes one of the primary requisites to all intelligible reading, viz:

APPROPRIATE PAUSES.

The first and great use of 'pauses' is to *separate the ideas* from each other, so as to preserve distinctly to the eye on the written page, and to the ear in reading, the *individuality* of each, together with its *relation* to those *before* and *after* it.

Second, pauses are necessary to give the reader frequent opportunities for inhaling.

The grammatical pauses only imperfectly answer these purposes. But the additional *elocutionary* pauses which the *spirit* and *sense* may demand, are anticipated by our "Principle for relative or emphatic time," which makes *pauses* a natural *part* of *expressive emphasis* in reading.

PRINCIPLE FOR STANDARD PAUSES.

Determine the 'standard pause' by the 'general spirit' of the piece.

If the general spirit is 'unemotional,' the standard pause is '*moderate*.'

If the general spirit is 'animated or joyous,' the standard pause is '*short*.'

If the general spirit is 'grave,' or 'subdued or pathetic,' the standard pause is '*long*.'

PRINCIPLE FOR RELATIVE PAUSES.

Give the 'standard pause' after each distinct, unemphatic idea, and give additional time to the pauses after the *emphatic* and *independent* ideas, according to their *relative* importance and independence.

EXPLANATION.

As the 'standard time' for the *movement* and *pauses* is usually the *same*, let one perpendicular line | be the mark for both. Let any additional number of lines indicate additional time, or *emphatic* '*quantity*' or '*pauses*.' Let the half line ˈ indicate a time *less* than the standard. This time is needed in reading properly all parenthetical clauses,

which are, from their very nature, *less* important even than the *unemphatic* parts of the principal sentences.

' Unemotional' examples for ' moderate ' standard time.

1. " The young man, | it is often said, ' has *genius* || enough, | if he would only *study.* || Now the truth is, | as I shall take the liberty to state it, ' that the *genius* || WILL ||| *study;* || it is that | in the mind | which *does* || study: | that is the very *nature* || of it. | I care not to say | that it will always use *books.* || All *study* || is not *reading,* || any more than all *reading* || is *study.* || ATTENTION ||| it is, — | though other qualities belong to this transcendent power,— ' ATTENTION |||| it is, | that is the very SOUL ||| of *genius;* || not the fixed *eye,* || not the poring over a *book,* || but the fixed THOUGHT." |||

ANALYSIS.

The piece is '*unemotional,*' and should be read, therefore, with '*moderate*' '*standard time*' for '*movement*' and '*pauses.*'

" The young man " is unemphatic, and should be marked and read with the 'standard time.' The clause, " it is often said," is really parenthetical: it forms no essential part of the sense or construction of the principal sentence. It is for that reason of less importance than the unemphatic words of the principal sentence. It should therefore be read with *less* than ' moderate ' or ' standard time.' The idea in " genius " is emphatic, and should be read with enough more time (as well as force) than " young man " to express its greater relative importance. The accented syllable is *long* in " genius." The emphatic time may be given, therefore, mostly in *quantity,* with a *short pause* after the word. " Enough " needs only the moderate pause after it, to separate it from the conditional idea, " if he would only study." " Study " is as emphatic as " genius," but the accented syllable is *short;* hence, the emphatic time on this word must be given in *short quantity,* and a *longer pause* after it to fill out the time. " Now the truth is," requires ' moderate ' time, as it is unemphatic. " As I shall take the liberty to state it," requires *less* than moderate *time* and *force,* as it is of less importance, being parenthetical. " That the genius " is emphatic, and demands more than moderate time. " Will " is still more important,

and demands *three* lines to mark its relative time in reading. "Study" is emphatic in the first degree, and needs only *two* lines to mark its time. — Thus analyze all the following ideas and selections; and mark, in reading them, the relative importance or emphasis of each, by the '*time*' as well as by the 'force' of the voice. Further on in the piece above, we come to the great positive idea, "attention," which must be doubly emphasized; and as it is repeated for emphasis, it then demands *four* lines to mark its *superlative* importance.

There are few readers or speakers who make as good use of 'time' as of 'force.' Yet 'time' gives as expressive lights and shades as 'force,' and should be varied as much, according to the same principle. In reading 'grave,' 'subdued or pathetic,' and 'noble' sentiments, *time* is far *more prominent* than *force*, and is thus a nobler element of emphasis. Let the example be read many times, to fix in the reader's mind the *principle*, and the *habit* of applying it correctly.

2. "What polish is to the diamond, manner is to the individual. It heightens the value and the charm. The manner is, in some sense, the mirror of the mind. It pictures and represents the thoughts and emotions within. We cannot always be engaged in expressive action. But even when we are silent, even when we are not in action, there is something in our air and manner, which expresses what is elevated, or what is low; what is human and benignant, or what is coarse and harsh.

"The charm of manner consists in its simplicity, its grace, and its sincerity. How important the study of manner!"

This example demands 'slower' standard time than the one above, because the '*general spirit*' is *nobler*. The emphatic *quantity* and *pauses* are proportionately longer.

3. "Such | was *Grace Darling*, || — one of the HEROINES ||| of *humanity*, — || whose name | is destined to *live* || as long as the *sympathies* || and *affections* || of HUMANITY ||| *endure*. || Such calm | HEROISM ||| as *hers*, || — so *generously* || exerted for the good | of *others*, — || is one of the NOBLEST ||| attributes of the *soul* || of man. | It had no alloy of blind | *animal* ||

passion, | like the bravery of the *soldier* || on the field of *battle*, || but it was *spiritual*, || CELESTIAL, ||| and we may reverently add, | GODLIKE." ||||

Examples of the 'animated or joyous' kind, for 'fast' standard time, and 'short' standard pauses.

["THE VOICE OF SPRING."]

1. "I come! || I come! ||| ye have called me | long! ||
I come | o'er the mountains || with light | and song! ||
Ye may trace | my step | o'er the wakening | earth, ||
By the winds || which tell | of the violet's || birth, |
By the primrose stars || in the shadowy grass, ||
By the green leaves || opening || as I pass. ||

"From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves;
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!"

2. "Then fancy || her magical | pinions | spread wide, ||
And bade the young dreamer | in ecstacy || rise; ||
Now, far, | far behind him || the green waters || glide, |
And the cot | of his forefathers || blesses || his eyes. |

"The jessamine || clambers | in flower | o'er the thatch, |
And the swallow || sings sweet || from her nest | in the wall; |
All trembling | with transport, || he raises the latch, |
And the voices | of loved ones || reply to his call." ||

3. "Every one is doubtful what course to take, — every one || but Cæsar! || He || causes the banner || to be erected, || the charge || to be sounded, | the soldiers at a distance | to be recalled, — || all in a moment. | He runs | from place to

place ; || his whole frame ||| is in action ; || his words, || his looks, || his motions, || his gestures, || exhort his men | to remember | their former valor. || He draws them up, | and causes the signal to be given, — | all in a moment. | He seizes a buckler | from one of the private men, — | puts himself || at the head | of his broken troops, — || darts into the thick || of the battle, — || rescues || his legions, || and overthrows ||| the enemy ! " ||

' Grave' examples for ' slow' standard time.

1. " But where, || thought I, | is the crew ? || Their struggle | has long been over ; — || they have gone down | amidst the roar of the tempest ; — || their bones lie whitening | in the caverns of the deep. || Silence — ||| oblivion — |||| like the waves, || have closed over them ; || and no one can tell || the story of their end. |||

" What sighs || have been wafted after that ship ! || What prayers || offered up | at the deserted fireside of home ! || How often | has the mistress, || the wife, || and the mother || pored over the daily news, || to catch some casual intelligence | of this rover of the deep ! || How has expectation || darkened | into anxiety, — || anxiety | into dread, — ||| and dread || into despair ! |||| Alas ! || not one | memento | shall ever return | for love || to cherish. || All that shall ever be known, | is, | that she sailed from her port, || and was never || heard of || more." ||||

' Grave' example for very ' slow time' and very ' long pauses.'

2. " It must || be so. || Plato, || thou reasonest well ! ||
Else | whence | this pleasing hope, || this fond desire, ||
This longing ||| after immortality ? ||||
Or whence | this secret dread ||| and inward horror |||
Of falling into naught ? |||| Why | shrinks the soul |
Back | on herself, || and startles || at destruction ? ||||

'T is the Divinity ||| that stirs | within us: ||
'T is Heaven || itself ||| that points out an hereafter, ||
And intimates | Eternity ||| to man. ||
Eternity!— |||| thou pleasing, — || dreadful thought!" ||||

'Pathetic' example for 'slow' standard time.

3. "Alas! || my noble boy! ||| that thou | shouldst die! |||
Thou, || who wert made | so beautifully fair! |||
That death || should settle | in thy glorious eye, |||
And leave his || stillness ||| in thy clustering hair! |||
How could he || mark thee |||| for the silent tomb, |||
My proud | boy, || Absalom!" ||||

SLIDES.

In perfectly natural speech, the voice rises or falls on each unemphatic syllable through the interval of *one tone only*, but on the accented syllable of an *emphatic* word it *rises* or *falls* MORE THAN ONE TONE.

This last is called the *inflection* or '*slide*' of the voice. The 'slides' are thus a *part* of *emphasis*, and as they give the *right direction* and *limit* to 'force' and 'time,' they are the *crowning* part of perfect emphasis.

When contrasted ideas, of equal importance, are coupled, nothing but the *contrasted slides* can give the proper *distinctive* emphasis. The slides also furnish to elocution its most ample and varied lights and shades of *emotional* expression.

These slides are 'rising,' marked thus (/); or 'falling,' marked thus (\); or both of these blended, in the 'rising' *circumflex* and the 'falling' *circumflex*, marked respectively thus (∨) and thus (∧).

The 'rising' and 'falling' slides separate the great mass of ideas into *two distinct classes;* the *first* comprising all the subordinate, or incomplete, or as we prefer to name them, the *negative* ideas; the *second* comprising all the principal, or complete, or as we shall call them, the *positive* ideas.

The most *important* parts of what is spoken or written are those which affirm something *positively*, such as the *facts* and *truths asserted*, the *principles*, *sentiments*, and *actions enjoined*,

with the *illustrations*, and *reasons*, and *appeals* which *enforce* them.

All these may properly be grouped into *one class*, because they *all* should have the *same kind* of slide in reading.

This class we call 'POSITIVE ideas.'

So all the other ideas which do *not* affirm or enjoin anything *positively*, which are *circumstantial* and *incomplete*, or in *open contrast* with the positive, all these ideas may be properly grouped into another *single class*, because they *all* should have the *same kind* of slide.

This class we call 'NEGATIVE ideas.'

Grant to the words 'positive' and 'negative' the *comprehensive* meaning here given to them, and let the distinction between the two classes be clearly made in the preparatory analysis, and it will be vastly easier to understand and teach this most complicated and difficult part of elocution, *the right use of the rising and falling slides.*

For, then, the *one simple principle* which follows will take the place, and preclude the use of, all the usual perplexing rules, with their many suicidal exceptions.

PRINCIPLE FOR RISING OR FALLING SLIDES.

POSITIVE ideas should have the '*falling*' slide; NEGATIVE ideas should have the '*rising*' slide.

Examples for the rising and falling slides.

"The war must go òn. We must fight it thròugh. And if the war must go ón, why put off lònger the declaration of indepèndence? That measure will strèngthen us. It will give us chàracter abroad.

"The càuse will raise up àrmies; the càuse will create nàvies. The pèople, the pèople, if we are true to them, will carry ús, and will carry themsèlves, gloriously thròugh this struggle. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased coùrage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restorátion of prívileges, for redréss of griévances, for chartered immúnities, held under a British kíng, set before them the glorious object of entire indepèndence, and it will breathe into them anèw the breath of life.

"Through the thick glóom of the présent, I see the brìghtness of the fùture, as the sùn in heàven. We shall make this a glòrious, an immòrtal day. When wé are in our gráves, our chìldren will hònor it. They will cèlebrate it with thanksgìving, with festìvity, with bònfires, and illuminàtions. On its annual retúrn, they will shed tèars, còpious, gùshing tears, not of subjéction and slávery, not of ágony and distréss, but of exultàtion, of gràtitude, and of jòy."

QUESTIONS.

Questions, like other ideas, are *negative*, or *positive*, or compound, having *one* negative and *one* positive idea.

DIRECT QUESTIONS.

The *direct question* for *information affirms nothing.* Hence it is read with the *rising* slide, not because it may be answered by yes or no, but because it is in its nature *negative.*

The *answer* is *positive*, and, for that reason, is read with the *falling* slide.

"Do you see that beautiful stár?" "Yès;"
"Is n't it splèndid?"

The speaker is *positive*, in the last question, that his friend will agree with him. This, and *all such*, must be read, therefore, with the *falling* slide.

"I said an èlder soldier, not a bétter.
Dìd I say better?"

"He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the gèneral coffers fill;
Did thìs in Cæsar seem ambìtious?"

"You all did seè, that on the Lúpercal,
I thrìce presented him a kingly cròwn;
Which he did thrice refùse. Was thìs ambìtion?"

"Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Wárren deád? Can you not stìll see him, not pále and prós-

trate, the blood of his gallant heárt pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplèndent over the field of hònor, with the rose of heàven upon his cheèk, and the fire of lìberty in his eyè?

"But whèn shall we be strònger? Will it be the next weék, or the next yeàr?"

This reading, with the *falling* slide on "*year*," changes the sense, as it makes *one* idea *positive*, and the answer must be "next week," or "next year." But *both* ideas are *negative* in Henry's speech; both must have the *rising* slide, then, according to the principle.

"Will it be the next weék, or the next yeár? Will it be when we are totally disármed, and when a British guárd shall be stationed in every house?"

"Is thís a time to be gloómy and sád,
When our mother Náture laúghs around;
When even the deep blue heávens look glád,
And gládness breathes from the blóssoming ground?"

"'Will you ríde, in the cárriage, or on hórseback?' 'I prefer to wàlk.'"

"'Will you reád to us, a piece of próse, or póetry?' 'Allow me to sìng instead.'"

"Will you study músic, or Frénch?"

All the ideas are *negative* in the last questions. Change the sense, and make *one* idea *positive* in each question, and we have *one falling* slide in each.

"Will you ride in the cárriage, or on hòrseback?"

"Will you read to us a piece of próse, or pòetry?"

"Will you study músic, or Frènch?"

INDIRECT QUESTIONS.

"When are you going to Eùrope?"

The prominent idea in this, is not the real interrogative, the idea of *time* in "when," but the *positive* idea, "*You are going to Europe.*" Hence this, and *all such* questions must be read with the *falling* slide.

But if the *interrogative* is made the prominent and emphatic idea, (as when, the answer not being heard, the question is repeated,) the *rising* slide must be given.

"Whén are you going to Europe?"

"Why is the Fòrum cròwded?
What meàns this stìr in Rome?"

ADDRESS.

The *address* also is positive or negative. It is negative, and read with the *rising* slide or *suspension* of the voice, when it is only *formal* and *unemphatic*, as "Friends, I come not here to talk."

When *emphatic* it is *positive* and demands the *falling* slide, as in the respectful opening address to any deliberative body or public assembly. "*Mr. Prèsident,*" "*Ladies and Gèntlemen.*"

POSITIVE ADDRESS AND QUESTIONS.

"Tell me, man of mìlitary science, in how many months were the Pilgrims all swept òff by the thirty savage trìbes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politìcian, how lòng did this shadow of a colony, on which your convéntions and tréaties had not smiíled, lànguish on the distant coast? Student of hìstory, compare for me the baffled projects, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find a pàrallel of thìs."

"Was it the winter's stòrm beating upon the houseless heads of women and chìldren; was it hard làbor and spare meàls; — was it disèase, — was it the tòmahawk, — was it the deep malady of a blighted hòpe, a ruined ènterprise, and a broken

hèart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the lòved, and lèft beyond the sea; was it sóme or àll of these united that hurried this forsaken company to their mèlancholy fate?"

These questions must be read with the '*falling*' slide, to give the idea positively that each *one* of the enumerated causes was *sufficient* to produce the supposed result. The *surprise* is thus made all the *greater* in the next sentence, which must be read as an *earnest negative* with the *long* '*rising*' slide.

"And is it póssible that néither of these causes, that not áll combíned, were able to blást this bud of hópe? Is it pòssible that from a beginning so fèeble, so frài, so worthy not so much of admirátion as of pìty, there has gone forth a pròg̀ress so stèady, a grò̀wth so wònderful, an expànsion so àmple, a reàlity so impòrtant, a pròmise yet to be fulfilled, so glòrious!"

When *surprise* thus deepens into *astonishment*, as it frequently does in its climax, the *interrogative* form should be changed to the *exclamatory*, which demands the *falling* slide.

"Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? And shall we be told as a requital that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out!"

CONTRASTED SLIDES.

When ideas are contrasted in couples, the rising and falling slides must be contrasted in reading them. Contrasted slides may also sometimes be used for greater *variety* or *melody*.

EXAMPLE.

1. "Sínk or swìm, líve or dìe, survíve or pèrish, I give my hand and heàrt to this vote."

"But, whatever may be óur fate, be assured, be assured that this declaràtion will stànd. It may cost tréasure, and it may cost bloòd; but it will stànd, and it will richly compènsate for bòth."

"Suppose that you see, at once, all the hours of the day

and all the seasons of the year, a morning of spring, and a morning of autumn, a night brilliant with stars, and a night obscure with clouds; — you will then have a more just notion of the spectacle of the universe. Is it not wondrous, that while you are admiring the sun plunging beneath the vault of the west, another observer is beholding him as he quits the region of the east, — in the same instant reposing, weary, from the dust of the evening, and awaking fresh and youthful, in the dews of morn!"

CIRCUMFLEX SLIDES.

Straight means *right*, crooked means *wrong:* hence *right* ideas demand the *right* or *straight* slides, while *wrong* or *crooked* ideas demand the *crooked* or '*circumflex slides.*'

PRINCIPLE.

All *sincere* and *earnest*, or, in other words, all *upright* and *downright* ideas demand the *straight*, or upright and downright slides.

All ideas which are *not* sincere or earnest, but are used in jest, or irony, in ridicule, sarcasm, or mockery, in insinuation or double-meaning, demand the *crooked* or '*circumflex slides.*'

The *last* part of the circumflex is usually the *longer*, and always the more *characteristic* part. Hence when the *last* part of this double slide *rises* it is called the '*rising* circumflex;' when the *last* part *falls*, it is called the '*falling* circumflex.'

The '*rising* circumflex' should be given to the *negative*, the '*falling* circumflex' to the *positive* ideas of jest, irony, &c. When these ideas are *coupled* in *contrast*, the circumflex *slides* must be in contrast also to express them.

Example of jest.

MARULLUS. Yòu, sir; what trade are yoù?

2D CITIZEN. Truly, sir, in respect of a fĭne workman, I am but, as you would say, a côbbler.

MAR. But what trăde art thou? Answer me dirèctly.

2D CIT. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe cŏnscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mĕnder of bad sôles.

MAR. What trăde, thou knăve? thou naughty knave, what trăde?

2D CIT. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not ŏut with me: yet, if you bê out, sir, I can mĕnd you.

MAR. What mean'st thou by thăt? Ménd me, thou saucy fellow?

2D CIT. Why, sir, côbble you.

FLAVIUS. Thou art a còbbler, árt thou?

2D CIT. Truly sir, ăll that I live by is with the ăwl.

FLAV. But wherefore art not in thy shòp to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streèts?

2D CIT. Truly, sir, to wear ŏut their shôes, to get myself into mŏre wôrk. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see *Cæ'sar*, and to rejoice in his trĭumph."

In the *last sentence*, the citizen drops his *jesting*, and speaks in *earnest:* and therefore with the *straight* slides.

Examples of sarcasm and irony.

2. "Now, sir, what was the conduct of your own allies to Poland? Is there a single atrocity of the French in Italy, in Switzerland, in Egypt if you please, more unprincipled and inhuman than that of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, in Poland?

"Ŏ, but you 'regrêtted the partition of Poland!' Yês, regrêtted!—you regrêtted the violence, and that is ăll you did."

3. They bŏast they come but to imprôve our state, enlârge our thoughts and frêe us from the yoke of êrror! Yês, thĕy will give enlightened frêedom to oûr minds, who are themsêlves the slâves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us protêction! yês, sûch protection as vûltures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! Tell your invaders we seek nò change —and least of all sûch change as thêy would bring us!"

4. "Good Lord! when one man dies who wears a Crown,
How the earth trembles, — how the nations gape,
Amazed and awed! — but when that one man's victims,
Poor worms, unclothed in purple, daily die
In the grim cell, or on the groaning gibbet,
Or on the civil field, ye pitying souls
Drop not one tear from your indifferent eyes!"

5. Cassius. Urge me no more! I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.
Brutus. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is 't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble! Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor?
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, — yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish!
Cas. Is it come to this!
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of nobler men.

LENGTH OF SLIDES.

The *length of the slides* depends on the 'general spirit' or 'kind' of what is read.

PRINCIPLE.

If the general spirit is 'unemotional,' the slides are '*moderate*.'

If the general spirit is 'bold,' 'joyous,' or 'noble,' the slides are '*long*.'

If the general spirit is 'subdued or pathetic' or 'grave,' the slides are '*short*.'

Examples for the 'moderate' slide, or in the definite language of music, the "Third."

"Can I speak with you a móment?" "Cèrtainly."

"The ancient Spàrtans were not less remarkable for their bràvery in the field of bàttle, than for brevity and wìt in their ànswers. We have a memorable instance of their national spírit, in the reply of the old wàrrior, who was told that the arrows of the Persian host flew so thick as to darken the sùn. 'So much the bètter,' was his answer; 'we shall enjoy the advantage of fighting in the shàde.'"

Examples for the 'long,' slide or the "Fifth."

"What but lìberty
Through the famed course of thirteen hundred yèars,
Alòof hath held invàsion from your hìlls,
And sànctified their nàme? And wíll ye, wíll ye
Shrínk from the hopes of the expecting wórld,
Bid your high hónors stóop to foreign ínsult,
And in one hóur give up to ínfamy
The harvest of a thousand yéars of glóry?
Dìe — àll first! Yès, die by pièecemeal!
Leave not a lìmb o'er which a Dàne can trìumph!

"True courage but from opposition gròws;
And what are fìfty what a thoùsand slàves,
Matched to the virtue of a sìngle arm
That strikes for lìberty? that strikes to save

His fièlds from fìre, his ìnfants from the swòrd,
And his large hònors from eternal ìnfamy?"
"Ye men of Sweden, wherefore are ye come?
See ye not yonder, how the locusts swarm,
To drink the fountains of your honor up,
And leave your hills a desert? Wretched men!
Why came ye forth? Is this a time for sport?
Or are ye met with song and jovial feast,
To welcome your new guests, your Danish visitants?
To stretch your supple necks beneath their feet
And fawning lick the dust? Go, go, my countrymen,
Each to your several mansions, trim them out,
Cull all the tedious earnings of your toil,
To purchase bondage. — O, Swedes! Swedes!
Heavens! are ye men and will ye suffer this? —
There was a time, my friends, a glorious time!
When, had a single man of your forefathers
Upon the frontier met a host in arms,
His courage scarce had turned; himself had stood,
Alone had stood, the bulwark of his country."

Example for the 'short' slide, or the "Minor Third"

"Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dèad. Her little bírd,' — a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crúshed, — was stirring nimbly in its cáge, and the strong heart of its child-mìstress was mute and mòtionless forever!

"Sórrow was déad, indeed, in her; but pèace and perfect hàppiness were bòrn, — imaged — in her tranquil beauty and profound repòse.

"Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful mùsic, which, she said, was in the aìr! God knóws. It máy have been.

"Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet slćep, she begged that they would kìss her once agaìn. That done, she turned to the old màn, with a lovely smìle upon her fáce, — such, they said, as they had never séen, and never could for-

gĕt — and clung, with both her arms, about his nèck. She had never murmured or compláined; but with a qúiet mind, and mánner quite unáltered, — save that she every day became more eárnest and more gráteful to them, — faded like the light upon the summer's evèning."

PITCH.

1. The '*standard pitch*' or '*key-note.*' 2. The '*relative pitch*' or '*melody.*'

The *middle* pitch is the *natural key-note* for 'unemotional,' 'bold,' and 'noble' pieces. A *higher* pitch is the *natural key-note* for 'animated and joyous,' 'subdued or pathetic,' and 'impassioned' pieces. A *lower* pitch is required for 'grave' pieces.

The middle or conversational pitch must be used for *all* 'kinds' when pupils have not the requisite compass or cultivation of voice to read *naturally* on a *higher* or *lower* 'key.'

But appropriate variety of pitch on the successive words and syllables, is one of the most essential and beautiful parts of good reading. In perfect elocution, it adds to the eloquence of *expressive emphasis*, the *musical* charm of '*natural melody.*'

NATURAL MELODY

Is produced in part by that agreeable modulation of *all* the elements of expression, which the varied sense and feeling demand, yet it chiefly depends on a pleasing *variation* of the *radical* or *opening pitch*, on successive syllables.

PRINCIPLE.

1. Not *more* than *two* or *three consecutive syllables* should be given on the *same tone* of the "musical scale."

2. Natural melody demands that this frequent change of pitch on the unemphatic syllables shall be only *one tone* at a time.

The unemphatic syllables form a kind of *flexible ladder* connecting the emphatic ideas, up and down which we must glide *tone* by *tone*, so as to be in the *right place* to give the *longer slides* on the emphatic words without an unmelodious break in the natural current of the voice, which should flow on smoothly through all changes, (unless there is an *abrupt break*

in the *ideas*,) just as a *good road* runs on over ever-varying hills and vales without once losing its *smooth continuity*.

Melody demands that the pitch on *consecutive emphatic words* also be agreeably varied. Our limited space will not allow us to mark the many possible permutations of *pitch*, which may constitute natural melody. We will only repeat the important general directions. *Avoid monotony*, by giving at most only *two* or *three consecutive syllables*, on the *same tone*.

Avoid making *unnatural* changes of pitch, of *more* than *one* tone at a time.

Turn up the melody on the *negative* ideas, so that you will have *room above* the *key-note*, to *slide down easily* on the *positive* ideas.

COMPASS.

The *compass* of voice which should be used also depends on the 'spirit' of the piece.

The most 'joyous' and most 'impassioned' demands the widest range of pitch, and the greatest natural variety.

The 'unemotional' demands only moderate compass. The 'grave' demands still *less* variety and compass. And when the 'grave' deepens into *supernatural awe* or *horror*, by the same analogy, we may infer that *natural variety* or melody gives place to an *unnatural sameness* of utterance, with just that *little* variety of *all* the vocal elements which is necessary to express the sense at all.

Example for 'middle pitch' and 'moderate compass.'

"It is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful, to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion, the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakspeare and Milton."

'Joyous' example for 'higher pitch' and 'wider compass.'

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then

Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell."

Grave' example for 'lower pitch' and less than 'moderate compass.'

"And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, — say I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in,
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and *that* that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!"

VOLUME.

'*Full volume*' is the most essential element in the truthful expression of '*noble*' sentiment.

1. "MÌND is the NÒBLEST part of man; and of *mínd*, VÌRTUE is the NOBLEST *distìnction*. HONEST MÀN, in the ear of *Wísdom*, is a *grànder* name, is a more *hìgh-sounding* title, than *peer* of the *réalm*, or *prince* of the *blóod*. According to the eternal rules of *celéstial* precedency, in the *immortal* heraldry of *Nature* and of *Héaven*, VÌRTUE takes place of *all* things. It is the *nobility* of ÀNGELS! It is the MAJESTY of GÒD!"

In addition to 'full volume,' 'noble' pieces demand slow time, or long quantity and pauses, long slides, and loud but smooth-swelling force on the emphatic words. *Full volume* distinguishes *manly* sentiments from the *thin* or *fine* tone of *childlike* emotions.

2. "But strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has served mankind.
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

"Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He 's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws: —
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!"

STRESS.

Stress is not the *degree* but the *kind* of emphatic force we use. The *same degree* of loudness may be given to a syllable *abruptly* and *suddenly*, as in sharp command, or *smoothly* and *gradually*, as in the noble examples given above. This *sudden* and *harsh* kind of force we will call '*abrupt stress*;' the other '*smooth stress*.'

PRINCIPLE.

'*Abrupt stress*' should be given to all *abrupt* or *harsh* ideas, and pleasant or '*smooth stress*' to all *good* or *pleasant* ideas.

Mere command is abrupt; indignation, anger, defiance, revenge, &c., are all *abrupt* in their very nature; and, therefore, must be read with the 'abrupt stress.'

ABRUPT STRESS.

1. *Impatient command.*

"*Hènce! hòme* you *ìdle* creatures, get you *hòme.*
You *blòcks*, you STÒNES, you WÒRSE than *sènseless* things!
Be *gòne!*
Run to your *hoùses*, fall upon your *knèes*,
Prày to the *gods* to *intermìt* the PLÀGUE
That *needs mùst light* on this *ingràtitude.*"

The force must be thrown with an abrupt *jerk* on the emphatic syllables.

2. *Anger.* (*Loud as well as 'abrupt' force and 'long slides.'*)

"CASSIUS. That you have wronged me doth appear in this;
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.
BRUTUS. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
CAS. In such a time as this is it not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment?
BRU. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
CAS. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
BRU. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement does therefore hide his head.
CAS. Chastisement?
BRU. Remember March, the ides of March remember.
Did not great Julius bleed for justice's sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman."

3. *Defiance.* (*Very 'abrupt' and 'loud,' with 'long slides.'*)

"I have returned, *nót* as the right honorable member has said, to raise another *stórm*, — I have returned to *protect* that *constitùtion*, of which I was the párent and the foúnder, from the *assassinàtion* of *such* men as the honorable *gèntleman* and his unworthy *assòciates*. They are *corrùpt* — they are SEDÌTIOUS — and they, at this very *mòment*, are in a CONSPÌRACY against their *coùntry!* Here I stand for *impeachment* or *trìal!* I *dàre* accusation! I DEFY the honorable *gèntleman!* I *defy* the GÒVERNMENT! I *defy* their whole PHÀLANX! Let them come *fòrth!* I tell the ministers I will neither give *thém* quarter, nor *tàke* it!"

4. *Indignation.*

"Who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? — to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods? — to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such horrible barbarity."

SMOOTH STRESS.

All pleasant and good ideas demand '*smooth stress*' or force, *free* from all *abruptness.*

In 'joyous' pieces, when the *time* is *fast*, the stress must be given with a *lively*, SPRINGING *swell* of the voice, which throws the *force* smoothly on the middle of the sound. Hence it is called the '*median*' stress.

'*Animated and joyous*' *examples for smooth stress.*

1. —— "His cares flew away,
And vísions of hàppiness dànced o'er his mind.

"He dreamed of his hòme, of his dear nàtive bowers,
And pléasures that waited on life's merry mòrn;
While memory each scene gayly covered with flówers,
And restòred every róse, but secréted its thòrn."

In the following example of 'noble,' *manly* joy, the happy median stress swells with the same smooth, springing force as above, but with more fulness and longer *quantity* and *pauses*.

2. "Fellow Citizens, — I congratulate you, — I give you joy, on the return of this anniversary. I see, before and around me, a mass of faces, glowing with cheerfulness and patriotic pride. This anniversary animates and gladdens and unites all American hearts. Every man's heart swells within him, — every man's port and bearing becomes somewhat more proud and lofty, as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his; his, undiminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations."

'*Subdued*' *example for gentle but happy median or smooth stress.*

"At last, Malibran came; and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song? Breath-

less he waited;—the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody. He knew it, and clapped his hands for joy.

"And oh! how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing;—many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song,—oh! so touching!

"Little Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

"Thus she, who was the idol of England's nobility, went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, when the grave-damps gathered over her brow, and her eyes grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of sighs and tears, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days,—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of his day."

'Noble' example for prolonged, full-swelling median or smooth stress.

"We must forget all feelings save the one;
We must behold no object save our country;—
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to Heaven,
And draw down freedom on her evermore.
'But if we fail?' They never fail, who die
In a great cause! The block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world, at last, to freedom!"

Examples for the longest 'quantity' and 'fullest swell' of the median or smooth stress.

"O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred, — now trampled on!"

"Ye crags and peaks, I 'm with you once again!
O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!

"Ye guards of liberty,
I 'm with you once again."

"The land that bore you — O!
Do honor to her! Let her glory in
Your breeding."

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good.
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous, then!"

Example for 'noble' but happy median stress.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul."

The fullest swell of the median stress can be given only on the *long* syllables. On the short syllables, as in the word "liberty," this stress is but partially felt.

Sometimes the *short* syllables may be *repeated* in the form of the 'tremor,' or *trill*, so as really to give the effect of a long syllable, as in the fervent reverential joy of the following line:

"O God! thou hast blest me; — I ask for no more."

So, too, in reading Coleridge's sublime "Hymn to Mont Blanc," the word "God," as it is repeated with cumulating praise, may be given by a skilful vocalist with a *tremulous*

swell on the short vowel, which very much ennobles the expression. Yet as this is too difficult a point for readers in general to execute well, all that should be insisted on, is, that the short syllable be spoken with *as much fulness* as its quantity will allow, and '*smooth* stress' though it cannot be prolonged.

"Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents like a shout of nations
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice;
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds."

When this general distinction between 'abrupt' and 'smooth' stress is mastered, we may analyze 'abrupt' stress, and make finer distinctions.

Dr. Rush, Prof. William Russell, and many of our best later writers on elocution, call the *first* part of every sound the "*radical*," as it is the radix or root from which the other parts grow. The *last* part of a sound they call the "*vanish*." Let scholars remember this fact, and the technical terms for Stress explain themselves. The '*radical* stress' is that emphatic force given to the "*radical*" or *first* part of a sound. The '*vanishing* stress' is that given to the "*vanish*" or *last* part. The '*compound stress*' is that given to *both* the '*first*' and '*last*' parts. The '*thorough* stress' is that given *thoroughly* to the *whole* of the sound. The '*median* stress' is that given to the *middle* part. Now, all of these but the last, the 'median,' belong to 'abrupt stress.'

The 'median' alone is smooth and pleasing. When scholars are ready for more definite terms than 'abrupt,' let them study and heed in practice the following principles: —

The 'radical stress,' or abrupt force on the very opening of a syllable, is used naturally on '*commanding ideas*,' such as *bold statements* and *arguments*, and in a greater degree on '*indignation*,' and with *impassioned, explosive* force on '*anger*.'

The 'vanishing stress,' that abrupt force which is given with a sudden *jerk* of the voice, on the very *last* of a syllable, is used in nature, to express '*impatience*,' '*defiance*,' '*revenge*,' '*contempt*,' '*scorn*,' &c.

The 'compound stress,' with abruptness on *both* the *opening* and *closing* parts, is necessary to give *emphatic* '*ridicule*,' '*sarcasm*,' '*insinuation*,' '*irony*,' &c.

The 'thorough stress,' which sustains the opening boldness throughout, is appropriate in '*bold, martial command.*'

The 'tremor' of the voice adds nervous intensity to the 'abrupt stress;' but it is most effective, when inspired by strong feeling, with the 'smooth' or 'median' stress. The '*soft* and *slow* tremor' expresses '*pity*' and '*feebleness*'; the *smooth*, '*rapid* tremor,' expresses *fervent* '*joy*' or '*tenderness.*'

Examples of 'long quantity' and 'abrupt force' on the very opening of the emphatic tone or the 'radical' stress.

1. "Come one, come all! — this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

2. "There is, however, one man, who distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen, and pronounces them, in race, identity, and religion, to be aliens, — to be aliens in race, to be aliens in country, to be aliens in religion! Aliens? Good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, 'Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty?'"

Examples of very 'long quantity,' with very loud 'vanishing stress' or 'abrupt force' on the very last part of the emphatic tone.

1. "Shame! shame! that in such a proud moment of life,
Worth ages of history, — when had you but hurled
One bolt at your bloody invader, that strife
Between freemen and tyrants had spread through the world,
That then, — oh! disgrace upon manhood! — e'en then

You should falter, should cling to your pitiful breath,—
Cower down into beasts, when you might have stood men,
And prefer a slave's life to a glorious death!"

2. "I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!"

Painful earnestness, anxiety, or entreaty, also demand the 'vanishing stress.'

3. "I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. He prayed but for life,—for life he would give all he had in the world. It was but life he asked, life, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations."

Examples of 'compound stress' or 'abrupt force' on both the very first and very last parts of a syllable. This double stress is only used with the double or circumflex slides.

1. "What has there been in the conduct of the British ministry to jŭstify these hòpes? Is it that insidious smĭle with which our petition has been lately recĕived? Ask yourselves how this grăcious reception of our petition comports with those wàrlike preparations which cover our wàters and dàrken our land. Are flĕets and ărmies necessary to a work of lóve and reconciliátion? Have we shown ourselves so unwĭlling to be reconciled, that fŏrce must be called in to win back our lóve?"

2. "Sir,—the atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny;—but content myself with hoping that I may be one of those whose follies cease with their youth, and not of that number, who, as they have advanced in age, have receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation."

3. "They planted by your care? No, your oppressions planted them in America. They nourished up by your indul-

gence? They grew by your neglect of them. They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defence."

Examples of 'thorough stress,' with a sustained bold force on the whole tone.

1. "Strike — till the last arm'd foe expires,
Strike — for your altars and your fires,
Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
God — and your native land!"

2. But if ye are men, then follow me! Strike down yon sentinel, and gain the mountain passes; and there do bloody work as did your sires at old Thermopylæ!"

Examples for the 'median stress,' with a smooth tremulous swell.

First, the 'slow tremor,' — as in the feeble, pathetic pleading of the dying child, — 'very short slides,' and very 'soft force.'

1. "Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have,
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told."

2. "I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, — poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me."

Second, 'rapid tremor' of joy, tenderness, rapture, or fervor.

1. "The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses, — his hardships seem o'er,

And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest,—
O God! thou hast blest me; I ask for no more."

2. "On board, we hailed the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout:
The father drew with silent joy
Those wet arms round his neck,
And folded to his heart his boy,—
Then fainted on the deck."

In fervent admiration the median stress may be given with the 'tremulous swell.'

Examples of full and lively 'median stress.'

1. "O young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar."

2. "But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance — hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song!
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair."

Rapturous joy, like Romeo's, should have the longest and smoothest and happiest 'tremulous median stress.'

"But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

" She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of Heaven
Unto the white-upturned, wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air."

" O blessed, blessed night! I am afear'd,
Being in night, all this is but a dream
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial."

With very 'long slides,' and 'loud force,' and 'high pitch,' the '*tremulous vanishing* stress' is natural and most effective in the following example of *impassioned fear* and *entreaty.*

" Oh! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men!
Alas! what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert! let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the irons angerly;
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to."

QUALITY OF VOICE.

Quality of voice is '*pure*' or '*impure.*'
It is '*pure*' when *all* the breath used is *vocalized.*
It is '*impure*' or *aspirated* when only a *part* of the breath is vocalized.

PRINCIPLE.

'*Pure quality*' should be used to express all *pure* ideas; that is, all *good* and *agreeable* ideas.

'*Impure quality*,' or *aspirated*, should be used to express all *impure ideas;* that is, all *bad* or *disagreeable ideas*.

Examples of '*impure quality*.'

Painful earnestness or anxiety demands this '*aspirated quality*' with '*abrupt vanishing stress*.'

1. "Take care! your very life is endangered!"

2. "Oh! 't was a fearsome sight! Ah me!
A deed to shudder at, — not to see."

3. "While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come, they come!"

4. "He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck, —
Amazement confronts him with images dire, —
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck:
The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire!

"Like mountains the billows tremendously swell:
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave."

Extreme aspiration should mark the *fear* and *horror* in the following words of Macbeth.

5. "I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not."

Strong aspiration and '*abrupt radical stress*.'

6. "I am astonished, shocked, to hear such principles confessed, — to hear them avowed in this house, or in this

country; — principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!"

'Bold' and 'impassioned' examples for very 'abrupt stress' and 'aspirated quality' on the emphatic words.

7. "It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow! I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councillor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be chancellor of the exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of parliament and freedom of debate, to the uttering of language which, if spoken out of the house, I should answer only with a blow! I care not how high his situation, how low his character, or how contemptible his speech; whether a privy councillor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow!"

8. "The wretch, who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult."

9. "If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife."

This quality of voice demands that the *aspirates* and the *less* resonant *consonants* be made very *prominent* in the enunciation, while the purer vowels and the liquid, pleasant consonants reserve their prominence till *pure* tone is required.

All examples of 'aspirated quality' require abrupt stress.

'Contemptuous and ironical' example.

10. "But base ignoble slaves, — slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages, —
Strong in some hundred spearmen, — only great
In that strange spell — a name."

'*Compound*' *abrupt stress, with the* '*circumflex slide.*'

11. "But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, 'Hèlp me, Càssius, or I sìnk!'

"And thîs man
Is nŏw become a gôd; and Cassius is
A wrêtched creature, and must bend his bôdy,
If Cæsar carelessly but nôd on him.
He had a fèver when he was in Spáin,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shâke: 't is true, this gôd did shâke:
His côward lîps did from their côlor fly;
And that same èye, whose bend doth ăwe the wórld,
Did lose its lùstre. I did hear him grôan;
Aỳ, and that tòngue of his, that bade the Romans
Màrk him, and write his spèeches in their bòoks,
Alàs! it cried, 'Give me some drînk, Titinius,'
As a sick gîrl. Ye gòds, it doth amàze me,
A man of such a feêble temper should
So get the stàrt of the majestic wòrld
And bear the palm alòne!

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stárs,
But in oursèlves, that we are ûnderlings."

The malignant feelings of Catiline in the following example call for the most '*abrupt*,' '*vanishing*,' and '*compound stress*,' with intensely '*aspirated quality*.'

12. "What is Rome now? Degenerate, gross, defiled,
The tainted haunt, the gorged receptacle,
Of every slave and vagabond of earth:
A mighty grave that Luxury has dug
To rid the other realms of pestilence!

"I had no chance; wherefore should I be consul?
No; Cicero still is master of the crowd.

Why not? He 's made for them, and they for him;
They want a sycophant, and he wants slaves.

"But here I stand and scoff you! here, I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your consul 's merciful: — for this, all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!"

But when *fear* and *secresy* are blended with *malignity*, the '*impure* quality' is so marked as to be all but a whisper on the emphatic words.

Example from "King John."

"KING JOHN. Good Hubert! Hubert! Hubert! throw
thine eye
On yon young boy. I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
HUBERT. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty.
K. JOHN. Death.
HUB. My lord?
K. JOHN. A grave.
HUB. He shall not live.
K. JOHN. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember!"

Examples of 'pure quality.'

1. "That which befits us, imbosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations."

Example of 'pure tone,' with lively, median stress.

2. "It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision.

"I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendor, and joy."

'Lower pitch' and 'slower time.' 'Long quantity,' and prolonged median stress.

3. "O! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her, in a Nation of gallant men, in a Nation of men of honor, and of cavaliers! I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

"But the age of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever."

The following selection from Shelley's "To a Skylark," is full of rapturous beauty, and requires the '*purest* tone' and the smoothest and happiest 'median stress,' prolonged with swelling fulness on the emphatic words: —

4. "Hail to thee, blithe spirit, —
Bird thou never wert, —
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest;
Like a cloud of fire,

The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

"In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

"All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

"What thou art, we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

"Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

"Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

"Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures

That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

"Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now."

'Noble' example for 'pure tone,' to be given also with full median stress.

"We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of morning gild it, and parting day linger and play upon its summit."

Example of 'subdued beauty,' with the same 'pure quality,' but with 'slower time,' 'softer force,' and less lively 'median stress.'

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears! soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
"Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings;
Such harmony is in immortal souls!"

Subdued and pathetic ' example for ' pure quality,' ' soft force,' ' short slides,' and gentle ' median stress.'

" There 's another, — not a sister, — in the happy days
gone by,
You 'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her
eye;
Tell her the last night of my life, (for ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison,) —
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine!
I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, — I heard, or seemed to
hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and
still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed with friendly
talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine, —
But we 'll meet no more at Bingen — loved Bingen on the
Rhine!"

' Subdued example ' for very ' soft force,' ' short slides,' and gentle ' median stress,' and the ' purest quality.'

" I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snow-drop came, and now the violet 's here.
O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.
O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun —
Forever and forever; all in a blessed home —
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come —
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast —
And the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

'Joyous' example for 'pure quality' and happy' median stress.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives."

A striking example of *both qualities* may be taken from the dialogue between "Old Shylock" and "Portia." The tones of Shylock's voice, to express his *spite* and *revenge*, must be marked by the most *abrupt* 'vanishing stress' and '*aspirated* or *impure quality*;' while the beautiful sentiments of Portia demand the '*smoothest stress*' and '*purest quality*.'

"Portia. Do you confess the bond?
Antonio. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shylock. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice."

Having thus treated of, and illustrated with various kinds of pieces, *each one* of the elements of elocution, *separately*, let us now finish our work by learning how *all* these separate elements *unite together* and *blend* in the natural expression of *each* '*kind*' of sentiment.

'Unemotional' pieces should have 'moderate' 'standard force' and 'time' and 'slides' and 'volume,' 'middle pitch,' 'smooth stress,' and 'pure quality' of voice.

Unemotional Example.

"There is something nobly simple and pure in a taste for the cultivation of forest trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have a strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and a friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. He, who plants an oak, looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade and enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing and increasing and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields."

'Bold' pieces should have 'loud' 'standard force,' 'long slides,' 'moderate time,' with long quantity on the emphatic syllables, 'middle pitch,' 'abrupt stress,' and slightly 'aspirated quality.'

Bold Example.

"Who, then, caused the strife
That crimsoned Naseby's field, and Marston's Moor?
It was the Stuart; — so the Stuart fell!

A victim, in the pit himself had digged!
He died not, sirs, as hated kings have died,
In secret and in shade, — no eye to trace
The one step from their prison to their pall:
He died in the eyes of Europe, — in the face
Of the broad Heaven; amidst the sons of England,
Whom he had outraged; by a solemn sentence,
Passed by a solemn Court. Does this seem guilt?
You pity Charles! 'tis well; but pity more
The tens of thousand honest humble men,
Who, by the tyranny of Charles compelled
To draw the sword, fell, butchered in the field!"

'Animated or joyous' pieces should have 'fast time,' lively, springing 'median stress,' 'pure quality,' 'long slides,' 'high pitch,' and 'loud force.'

Joyous Example.

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-Year:
Of all the glad New-Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

"I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May."

'Subdued or pathetic' pieces should have 'soft force,' 'short (or minor) slides,' 'slow time,' gentle 'median stress,' 'pure quality,' 'high pitch,' and less than 'moderate volume.'

Subdued or Pathetic Example.

"If you 're waking call me early, call me early mother dear
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-Year.
It is the last New-Year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

"To-night I saw the sun set! he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind,
And the New-Year 's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree."

'Grave' pieces should have 'low pitch,' 'slow time,' with 'long quantity and pauses,' 'full volume' 'soft force' and 'short slides' — also 'smooth stress' and 'pure quality' when the ideas are *reverential* or *solemn merely* — but more or less 'abrupt stress' and 'aspirated quality' when characterized by *fear* or *aversion*, as in 'dread,' 'awe,' and 'horror.'

Grave Example.

"Come to the bridal chamber, — Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm,
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song and dance and wine, —
And thou are terrible! the tear, —
The groan, — the knell, — the pall, — the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony are thine."

'Noble' pieces should have 'full' swelling 'volume' and 'median stress,' with 'long quantity' and 'long slides,' 'loud force,' 'pure quality,' and 'middle pitch.'

Noble Example.

"But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied Brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee! there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's, —
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!"

Both '*ludicrous*' and '*sarcastic*' pieces should have long 'circumflex slides' and 'compound' 'abrupt stress,' 'long quantity and pauses' on the emphatic words; but *punning* and *raillery*, when good-natured, should have a 'higher pitch,' 'faster time,' and 'purer quality' than belongs to sarcasm which should have the 'middle pitch,' 'aspirated quality,' and rather 'slow time.' With both kinds the 'force' changes from 'moderate' to louder with the boldness of the spirit.

In the following example the part of Sir Peter Teazle should be read with strongly 'aspirated quality' and 'abrupt stress,' while the half-laughing raillery of Lady T. should have the 'pure quality' and 'tremulous stress' mingled with the 'compound,' and 'higher pitch' and 'less volume.'

Ludicrous or sarcastic example.

"Sir Peter. Very well, ma'am, very well — so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure: — if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

Sir P. Old enough! — ay, there it is. Well, well. Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! Sir Peter, am I to blame because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir P. Zounds! madam — if you had been born to this, I should n't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 't was a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you. Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir P. Ay, there again — taste. Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady T. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance — a charming set of acquaintance you have made there."

Example of bitter irony and sarcasm closing with the impassioned kind.

"I speak not to you, Mr. Renwick, of your own outcast condition; — perhaps you delight in the perils of martyrdom: I speak not to those around us, who, in their persons, their substance, and their families, have endured the torture, poverty, and irremediable dishonor. They may be meek and hallowed men, willing to endure; and as for my wife — what was she to you? Ye cannot be greatly disturbed that she is in her grave. No, ye are quiet, calm, prudent persons; it would be a most indiscreet thing of you, you who have suffered no wrongs yourselves, to stir on her account.

"In truth, friends, Mr. Renwick is quite right. This feeling of indignation against our oppressors is a most imprudent thing. If we desire to enjoy our own contempt, to deserve the derision of men, and to merit the abhorrence of Heaven, let us yield ourselves to all that Charles Stuart and his sect require. We can do nothing better, nothing so meritorious, — nothing by which we can so reasonably hope for punishment here and

condemnation hereafter. But if there is one man at this meeting, — I am speaking not of shapes and forms, but of feelings, — if there is one here that feels as men were wont to feel, he will draw his sword, and say with me, Woe to the house of Stuart! woe to the oppressors!"

'Impassioned' pieces, such as the last of the example above and the following, should have 'very loud force,' 'very long slides,' 'very abrupt stress.' Time accelerating as the passion cumulates, from 'moderate' to 'faster,' with 'very long quantity' on the emphatic words, 'middle and higher pitch' and 'quality,' (where the passion is not malignant,) only slightly 'aspirated.'

Impassioned example.

"'My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp!'
Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And 'This to me!' he said;
'An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas's head!
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here
E'en in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee, thou 'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!'
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth: 'And dar'st thou, then,

To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, groom! What, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!' "

MIXED EMOTIONS.

When the elements of expression for each separate 'kind' are clearly understood and readily employed in practice, it will be comparatively easy to teach the natural expression of *mixed sentiments.*

When two different emotions are mixed, the most characteristic elements in the expression of each must be, as far as possible, preserved in the reading of the compound. If these elements are opposed to each other, as 'loud' and 'soft' 'force,' or 'fast' and 'slow' 'time,' there must be a compromise, to suit the mixture of ideas.

Examples.

"O God, thou hast blessed me, I ask for no more."

In this line we have the grave sentiment of reverence blended with the lively feeling of joy. Reverence alone demands 'low pitch' and 'slow time,'—joy alone demands 'high pitch' and 'fast time.' The reverential joy, therefore, of the line quoted must be expressed by a natural compromise. The mixed emotions will be somewhat 'lower in pitch' and 'slower in time' than mere joy, and somewhat 'higher' and 'faster' than mere reverence. The degree in which either simple feeling must give way to the other, depends, of course, on the relative prominence of each.

In Rienzi's speech we find the opposite feelings of sorrow and joy blended in the lines which recall the beauty of his slain brother:

"He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks,—a smile
Parting his innocent lips."

The most characteristic element in the expression of pathos, is the 'short' or 'minor slide.' This must be retained, then, in reading this "sad-joy." The most characteristic element in the expression of joy, is the lively, springing 'median stress;' this must in a great measure be retained therefore.

The 'time' and 'force' are opposite, and must be compromised, — that is, a mean between the two opposites must be given. The proper reading will not be so loud or fast as mere joy, nor so slow and soft as mere sadness. In manly pathos, we have often what is bold or noble in feeling blended with tenderness and pathos. Sufficient loudness of force, and length of slide, and fulness of volume must he preserved in reading the compound, to express the manly or noble part, while the force is softened enough, and the slide shortened by a semitone, to express also the pathetic part.

"O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom!
Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

ANALYSIS

OF EXAMPLES, INCLUDING VARIED 'KINDS' AND 'MIXED EMOTIONS.'

'Unemotional.'

1. "I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union.

'Bold' and 'animated.'

"It is to that Union we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness.

'Joyous.'

"While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and for our children.

'Grave.'

"Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind!

'Grave and bold.' The ideas are also 'harsh' and 'negative,' demanding 'abrupt stress' and 'rising slides.'

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the Sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

'Noble,' 'positive.'

"Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous Ensign of the Republic, (now known and honored throughout the earth,) still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, —

'Bold,' 'negative,' and 'harsh,'

"bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first, and Union afterwards,' —

'Bold' and 'noble,' 'positive' and 'good,' demanding 'loud' and 'smooth' 'force,' 'full volume,' 'long falling slides,' and 'pure quality,'

"but everywhere, spread all over, in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — Liberty AND Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

'Unemotional' and 'grave.'

2. "Friends,
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave."

'Bold' and 'noble,' 'negative.'

"Not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame."

'Sarcastic,' (contempt, scorn, and irony.) These mixed ideas, being 'harsh' and 'impure,' demand 'abrupt stress' and 'aspirated quality,' with the 'circumflex slides.'

"But base, ignoble slaves, — slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages, —
Strong in some hundred spearmen, — only great
In that strange spell, — a name. Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor, — there he stands, —
Was struck, — struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian.

'Impassioned,' ('negative.')

"Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common."

'Subdued' pathos and joy blended.

"I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope, —
Of sweet and quiet joy, — 'there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple.' How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,

Brother, at once, and son! "He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, — a smile
Parting his innocent lips."

'*Pathetic*' *and* '*bold*,' *with* '*abrupt*' *and* '*tremulous*' *force.*

"In one short hour
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance!

'*Impassioned*' *and* '*sarcastic.*'

"Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash."

'*Animated.*'

"Yet, this is Rome
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans."

'*Noble.*'

"Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again, —
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! Once again I swear,
The eternal city shall be free!"

POETRY.

Good reading of *Poetry* demands, in addition to the elements of elocution which belong to all emotional expression, as such, that just enough special attention be given to *quantity* and *accent* to fill out the time equably in each "bar" of the poetical "measure," and mark its *rhythm* perceptibly. In good

poetry the *rhythm* always harmonizes with the *sense* and *spirit*, so that the rhythmical accent falls naturally just where emphatic force is needed to give the author's true meaning. The relative degree of force which should mark the rhythm, agrees with the relative or emphatic force with which the ideas should be read.

It is better, therefore, to study and read poetry as *emotional prose*, without any thought of poetical measure, than to fall into the greater fault of marking the metre too prominently and mechanically, with an offensive "sing-song," or "scanning."

The aim should be to mark the poetical measure but delicately, so that we *may* perceive, if we choose to think of it, that the reader is giving it happily, but not so that we *must* think of its *mechanical structure* instead of the worth and beauty of the ideas. Poetical rhythm and quantity belong not so much to the form as to the spirit of poetry, for they are essential elements in the natural expression of all beautiful and tender and noble sentiments, whether in verse or prose.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

To make the exercises in reading as conducive to health as to elocutionary improvement, let teachers see that the following necessary physical conditions of healthful vocal expression be carefully observed, viz:

1. Position. Pupils must stand or sit uprightly and easily, so that the larger organs of speech may act with perfect freedom.

2. Breathing. Pupils must inhale fully at the outset, and as frequently as the natural pauses will allow, so as to keep the lungs at all times well supplied with fresh air.

3. Expulsion. Pupils must learn, if they would read with force and ease, to expel the emphatic tones from the throat, by contracting the expulsory muscles of the waist, so as to lift up and throw out the vocalized breath with the utmost required force, without unnaturally exercising and irritating the throat.

VOCAL CULTURE.

The organic divisions of quality of voice, such as "head-tone," "chest-tone," and "orotund," we have not given in this manual for schools, for the practical reason that there are so few, even among professional vocalists, who have naturally *both* the *tenor* and *bass* qualities, or the 'head' and 'chest' tones, — so few who can ever learn to use both *expressively*. Instead of trying, — in most cases in vain, — to make the reader, whose natural quality of voice is 'head-tone' or tenor, cultivate the 'chest-tone' or bass, and 'vice versa,' let the *lower natural* tones of the high pitched voices, and the *upper natural* tones of the low pitched voices, be cultivated and rounded into the full, noble, orotund quality on the tones of the middle pitch. This has the advantage of being practicable and of preserving, amid all the manifold improvements of vocal culture, the *natural quality* of each voice, which is always the most expressive and pleasing.

The many examples we have given for daily exercise in the different kinds of vocal expression, if thoroughly practiced, furnish the most natural means and method of vocal culture. Exercise in the right way and earnestly what voice the pupil *has*, and he will soon acquire *additional* force, volume, compass, flexibility, and expression of voice.

NATURAL EXPRESSION.

Let pupils practice carefully and thoroughly the examples for the right use of each one of the '*elements*' of expression, and the examples for rightly blending all these elements in the natural expression of each '*kind*' of sentiment, till the appropriate '*force*,' '*time*,' '*slides*,' &c., for reading any given 'kind' become *inseparably associated* in the reader's mind with the *sentiment itself*. Then the IDEA, the FEELING, will spontaneously inspire its own best expresssion; and so, at last, IMPERFECT ART may ripen into PERFECT NATURE.

HILLARD'S SIXTH READER.

I — THE CONTRAST: OR PEACE AND WAR.

[ATHENÆUM.]

PEACE.

LOVELY art thou, O Peace! and lovely are thy children, and lovely are the prints of thy footsteps in the green valleys.

Blue wreaths of smoke ascend through the trees, and betray the half-hidden cottage; the eye contemplates well-thatched ricks, and barns bursting with plenty: the peasant laughs at the approach of winter.

White houses peep through the trees; cattle stand cooling in the pool: the casement of the farm-house is covered with jessamine and honeysuckle; the stately greenhouse exhales the perfume of summer climates.

Children climb the green mound of the rampart, and ivy holds together the half-demolished buttress.

The old men sit at their doors; the gossip leans over her counter; the children shout and frolic in the streets.

The housewife's stores of bleached linen, whiter than snow, are laid up with fragrant herbs; they are the pride of the matron, the toil of many a winter's night.

The wares of the merchant are spread abroad in the shops, or stored in the high-piled warehouses; the labor of each profits all; the inhabitant of the north drinks the fragrant herb of China; the peasant's child wears the webs of Hindostan.

The lame, the blind, and the aged repose in hospitals;

the rich, softened by prosperity, pity the poor; the poor, disciplined into order, respect the rich.

Justice is dispensed to all. Law sits steady on her throne, and the sword is her servant.

WAR.

They have rushed through like a hurricane; like an army of locusts they have devoured the earth; the war has fallen like a water-spout, and deluged the land with blood.

The smoke rises not through the trees, for the honors of the grove are fallen, and the hearth of the cottager is cold; but it rises from villages burned with fire, and from warm ruins spread over the now naked plain.

The ear is filled with the confused bellowing of oxen, and sad bleating of overdriven sheep; they are swept from their peaceful plains; with shouting and goading are they driven away: the peasant folds his arms, and resigns his faithful fellow-laborers.

The farmer weeps over his barns consumed by fire, and his demolished roof, and anticipates the driving of the winter snows.

On that rising ground, where the green turf looks black with fire, yesterday stood a noble mansion; the owner had said in his heart: "Here will I spend the evening of my days, and enjoy the fruit of my years of toil; my name shall descend with mine inheritance, and my children's children shall sport under the trees which I have planted." The fruit of his years of toil is swept away in a moment; wasted, not enjoyed; and the evening of his days is left desolate.

The temples are profaned; the soldier's curse resounds in the house of God; the marble pavement is trampled by iron hoofs; horses neigh beside the altar.

Law and order are forgotten; violence and rapine are abroad; the golden cords of society are loosed.

Here are the shriek of woe and the cry of anguish; and there is suppressed indignation bursting the heart with silent despair.

The groans of the wounded are in the hospitals, and by the roadside, and in every thicket; and the housewife's web, whiter than snow, is scarcely sufficient to stanch the blood of her husband and children. Look at that youth, the first-born of her strength; yesterday he bounded as the roebuck; was glowing as the summer-fruits; active in sports, strong to labor; he has passed in one moment from youth to age; his comeliness is departed; helplessness is his portion for the days of future years. He is more decrepit than his grandsire, on whose head are the snows of eighty winters; but those were the snows of nature; this is the desolation of man.

Everything unholy and unclean comes abroad from its lurking-place, and deeds of darkness are done beneath the eye of day. The villagers no longer start at horrible sights; the soothing rites of burial are denied, and human bones are tossed by human hands.

No one careth for another; every one, hardened by misery, careth for himself alone.

Lo these are what God has set before thee, child of reason! son of woman! unto which does thine heart incline?

II. — GRACE DARLING.

[This account of Grace Darling is mainly an abridgment of a sketch in "Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts." Northumberland is a county in the north-easterly corner of England, bordering on Scotland.]

Opposite the northern part of the coast of the county of Northumberland, in England, at a short distance from the shore, is a group of small islands, twenty-five in number at low tide, called the Farne Islands. Their aspect is wild and desolate in the extreme. Composed of rock, with

a slight covering of herbage, and in many places ending in sheer precipices, they are the residence of little else than wild fowl. Between the smaller islets the sea runs with great force, and many a goodly ship, in times past, has laid her bones upon the pitiless rocks which every ebb tide exposes to view.

Upon Longstone, one of these islands, there stands a light-house, which, at the time of the incident about to be related, was kept by William Darling, a worthy and intelligent man, of quiet manners, with resources of mind and character sufficient to turn to profitable use the many lonely hours which his position necessarily entailed upon him.

He had a numerous family of children; among them a daughter, Grace, who had reached the age of twenty-two years when the incident occurred which has made her name so famous. She had passed most of her life upon the little island of Longstone, and is described as having been of a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition. In personal appearance, she was about the middle size, of a fair complexion and pleasing countenance; with nothing masculine in her aspect, but gentle and feminine, and, as might be supposed, with a winning expression of benevolence in her face. Her smile was particularly sweet. She had a good understanding, and had been respectably educated.

On Wednesday evening, September 5, 1838, the Forfarshire steamer, of about three hundred tons burden, under the command of Captain John Humble, sailed from Hull on a voyage to Dundee, in Scotland. She had a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet-iron; and her company, including twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, comprised sixty-three persons.

On the evening of the next day, when in the neighborhood of the Farne Islands, she encountered a severe storm of wind, attended with heavy rain and a dense fog. She

leaked to such a degree that the fires could not be kept burning, and her engines soon ceased to work. She became wholly unmanageable, and drifting violently, at the mercy of the winds and waves, struck on one of the reefs of Longstone Island, about four o'clock on Friday morning.

As too often happens in such fearful emergencies, the master lost his self-possession, order and discipline ceased, and nothing but self-preservation was thought of. A portion of the crew, including the first mate, lowered one of the boats and left the ship. With them was a single cabin passenger, who threw himself into the boat by means of a rope. These men were picked up after some hours, and carried into the port of Shields.

The scene on board was of a most fearful description — men paralyzed by despair — women wringing their hands and shrieking with anguish — and among them the helpless and bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him, frantically besought the protection he could no longer give. The vessel struck aft the paddle-boxes; and not above three minutes after the passengers (most of whom had been below, and many of them in their berths) had rushed upon the deck, a second shock broke her into two pieces.

The after-part, with most of the passengers and the captain and his wife, was swept away through a tremendous current, and all upon it were lost. The fore-part, on which were five of the crew and four passengers, stuck fast to the rock. These few survivors remained in their dreadful situation till daybreak, with a fearful sea running around them, and expecting every moment to be swept into the deep. With what anxious eyes did they wait for the morning light! And yet what could mortal help avail them even then? Craggy and dangerous rocky islets lay between them and the nearest land, and around these rocks a sea was raging in which no boat was likely to live. But, through the providence of God, a deliverance was in

store for them — a deliverance wrought by the strong heart of an heroic girl.

As soon as day broke on the morning of the 7th, they were descried from the Longstone light, by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. None of the family were at home, except Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Grace. Although the wind had somewhat abated, the sea — never calm among these jagged rocks — was still fiercely raging; and to have braved its perils would have done the highest honor to the strong muscles and well-tried nerves of the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy having been undertaken and accomplished mainly through a female heart and arm!

Mr. Darling, it is said, was reluctant to expose himself to what seemed certain destruction; but the earnest entreaties of his daughter determined him to make the attempt. At her solicitation the boat was launched, with the mother's assistance; and father and daughter entered it, each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the Forfarshire, others of the family being always at hand. It was only by the exertion of great muscular strength, as well as by the utmost coolness and resolution, that the father and daughter rowed the boat up to the rock. And when there, a greater danger arose from the difficulty of so managing it as to prevent its being dashed to pieces upon the sharp ridge which had proved fatal to the steamer. With much difficulty and danger, the father scrambled upon the rock, and the boat was left for awhile to the unaided strength and skill of the daughter. However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued.

The delight, with which the boat was first seen, was converted into amazement when they perceived that it was guided and impelled by an old man and a young woman. Owing to the violence of the storm, the rescued persons were obliged to remain at the light-house of the Darlings

from Friday morning till Sunday, during which time Grace was most assiduous in her kind attentions to the sufferers, giving up her bed to one of them, a poor woman, who had seen her two children perish in her arms, while on the wreck.

This heroic deed of Grace Darling shot a thrill of sympathy and admiration through all Great Britain, and indeed through all Christendom. The Humane Society sent her a flattering vote of thanks and a piece of plate, and a considerable sum of money was raised for her from the voluntary contributions of an admiring public. The lonely light-house became the centre of attraction to thousands of curious and sympathizing travellers; and Grace was pursued, questioned, and stared at to an extent that became a serious annoyance to her gentle and retiring spirit.

But in all this hot blaze of admiration, and in her improved fortunes, she preserved unimpaired the simplicity and modesty of her nature. Her head was not in the least turned by the world-wide fame she had earned, or by the flattering caresses of the wealthy, the fashionable, and the distinguished, which were lavished upon her. The meekness with which she bore her honors equalled the courage which had won them. She resumed her former way of life, and her accustomed duties, as quietly as if nothing had happened. Several advantageous offers of marriage were made to her, but she declined them all; usually alleging her determination not to leave her parents while they lived.

But she was not long destined to enjoy the applause she had earned, or the more substantial tokens of regard which had been bestowed upon her. She began to show symptoms of consumption towards the latter part of 1841; and, although all the means of restoration which the most affectionate care and the best medical advice could suggest were resorted to, she gradually declined, and breathed her

last in calm submission to the will of God, October 20, 1842. Her funeral was very numerously attended, and a monument has been erected to her memory in Bamborough church-yard, where she was buried.

Such was Grace Darling — one of the heroines of humanity — whose name is destined to live as long as the sympathies and affections of humanity endure. Such calm heroism as hers — so generously exerted for the good of others — is one of the noblest attributes of the soul of man. It had no alloy of blind animal passion, like the bravery of the soldier on the field of battle, but it was spiritual, celestial, and we may reverently add, godlike. Never does man appear more distinctly in the image of his Maker than when, like the noble-hearted Grace Darling, he deliberately exposes his own life to save the lives of others.

III. — THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

JANE TAYLOR.

[JANE TAYLOR was born in London, September 23, 1783, and died April 12, 1824. Her father was a writer of books, and one of her brothers is the celebrated author of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm," "Saturday Evening," &c. She wrote "Display," a tale, "Essays in Rhyme on Morals and Manners," "Original Poems for Infant Minds," (a favorite book with children, and deservedly so,) and "Rhymes for the Nursery." She also contributed many articles to the "Youth's Magazine," under the signature of Q. Q., conveying sound moral and religious instruction in an attractive style. These were collected and published after her death, and they have been republished in this country. Her writings are all excellent in their tone and spirit, and possess much literary merit.

"The Discontented Pendulum" — which first appeared in the "Youth's Magazine" — is an admirable specimen of the allegory; a form of composition in which the real interest, or primary object, is communicated by a discourse which has also a secondary or subordinate meaning. Here we have a supposed conversation between the several portions of a kitchen clock; but this would have no interest or value but for the moral truth intended to be conveyed; and this latter forms the primary subject. The first conception of this particular instrument, or medium, is very ingenious and happy, because it permits the analogy to be carried along to the end in the most natural manner possible. Once starting with the clock, all the rest seems to suggest itself. The moral lesson taught is of much practical value; and the duties of life would be lightened if we could all come to the same cheerful state of mind with the pendulum.]

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this the dial-plate, (if we may credit the fable,) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good," replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me, — it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness; you, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really

weary of my way of life; and if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours: perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

The minute-hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, "eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect: so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: —

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that so useful and industrious a person as you are should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time. So have we all, and are likely to do; and, although this may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you, now, do me the favor to give about half-a-dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that although you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; and a beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

Moral. — It is said by a celebrated modern writer, "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves." This is an admirable hint, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well-doing," from the thought of having a great deal to do. The present is all we have to manage: the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the moment is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we still need set but one step at a time, and this process, continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours. Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses, at once. One moment comes laden with its own little burden, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last: if one could be sustained, so can another, and another.

Even in looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labors, the trials to temper and patience, that may be expected. Now, this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon one. Let any one resolve to do right now, leaving then to do as it can, and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never err. But the common error is, to resolve to act right to-morrow, or next time; but now, just this once, we must go on the same as ever.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, then will be now. Thus life passes, with many, in resolutions for the future which the present never fulfils.

It is not thus with those who, "by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honor, and immortality." Day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned; and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labors, and their works "follow them."

Let us then, "whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might," recollecting that now is the proper and the accepted time.

IV. — THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

LONGFELLOW.

[HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW is a native of Portland, Maine, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825. Soon after leaving college he went to Europe, and remained there till 1829. He then returned home and assumed the duties of professor of modern languages at Bowdoin College. He resigned his post in 1835, and visited Europe again, and upon his return in 1836, was appointed to a similar professorship in the University at Cambridge. Here he has resided ever since, but he resigned his professorship in 1854.

Mr. Longfellow holds a very high rank among the authors of America, and is one of the most popular of living poets. He has written "Evangeline," "The Golden Legend," "The Song of Hiawatha," and "The Courtship

of Miles Standish," narrative poems of considerable length; "The Spanish Student," a play; and a great number of smaller pieces. He has a fruitful imagination, under the control of the most perfect taste, and a remarkable power of illustrating moods of mind and states of feeling by material forms. He has a great command of beautiful diction, and equal skill in the structure of his verse. His poetry is marked by tenderness of feeling, purity of sentiment, elevation of thought, and healthiness of tone. He understands and can express all the affections of the human heart. The happy delight in his poems; and they fall with soothing and sympathizing touch upon those who have suffered. His readers are more than admirers; they become friends. And over all that he has written there hangs a beautiful ideal light, — the atmosphere of poetry, — which illuminates his page as the sunshine does the natural landscape.

Mr. Longfellow has also won enduring praise as a prose writer. His "Outre-mer," a collection of travelling sketches and miscellaneous essays, his "Hyperion," a romance, and his "Kavanagh," a domestic story, are marked by the same traits as his poetry. He is a "warbler of poetic prose;" and would be entitled to the honors of a poet had he never written a line of verse. His "Hyperion," especially, is full of beautiful description, rich fancy, and sweet and pensive thought. He is also a man of extensive literary attainments, familiar with the languages of modern Europe, and a great master in the difficult art of translation.]

1 Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;
Across its antique portico,
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall,
An ancient timepiece says to all, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

2 Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all that pass, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

3 By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,

Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber door, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever."

4 Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

5 In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

6 There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed.
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

7 From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;

There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

8 All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

9 Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death and time shall disappear, —
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

V. — RIP VAN WINKLE.

IRVING.

[WASHINGTON IRVING, the most popular of American authors, and one of the most popular writers in the English language during his time, was born in New York, April 8, 1783, and died November 28, 1859. His numerous works are too well known to need enumeration; and his countrymen are so familiar with the graces of his style and the charm of his delightful genius, that any extended criticism would be superfluous. His writings are remarkable for their combination of rich and original humor with great refinement of feeling and delicacy of sentiment. His humor is unstained by coarseness, and his sentiment is neither mawkish nor morbid. His style is carefully finished, and

in his most elaborate productions the uniform music of his cadences approaches monotony. He is an accurate observer, and his descriptions are correct, animated, and beautiful. In his biographical and historical works his style is flowing, easy, and transparent. His personal character was affectionate and amiable, and these traits penetrate his writings, and constitute no small portion of their charm. Few writers have ever awakened in their readers a stronger personal interest than Irving; and the sternest critic could not deal harshly with an author who showed himself to be so gentle and kindly a man.

The following extract is from "Rip Van Winkle," one of the papers in "The Sketch Book." Rip is an indolent, good-humored fellow, living in a village on the Hudson River. While shooting among the Catskill Mountains, he meets with a mysterious party engaged in rolling ninepins, drinks deeply of the liquor they furnish him, and falls into a sleep which lasts twenty years, during which our Revolutionary War takes place. After waking, he returns to the village, which he finds busied with an election.]

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it too was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible.

He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, General Washington.

There was, as usual, a crowd about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity.

He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with

his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van-Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently, about rights of citizens — elections — members of congress — liberty — Bunker's hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?"

Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-impor-

tant man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking.

The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? — name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he's dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony-Point — others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — congress — Stony-Point; — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself

as he went up the mountain, apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation.

At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name; but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. — His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

The honest man could contain himself no longer. He

caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he, — "young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! — Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor.—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood.

He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by

his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war."

It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war — that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England — and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to

vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit.

Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

VI. — TO A WATER-FOWL.

BRYANT.

[WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. He was admitted to the bar, but soon left the profession of the law, and has for many years resided in or near the city of New York, as one of the editors and proprietors of the "New York Evening Post," a daily paper which has a wide circulation and much influence. It is not necessary to point out, at any length, the merits of a poet whose productions were the delight of his own countrymen, and were well known abroad, long before the young persons, for whose use this work is intended, were born. It is enough to say that his poems are distinguished by the perfect finish of their style, their elevated tone, their dignity of sentiment, and their lovely pictures of American scenery. He is, at once, the most truthful and the most delightful of painters. We find in his pages all the most obvious and all the most retiring graces of our native landscapes, but nothing borrowed from books — nothing transplanted from a foreign soil.]

1 WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

2 Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

3 Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

4 There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

5 All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

6 And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

7 Thou 'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

8 He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

VII. — MORNING IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

EXECUTION OF A HOSTAGE FOR BREACH OF FAITH.

SCOTT.

[WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771, and died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832. In 1792 he was called to the Scotch bar as an advocate; but he made little progress in his profession, and was soon allured from it by the higher attractions of literature. After having written and published a few fugitive pieces, and edited a collection of border ballads, he broke upon the world, in 1805, with his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was received with a burst of admiration almost without parallel in literary history. This was followed by "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake," which added to the author's reputation, and by "Rokeby," and "The Lord of the Isles," which fairly sustained it. These poems were unlike anything that had preceded them. Their versification was easy and graceful, though sometimes careless; their style was energetic and condensed; their pictures were glowing and faithful; the characters and incidents were fresh and startling; and in the battle scenes there was a power of painting which rivalled the pages of Homer. The whole civilized world rose up to greet with admiration the poet who transported them to the lakes and mountains of Scotland, introduced them to knights and moss-troopers, and thrilled them with scenes of wild adventure and lawless violence. Scott held exclusive possession of the poetical throne until Lord Byron disputed it with him, and won a popularity more intense, if not more wide.

But these brilliant and successful poems were hardly more than an introduction to Scott's literary career. In 1814, there appeared, without any preliminary announcement, and anonymously, a novel called "Waverley," which soon attracted great attention, and gave rise to much speculation as to its authorship. This was the beginning of that splendid series of works of fiction commonly called the Waverley novels, which continued to be poured forth in rapid succession till 1827. From the first, there was very little doubt that Scott was the author of these works, although they were published without any name; and when the avowal was made, in 1827, it took nobody by surprise. Of the great powers put forth in these novels — of their immense popularity — and of the influence they have exerted, and are still exerting, upon literature, it is not necessary to speak, nor could such a subject be discussed in a notice like this. Admirable as the whole series is, there is a power, a freshness, and an originality in the earlier ones, such as "Guy Mannering," and "The Antiquary," where the scenery and characters are Scotch, which give them a marked superiority over their younger brethren.

Besides his poems and novels, Scott wrote a Life of Napoleon, various other biographies, and many works besides. He was a man of immense literary industry, and his writings fill eighty-eight volumes of small octavo size. All this did not prevent his discharging faithfully the duties of a citizen, a father of a family, and (for many years) of a magistrate.

Scott's life has been written by his son-in-law, Lockhart; and it is a truthful record of what he was and what he did. His was a noble nature, with much to love and much to admire. He was a warm friend, most affectionate in his domestic relations, and ever ready to do kind acts to those who stood in need of them. After his first literary successes, he lived before the public eye; and since his death, his whole life and being have been exposed to

the general gaze, and there are few lives on record that would bear such an ordeal better.

In consequence of an unwise secret partnership with a printer and publisher, Scott became a bankrupt at the age of fifty-five. He met this blow with an heroic spirit, and addressed himself to the task of discharging the liabilities against him, with a moral energy which was nothing less than sublime. The amount of work he performed between this date and that of his death is fearful to contemplate. His life was shortened by his excessive toils; but he accomplished what he proposed to himself. His debts, materially diminished before his death, have since been entirely discharged by the profits on his collected works. In the portion of his life, from his bankruptcy to his death, Scott's character shines with a moral grandeur far above mere literary fame.

Scott was made a baronet in 1820.

This extract is from "Rob Roy," one of the most spirited and popular of the Waverley novels, originally published in 1817. Rob Roy, a Highland chieftain, had been taken prisoner. Morris, an Englishman, had been sent as a hostage to guarantee the personal safety of Rob Roy. The violation of this pledge called down upon his head the vengeance of the wife of Rob Roy.

I SHALL never forget the delightful sensation with which I exchanged the dark, smoky, smothering atmosphere of the Highland hut, in which we had passed the night so uncomfortably, for the refreshing fragrance of the morning air, and the glorious beams of the rising sun, which, from a tabernacle of purple and golden clouds, were darted full on such a scene of natural romance and beauty as had never before greeted my eyes. To the left lay the valley, down which the Forth wandered on its easterly course, surrounding the beautiful detached hill, with all its garland of woods. On the right, amid a profusion of thickets, knolls, and crags, lay the bed of a broad mountain lake, lightly curled into tiny waves by the breath of the morning breeze, each glittering in its course under the influence of the sunbeams. High hills, rocks, and banks, waving with natural forests of birch and oak, formed the borders of this enchanting sheet of water; and, as their leaves rustled to the wind and twinkled in the sun, gave to the depth of solitude a sort of life and vivacity. Man alone seemed to be placed in a state of inferiority, in a scene where all the ordinary features of nature were raised and exalted.

It was under the burning influence of revenge that the wife of MacGregor commanded that the hostage, exchanged for her husband's safety, should be brought into her presence. I believe her sons had kept this unfortunate wretch out of her sight, for fear of the consequences; but if it was so, their humane precaution only postponed his fate. They dragged forward, at her summons, a wretch, already half dead with terror, in whose agonized features I recognized, to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance Morris.

He fell prostrate before the female chief with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution, so that all he could do in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstasy of fear was such, that, instead of paralyzing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent, and, with cheeks as pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the life of Rob Roy, whom he swore he loved and honored as his own soul. — In the inconsistency of his terror, he said, he was but the agent of others, and he muttered the name of Rashleigh. — He prayed but for life — for life he would give all he had in the world; — it was but life he asked — life, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations; — he asked only breath, though it should be drawn in the damps of the lowest caverns of their hills.

It is impossible to describe the scorn, the loathing, and contempt, with which the wife of MacGregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence.

"I could have bid you live," she said, "had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is to me — that it is to every noble and generous mind. — But

you — wretch! you could creep through the world unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow; — you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed, — while nameless and birthless villains tread on the neck of the brave and long-descended; — you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the shambles, fattening on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of; you shall die, base dog, and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun!"

She gave a brief command, in Gaelic, to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered — I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years afterwards. As the murderers, or executioners, call them as you will, dragged him along, he recognized me even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, "O, Mr. Osbaldistone, save me! — save me!"

I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle, that, although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf, but, as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some, while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it round his neck, and others again eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress. Half naked, and thus manacled, they hurried him into the lake, there about twelve feet deep, drowning his last death-shriek with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph, over which, however, the yell of mortal agony was distinctly heard. The heavy burden splashed in the dark blue waters of the lake, and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and swords, watched an instant, to guard, lest,

extricating himself from the load to which he was attached, he might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound; the victim sunk without effort; the waters, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him, and the unit of that life, for which he had pleaded so strongly, was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.

VIII. — THE SLAVE-TRADE.

WEBSTER.

[DANIEL WEBSTER was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782, and died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, October 24, 1852. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1801, was admitted to the bar in 1805, and settled in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1807. He was a member of the House of Representatives from New Hampshire from 1813 to 1817. In the latter part of 1815 he removed to Boston, and resided in that city, or at Marshfield, during the remainder of his life. He was chosen to the House of Representatives from the district of Boston in 1822, and was a member of that body till 1827, when he was elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of Massachusetts. He continued there during the remainder of his life, with the exception of two intervals, when he held the office of Secretary of State, first under the administrations of Presidents Harrison and Tyler, and secondly under that of President Fillmore.

For the last twenty-five years of his life, Mr. Webster's biography is identified with the history of his country. Having been a leader of one of its great political parties, the time has hardly yet come for a calm and unbiased judgment to be passed upon his services; but no candid mind will ever question the sincerity and comprehensiveness of his patriotism, still less the splendor of his intellectual powers. He was a great lawyer, a great statesman, a great debater, and a great writer. As a writer — in which point of view alone we have now to regard him — he stands among the very first of his class. No style can be found more suited for the subjects of which it treats than his. It is strong, simple, and dignified; vehement and impassioned when necessary; readily rising into eloquence, and occasionally touched with high imaginative beauty. He excels in the statement of a case or the exposition of a principle; and in his occasional discourses there are passages of a lofty moral grandeur by which the heart and mind are alike affected. Some of his state papers may fairly challenge comparison with the best productions of the kind which the past has transmitted to us.

The following passage is taken from a discourse, pronounced at Plymouth, December 22, 1820, in commemoration of the first settlement of New England.]

IF the blessings of our political and social condition have not now been too highly estimated, we cannot well overrate the responsibility which they impose upon us.

We hold these institutions of government, religion, and learning, to be transmitted as well as enjoyed. We are in the line of conveyance through which whatever has been obtained by the spirit and efforts of our ancestors, is to be communicated to our children.

We are bound to maintain public liberty, and, by the example of our own systems, to convince the world that order and law, religion and morality, the rights of conscience, the rights of persons, and the rights of property, may all be preserved and secured in the most perfect manner, by a government entirely and purely elective. If we fail in this, our disaster will be signal, and will furnish an argument, stronger than has yet been found, in support of those opinions which maintain that government can rest safely on nothing but power and coercion.

As far as experience may show errors in our establishments, we are bound to correct them; and if any practices exist contrary to the principles of justice and humanity, within the reach of our laws or our influence, we are inexcusable if we do not exert ourselves to restrain and abolish them.

I deem it my duty on this occasion to suggest that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic at which every feeling of humanity must revolt — I mean the African slave-trade. Neither public sentiment nor the law has yet been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts no sentiment of justice inhabits, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control.

In the sight of our law, the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon; and in the sight of Heaven, an offender

far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter part of our history than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government, at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call upon all the true sons of New England to co-operate with the laws of man and the justice of Heaven.

If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the Rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer — I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those, who by stealth, and at midnight, labor in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards; and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice, and all who minister at her altar, that they execute the wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of our religion, that they proclaim its denunciation of these crimes, and add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. If the pulpit be silent, whenever or wherever there may be a sinner, bloody with this guilt, within the hearing of its voice, the pulpit is false to its trust.

I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest upon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates that ever infested them. That ocean which seems to wave with a gentle magnificence, to waft the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll its treas-

ures with a conscious pride; that ocean which hardy industry regards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil, — what is it to the victim of this oppression when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it for the first time from beneath chains, and bleeding with stripes? — What is it to him, but a wide-spread prospect of suffering, anguish, and death? Nor do the skies smile longer; nor is the air fragrant to him. The sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman and cursed traffic has cut him off in his manhood, or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him.

IX. — HOHENLINDEN.

CAMPBELL.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow, July 27, 1777, and died in Boulogne, France, June 15, 1844. His first poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," was published in 1799, and was universally read and admired. His "Gertrude of Wyoming" was published in 1809, and was received with equal favor. It contains passages of great descriptive beauty, and the concluding portions are full of pathos; but the story moves languidly, and there is a want of truth in the costume, and of probability in the incidents. His genius is seen to greater advantage in his shorter poems, such as "O'Connor's Child," "Lochiel's Warning," "Hohenlinden," "The Battle of the Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England." These are matchless poems, — with a ring and power that stir the blood, and at the same time a magic of expression which fastens the words forever to the memory.

No other poet of our times has contributed so much, in proportion to the extent of his writings, to that stock of established quotations which pass from lip to lip, and from pen to pen, without any thought as to their origin. Campbell lived, during the greater part of his life, after early manhood, in London or its neighborhood, and was for some years editor of the "New Monthly Magazine." He wrote in prose with grace and animation. The preliminary essay prefixed to his Specimens of the British Poets (first published in 1819) is an admirable piece of criticism, and is earnestly commended to all who wish to comprehend the wealth of the poetical literature of England. Campbell's dignity of character was hardly equal to his intellectual gifts; and shadows of infirmity sometimes darkened the bright disk of his genius. He was much tried in his domestic relations. His wife, whom he tenderly loved, died many years before him; and of two sons, his whole family, one died in childhood, and the other, who survived his father, was of infirm mind from his birth.

More detailed accounts of Campbell's life and writings may be found in his Life and Letters, by Dr. William Beattie, and in a good biographical sketch

by Mr. Epes Sargent, prefixed to an edition of his poems published by Phillips, Sampson and Co., of Boston, in 1854.

Hohenlinden (two German words meaning *high lime-trees*) is the name of a village in Bavaria near which the Austrians, under the Archduke John, were defeated by the French and Bavarians, under General Moreau, December 3, 1800. A snow-storm had fallen in the night before the battle, and had hardly ceased when its first movements began. It is only by virtue of a poetical license that the river Iser (pronounced ē'zer) is made a part of the scenery of the contest as, in point of fact, it is several miles distant.]

1 On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

2 But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

3 By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

4 Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

5 But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainéd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

6 'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

7 The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

8 Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

X. — THE HUSKER'S SONG.

WHITTIER.

[JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808. He has written much in prose and verse; and his writings are characterized by earnestness of tone, high moral purpose, and energy of expression. His spirit is that of a sincere and fearless reformer; and his fervent appeals are the true utterances of a brave and loving heart. The themes of his poetry have been drawn, in a great measure, from the history, traditions, manners, and scenery of New England; and he has found the elements of poetical interest among them without doing any violence to truth. He describes natural scenery correctly and beautifully; and a vein of genuine tenderness runs through his writings.]

1 HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn.

2 Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine: —

3 We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

4 Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

5 We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened, from our sprouting grain,
The robber-crows away.

6 All through the long, bright days of June,
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

7 And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come;
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

8 There, richer than the fabled gift,
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

9 Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

10 Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls?

11 Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn.

12 Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly:

13 But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

XI. — PARALLEL BETWEEN POPE AND DRYDEN

JOHNSON.

[SAMUEL JOHNSON was born in Litchfield, England, September 18, 1709, and died December 13, 1784. Besides his great work, the "Dictionary of the English Language," which occupied many laborious years, he wrote "Irene," a tragedy; "London," and "The Vanity of Human Wishes," poems in imitation of Juvenal; "Rasselas," a tale; "The Rambler," a periodical paper; "A Tour to the Hebrides;" "The Lives of the Poets;" various other biographies; and many reviews, miscellanies, pamphlets, and contributions to periodical literature.

The peculiarities of Dr. Johnson's style are well known. It is artificial, elaborate, delighting in antithesis and in words of Latin origin, and frequently pompous and heavy. Its defects are redeemed by essential vigor of mind, but it is very easily imitated, and when adopted by men of commonplace understanding, it is like Saul's armor upon the limbs of David. His diction grew simpler, as he grew older, and his "Lives of the Poets," his latest work, is also his best. His carefully poised periods, also, had a sensible effect upon the general structure of the language as it has since been written.

Dr. Johnson's character was a singular compound of strength and weakness. He was very religious, but bigoted and superstitious. His judgment was generally sound, but he was full of the most unreasonable prejudices. He was charitable and benevolent, but impetuous, and most impatient of contradiction. His conversation was rich in sense and wit, but his manners were intolerable. He was capable of great application, though not habitually industrious. He was of a morbid temperament, and his spirit was often dark-

ened by constitutional melancholy. For a long period, too, he had to struggle against poverty, and to live in a state of literary slavery most galling to his haughty and independent spirit.

Dr. Johnson's life and character have been painted to us — as those of no man of letters were ever before painted — in his biography by Boswell, a most instructive and delightful book, which has done quite as much for Johnson's fame as his own writings have done. It is not merely a biography of Johnson, but a record of the social and literary life of England, during the period of which it treats, such as is nowhere else to be found. Till the publication of "Lockhart's Life of Scott," there was no other such work in the language; and these two are not proper subjects of comparison, but each stands alone in its peculiar and unrivalled excellence; both full of dramatic interest, possessing the highest charm of fiction, and yet richly freighted with the fruits of wisdom, observation, and experience.

Two of the greatest writers of our age — Macaulay and Carlyle — have written essays upon the life and writings of Johnson. Each is characteristic of its author, and they are therefore unlike; but both are excellent, and deserve an attentive reading.

The following extract is from the life of Pope in "The Lives of the Poets," and is an excellent specimen of Johnson's peculiar style.]

Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding, and nicety of discernment, were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration. When occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for, when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavored to do his best; he did not court the candor, but dared the judgment of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of "Thirty-eight:" of which Dodsley told me, that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. "Every line," said he, "was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with every line written twice over a second time."

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the "Iliad," and freed it from some of its imperfections, and the "Essay on Criticism" received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigor. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science.

Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, — that power which constitutes a poet, — that quality, without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert, — that energy, which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, — the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigor, Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems.

Dryden's performances were always hasty, — either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by some domestic necessity. He composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden,

therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

XII. — OBLIGATIONS OF AMERICA TO ENGLAND.

EVERETT.

[EDWARD EVERETT was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 11, 1794, was graduated at Harvard College in 1811, and was settled over the church in Brattle Street, in Boston, as successor to Mr. Buckminster, in 1813. In 1815, he was appointed professor of Greek literature in Harvard College, and immediately proceeded to Europe, with a view of making an ample preparation for the duties of his new position. He remained in Europe about four and a half years, during which period he went through an extensive course both of travel and study. Upon his return, he assumed the duties of his professorship, and also those of editor of the "North American Review," and continued in the discharge of both till his election to the House of Representatives, in 1824. He remained in Congress till 1835, in which year he was chosen governor of Massachusetts. To this office he was re-elected for three successive years. In 1841, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the court of St. James, and he discharged the duties of that post till 1845. Upon his return to America, he was chosen President of Harvard College, and held that office till 1849. He was secretary of state for a short period, at the close of Mr. Fillmore's administration, and in 1853 was chosen to the Senate of the United States by the legislature of Massachusetts, but resigned his place the next year, on account of ill health, and resided as a private citizen in Boston till his lamented death, January 15, 1865.

The variety of Mr. Everett's life and employments was but a type of the versatility of his powers, and the wide range of his cultivation. He was one of the most finished men of our time. His works consist mainly of occasional discourses and speeches, and of contributions to the "North American Review," — the last of which are very numerous, and deal with a great diversity of subjects, including Greek and German literature, the fine arts, politics, political economy, history, and American literature. His orations and speeches have been published in three large octavo volumes. His style is rich and glowing,

but always under the control of sound judgment and good taste. His learning and scholarship are never needlessly obtruded; they are woven into the web of his discourse, and not embossed upon its surface. He wrote under the inspiration of a generous and comprehensive patriotism, and his speeches were eminently suited to create and sustain a just and high-toned national sentiment. Whatever he did was done well; and his brilliant natural powers through life were trained and aided by those habits of vigorous industry which are falsely supposed by many to be found only in connection with dulness and mediocrity.

The following extract is from an oration delivered at Plymouth, December 22, 1824.]

What citizen of our republic does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived to this land out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual, and moral truth, from which we have drawn in England? What American does not feel proud that his fathers were the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke? Who does not know that, while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British empire beat warm and full in the bosom of our ancestors, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity, with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the friends of liberty there?

Who does not remember that, when the pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained till the stars of hope should go up in the western skies? And who will ever forget that, in that eventful struggle which severed these youthful republics from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America, than that of Burke or of Chatham within the walls of the British parliament, and at the foot of the British throne?

No: for myself, I can truly say that, after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. In touching the

soil of England, I seem to return, like a descendant, to the old family seat; to come back to the abode of an aged and venerable parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. The sound of my native language, beyond the sea, is as music to my ear, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness or Castilian majesty.

I am not yet in a land of strangers, while surrounded by the manners, the habits, and the institutions, under which I have been brought up. I wander, delighted, through a thousand scenes which the historians and the poets have made familiar to us, of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers; — the pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land, — rich in the memory of the great and good, the champions and the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth; and richer, as the parent of this land of promise in the west.

I am not — I need not say I am not — the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre, and the coronet, — stars, garters, and blue ribbons, — seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies mustered for the battles of Europe, her navies overshadowing the ocean, nor her empire, grasping the farthest east. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are too often maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections.

But it is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the pilgrim. It is these which I

love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakspeare and Milton. I should think him cold in his love for his native land, who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

XIII. — "GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER."

MISS EDWARDS.

[This powerful and pathetic piece was suggested by one of the many painful incidents of the memorable Irish famine of 1846. The title was the last request of an Irish lad to his mother, as he was dying of starvation. She found three grains in a corner of his ragged jacket, and gave them to him. It was all she had. The whole family were perishing from famine.]

1 GIVE me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have,
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

2 It has gnawed like a wolf, at my heart, mother,
A wolf that is fierce for blood, —
All the livelong day, and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was heaven to see, —
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

3 How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you,
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eye so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand,
As you laid it on your child.

4 The queen has lands and gold, mother,
The queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold, —
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

5 What has poor Ireland done, mother,
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on, and sees us starve,
Perishing, one by one?
Do the men of England care not, mother,
The great men and the high,
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,
Whether they live or die?

6 There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the channel, mother,
Are many that roll in gold;
There are rich and proud men there, mother,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night,
Would give life to *me* and *you*.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held
My father when *he* died;
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,
My breath is almost gone;
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

XIV. — THE BLIND PREACHER.

WIRT.

[WILLIAM WIRT was born in Bladensburg, Maryland, November 8, 1772, and died February 18, 1834. He was early admitted to the bar and became one of the most eminent lawyers in the United States, combining earnest and persuasive eloquence as an advocate with thorough professional learning. He was attorney-general of the United States in 1817, which position he held till 1829, and never were the duties of this office more ably discharged than by him. He had a love of literature, and frequently wrote for the press in his youth and early manhood. His style is rich and flowing, but marked by an excess of ornament, which was in unison with the taste of the times. His 'Letters of a British Spy" first appeared in 1803, in the "Richmond Argus." This has proved a popular book, having passed through several editions. He was the principal author of the "Old Bachelor," a series of papers, which originally appeared in a Richmond newspaper. In 1817 he published a memoir of Patrick Henry, a spirited and interesting biography, though somewhat exaggerated in tone. In 1827 he pronounced a eulogy on Adams and Jefferson. Mr. Wirt was a man of warm affections, amiable character, and engaging manners. A life of him, by J. P. Kennedy, in two volumes octavo, was published in 1849.

The following passage is from the "Letters of a British Spy."]

RICHMOND, October 10, 1803.

I HAVE been, my dear S——, on an excursion through the counties which lie along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. A general description of that country and its inhabitants may form the subject of a future letter. For the present, I must entertain you with an account of a most singular and interesting adventure, which I met with in the course of the tour.

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied

near a ruinous, old wooden house, in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions, which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion; and his death. I knew the whole history; but never until then had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enun-

ciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews: the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet: my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God, a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" — the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans and sobs and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But — no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau:* "Socrates† died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God."

* Rousseau (pronounced Rôus-sō) was a brilliant and eloquent French writer, who flourished during the middle of the last century.

† Socrates was a celebrated philosopher of Athens, in Greece, who was condemned to death upon false charges of irreligion and impiety B. C. 400.

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before, did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher, his blindness constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton; and, associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their genius, you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house: the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears,) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher" — then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice — "but Jesus Christ — like a God!" If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

XV. — EXCUSES FOR A NEGLECT OF RELIGION.

BUCKMINSTER.

[JOSEPH STEVENS BUCKMINSTER was born May 26, 1784, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; was graduated at Harvard College in 1800, and was ordained as pastor of the church in Brattle Street in Boston, January 30, 1805; and died June 9, 1812. Few men have ever brought higher qualifications to the sacred office which he held. His religious faith was deep and fervid, and his life and conversation, from his childhood upward, were of spotless purity. His mind was rich, vigorous, sound, and discriminating; and his attainments, both in his own profession and in general literature, were extensive and accurate.

The style of his sermon is graceful, finished, and yet simple—easily rising into eloquence, and adapting itself to the highest tone of discussion, and at the same time presenting practical truths with the utmost plainness and directness. It is hardly possible to overstate the effect he produced as a preacher, for his admirable discourses were commended by rare personal advantages as a speaker. His countenance was beautiful and expressive, his voice of magic sweetness, and his manner dignified, persuasive, and natural. Few men have ever accomplished more in a life of twenty-eight years, whether we look at the growth of his own powers or his moral and spiritual influence over others. He was social in his tastes, and was regarded by his friends with a peculiar mixture of admiration, reverence, and love.

Two volumes of Mr. Buckminster's sermons have been published, with an introductory memoir by the Rev. Samuel Cooper Thacher; and a more extended biography, by his sister, Mrs. Eliza Buckminster Lee, appeared in 1849, from the press of Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, of Boston.]

First, it is often said that time is wanted for the duties of religion. The calls of business, the press of occupation, the cares of life, will not suffer me, says one, to give that time to the duties of piety, which otherwise I would gladly bestow. Say you this without a blush? You have no time, then, for the especial service of that great Being, whose goodness alone has drawn out to its present length your cobweb thread of life; whose care alone has continued you in possession of that unseen property which you call your time. You have no time, then, to devote to that great Being on whose existence the existence of the universe depends; a being so great that if his attention could for an instant be diverted, you fall never again to rise; if his promise should fail, your hopes, your expectations vanish into air; if his power should be weakened, man, angel, nature perishes.

But for what else can you find no leisure? Do you find none for amusement? Or is amusement itself your occupation? Perhaps pleasure is the pressing business of your life; perhaps pleasure stands waiting to catch your precious moments as they pass. Do you find none for the pursuit of curious and secular knowledge? If you find none, then, for religion, it is perhaps because you wish to find none; it would be, you think, a tasteless occupation, an insipid entertainment.

But this excuse is founded on a most erroneous conception of the nature of religion. It is supposed to be something, which interrupts business, which wastes time, and interferes with all the pleasant and profitable pursuits of life. It is supposed to be something which must be practised apart from everything else, a distinct profession, a peculiar occupation. The means of religion — meditation, reading, and prayer — will, and ought, indeed, to occupy distinct portions of our time; but religion itself demands not distinct hours. Religion will attend you not as a troublesome, but as a pleasant and useful companion in every proper place, and every temperate occupation of life. It will follow you to the warehouse or to the office; it will retreat with you to the country, it will dwell with you in town; it will cross the seas, or travel over mountains, or remain with you at home. Without your consent, it will not desert you in prosperity, or forget you in adversity. It will grow up with you in youth, and grow old with you in age; it will attend you, with peculiar pleasure, to the hovels of the poor, or the chamber of the sick; it will retire with you to your closet, and watch by your bed, or walk with you in gladsome union to the house of God; it will follow you beyond the confines of the world, and dwell with you in heaven forever, as its native residence.

It is said, religion is dull, unsocial, uncharitable, enthusiastic, a damper of human joy, a morose intruder upon human pleasure. If this were true, nothing could be more incongruous than the parable which represents it as an entertainment. But if this be the character of religion, it is surely the very reverse of what we should suppose it to be, and the reverse, indeed, of what it ought to be. Perhaps, in your distorted vision, you have mistaken sobriety for dulness, equanimity for moroseness, disinclination to bad company for aversion to society, abhorrence of vice for uncharitableness, and piety for enthusiasm.

No doubt, at the table of boisterous intemperance, relig-

ion, if she were admitted as a guest, would wear a very dull countenance. In a revel of debauchery, and amidst the brisk interchange of profanity and folly, religion might appear indeed a dumb, unsocial intruder, ignorant of the rhetoric of oaths, and the ornaments of obscenity. These are scenes, it must be acknowledged, of what is falsely called pleasure, in which religion, if embodied and introduced, would be as unwelcome a guest as the emblematic coffin which the Egyptians used to introduce in the midst of their entertainments. From such instances, however, to accuse religion of being unfriendly to the enjoyment of life, is as absurd as to interpret unfavorably the silence of a foreigner, who understands not a word of our language.

But as long as intemperance is not pleasure, as long as profaneness, impurity, or scandal is not wit, as long as excess is not the perfection of mirth, as long as selfishness is not the surest enjoyment, and as long as gratitude, love, reverence, and resignation are not superstitious affections, so long religion lays not an icy hand on the true joys of life. Without her, all other pleasures become tasteless, and at last painful. To explain to you, indeed, how much she exalts, purifies, and prolongs the pleasures of sense and imagination, and what peculiar sources of consolation, cheerfulness, and contentment she opens to herself, would lead us at present into too wide a range.

Excuses for a neglect of religion are suggested by different seasons of life. Youth, in the fulness of its spirit, defers it to the sobriety of manhood; manhood, encumbered with cares, defers it to the leisure of old age; old age, weak and hesitating, is unable to enter on an untried mode of life. The excuses of youth are those which are most frequently offered, and most easily admitted. The restrictions of religion, though proper enough for maturer age, are too severe, it is said, for this frolicsome and gladsome period. Its consolations, too, they do not want.

Leave them to prop the feeble limbs of old age, or to cheer the sinking spirits of adversity. False and pernicious maxim! As if, at the end of a stated number of years, a man could become religious in a moment! As if the husbandman, at the end of summer, could call up a harvest from the soil which he had never tilled! As if manhood, too, would have no excuses! And what are they? That he has grown too old to amend. That his parents took no pains with his religious education, and therefore his ignorance is not his own fault. That he must be making provision for old age; and the pressure of cares will allow him no time to attend to the evidences, or learn the rules of religion. Thus, life is spent in framing apologies, in making and breaking resolutions, and protracting amendment, till death places his cold hand on the mouth open to make its last excuse, and one more is added to the crowded congregation of the dead.

XVI. — SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

The excuses which we have already considered, are trifling, however, compared with the following.

It is said, "It is by no means certain, that there is a future state of retribution beyond the limits of the world. Who has ever seen it? It is not certain, that the religion, which you urge us to embrace, comes from God. Many objections may be made to its evidences." Most of the irreligion, which prevails among the more informed classes of society, results from a lurking scepticism, which infests their thoughts, and, in relation to religion, leads them to act in direct opposition to all the maxims which usually govern the conduct of men.

It is indeed true, that the existence of a future world is not to us as certain as the existence of the present;

neither can we ever have that intuitive assurance of the being of a God, that we necessarily possess of our own existence; neither can the facts of the Gospel history, which happened two thousand years ago, be impressed on our belief with that undoubting conviction, which we have of the reality of scenes which are passing immediately before our eyes.

But the question is not, whether the Gospel history can be demonstrated. Few subjects which occupy human contemplation admit strict and mathematical proof. The whole life of man is but a perpetual comparison of evidence, and balancing of probabilities. And upon the supposition that religious truths are only probable, the excuse we have mentioned will not relieve irreligion from the charge of presumptuous and consummate folly.

But it is said, many objections have been made to the evidences of revelation; and many of its difficulties remain yet unexplained. It is true, that objections have been often made, and often answered, and not only answered, but refuted. But some difficulties, it is said, yet remain. It is true, they do remain; and the excuse shall be admitted, when any other subject of equal importance shall be produced, in which difficulties do not remain. The most plausible objections, which have been made to any truth within the circle of human knowledge, are those which have been offered against the existence of a material world; but did this ever check an operation in mechanics, or excuse from his daily task a single laborer?

A man of ingenuity might offer a thousand objections against the probability of your living till the morrow; but would this rob you of a moment's rest, or frustrate a single plan, which you had meditated for the approaching day? If we subtract from the difficulties, which attend revelation, those which have been erected by the injudicious zeal of some of its friends in attempting to prove too much, we shall find, that, in the vast storehouse of facts

which history presents, for none can there be produced a greater mass of evidence than for the birth, the death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ — and upon the supposition of their truth, irreligion is nothing better than distraction.

Another excuse, however, is offered, which perhaps has greater secret influence in quieting the conscience than any other. We are desired to look at the list of great names, who have been adversaries of Christianity. Can that evidence, it is asked, be satisfactory, which failed to convince such minds as these? — If the probable truth of revelation is to be ascertained in this manner, the dispute will soon be at an end; for it would be no difficult task to produce, from among the friends of revelation, a greater number of greater names, within the last hundred years, than all the hosts of infidelity can furnish in eighteen centuries since the birth of Christ.

But I believe these instances are not alleged to disprove the truth, but only to weaken the importance of Christianity. They are alleged only to excuse an inattention to religion, and to show that it is not very dangerous to err with such great names on our side. Truths, it is said, which such understandings disbelieved, surely cannot be of infinite importance. Nothing would tend more to remove such apologies, than a fair, impartial, and full account of the education, the characters, the intellectual processes, and the dying moments of such men. Then it would be seen, that their virtues were the result of the very principles they had assailed, but from whose influence they were unable wholly to escape. Then it would be seen, that they had gained by their scepticism no new pleasures, no tranquillity of mind, no peace of conscience during life, and no consolation in the hour of death.

Such are the excuses which irreligion offers. Could you have believed, that they were so empty, so unworthy, so hollow, so absurd? And shall such excuses be offered to

the God of heaven and earth? By such apologies shall man insult his Creator? Shall he hope to flatter the ear of Omnipotence, and beguile the observation of an omniscient Spirit? Think you that such excuses will gain new importance in their ascent to the throne of the Majesty on high? Will you trust the interests of eternity in the hands of these superficial advocates?

You have pleaded your incessant occupation. Exhibit then the result of your employment. Have you nothing to produce but these bags of gold, these palaces, and farms, these bundles of cares, and heaps of vexations? Is the eye of Heaven to be dazzled by an exhibition of property, an ostentatious show of treasures? You surely produce not all these wasted hours, to prove that you had no time for religion. It is an insult to the Majesty of Heaven. Again, you have pleaded your youth, and you have pleaded your age. Which of these do you choose to maintain at the bar of Heaven? Such trifling would not be admitted in the intercourse of men, and do you think it will avail more with Almighty God?

It must, however, be acknowledged that the case of the irreligious is not desperate, while excuses are thought proper and necessary. There is some glimmering of hope, that the man who apologizes is willing to amend. God preserve us from that obduracy of wickedness, which disdains to palliate a crime; from that hardihood of unbelief, which will not give even a weak reason, and which derides the offer of an excuse. But the season of apologies is passing away. All our eloquent defences of ourselves must soon cease. Death stiffens the smooth tongue of flattery, and blots out, with one stroke, all the ingenious excuses, which we have spent our lives in framing.

At the marriage-supper, the places of those who refused to come were soon filled by a multitude of delighted guests. The God of Heaven needs not our presence to adorn his table, for whether we accept, or whether we

reject his gracious invitation, whether those who were bidden taste or not of his supper, his house shall be filled. Though many are called and few chosen, yet Christ has not died in vain, religion is not without its witnesses, or heaven without its inhabitants. Let us then remember that one thing is needful, and that there is a better part than all the pleasures and selfish pursuits of this world, a part which we are encouraged to secure, and which can never be taken away.

XVII. — THE FALL OF POLAND.

CAMPBELL.

[The following extract is from the "Pleasures of Hope." The events which it commemorates took place in 1794. Warsaw was captured by the Russians in November of that year. Kosciusko did not literally "fall," that is, die, at that time. He was severely wounded and taken prisoner in a battle shortly before the capture of Warsaw, but he lived till 1817. "Sarmatia" is used poetically for Poland, being the name by which the Romans designated that portion of Europe. "Prague" is Praga, a suburb of Warsaw, on the opposite side of the Vistula, and joined to the main city by a bridge of boats.]

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors* and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man!
Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid, —
O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save! —
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?

*Pandoor, one of a body of light infantry soldiers in the service of Austria; so called because originally raised from the mountainous districts, near the village of *Pandur*, in Lower Hungary.

Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live — with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death, — the watchword and reply,
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm! —

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew. —
O, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career: —
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And freedom shriek'd — as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air —
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark, as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook — red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;

That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast,
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?
Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
O! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell — the Bruce of Bannockburn!
Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!*
Rapt in historic ardor, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
Where valor tuned, amidst her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet, and the Spartan song;
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valor left the world — to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

* "The Theban Lyre." The poetry of Pindar, a celebrated lyric poet, born in Thebes.

Yes, in that generous cause, forever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay.
Yes, there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire the adoring sons of earth,
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordain'd to light with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of nature as they play,
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below.

XVIII. — THE LAST DAYS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

LOCKHART.

[The Life of Scott, by his son-in-law, JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, is one of the most delightful books in the language; in all parts full of interest, which becomes of a melancholy cast towards the close. Lockhart was a man of brilliant literary powers. He wrote "Valerius," "Matthew Wald," "Adam Blair," and "Reginald Dalton," all novels; "Peter's Letters," a series of sketches of Scotch society and of eminent men in Scotland; and a volume of translations from the Spanish ballads. He was also a frequent contributor to the earlier numbers of "Blackwood's Magazine." He was born in Glasgow in 1792, and died at Abbotsford, in 1854. He had been for many years editor of the "Quarterly Review."

In consequence of Sir Walter Scott's declining health, he had passed the winter of 1831-2 in Italy; but with very little benefit. In June, 1832, while on his way home, he had an attack of apoplectic paralysis, from which he never rallied. On the 9th of July, he reached Edinburgh, in a state of almost entire insensibility. This extract begins with his removal to his own house at Abbotsford, about forty miles south-east of Edinburgh, on the Tweed. The Gala flows into the Tweed near by.]

AT a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday, the 11th, we again placed him in his carriage, and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we ascended the vale of the Gala, he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognizing the features of that

familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two — "Gala Water, surely — Buckholm — Torwoodlee." * As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outlines of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and when, turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight.

The river being in a flood, we had to go round a few miles by Melrose bridge; and during the time this occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required occasionally both Dr. Watson's strength and mine, in addition to Nicholson's,† to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge, the road for a couple of miles loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became ungovernable.

Mr. Laidlaw ‡ was waiting at the porch, and assisted us in lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then resting his eye on Laidlaw, said, "Ha, Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" By this time his dogs had assembled about his chair; they began to fawn upon him, and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him.

Dr. Watson, having consulted on all things with Mr. Clarkson§ and his father, resigned the patient to them, and returned to London. None of them could have any hope, but that of soothing irritation. Recovery was no longer to be thought of. And yet something like a ray of hope did break in upon us, next morning. Sir Walter

* Torwoodlee is a country seat near Abbotsford. Buckholm is an old tower.

† Nicholson was Sir Walter Scott's servant.

‡ Mr. Laidlaw, a worthy and intelligent man, to whom Scott was much attached, was the manager of his estate.

§ Mr. Clarkson was a surgeon.

awoke perfectly conscious where he was, and expressed an ardent wish to be carried out into his garden. We procured a Bath chair from Huntly Burn,* and Laidlaw and I wheeled him out before his door, and up and down for some time on the turf, and among the rose-beds, then in full bloom. The grandchildren admired the new vehicle, and would be helping in their way to push it about. He sat in silence, smiling placidly on them, and the dogs, their companions, and now and then admiring the house, the screen of the garden, and the flowers and trees. By-and-by he conversed a little, very composedly, with us; said he was happy to be at home; that he felt better than he had ever done since he left it, and would perhaps disappoint the doctors, after all.

He then desired to be wheeled through his rooms, and we moved him leisurely for an hour or more up and down the hall and the great library. "I have seen much," he kept saying, "but nothing like my ain house; give me one turn more." He was gentle as an infant, and allowed himself to be put to bed again the moment we told him that we thought he had had enough for one day.

Next morning he was still better. After again enjoying the Bath chair for perhaps a couple of hours, he desired to be drawn into the library, and placed by the central window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. Here he expressed a wish that I should read to him; and when I asked from what book, he said, "Need you ask? There is but one." I chose the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said, when I had done, "Well, this is a great comfort; I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again." In this placid frame he was again put to bed, and had many hours of soft slumber.

On Monday he remained in bed, and seemed extremely

* Huntly Burn is a cottage on the estate of Abbotsford, then occupied by Sir Adam Ferguson, a friend of Scott's.

feeble; but after breakfast on Tuesday, the 17th, he appeared revived somewhat, and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for perhaps half an hour, started awake, and shaking the plaids, we had put about him, from off his shoulders, said, "This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk." He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said, "Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." Sophia* put the pen into his hand, and he endeavored to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office — it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself, by-and-by, motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me, "Sir Walter has had a little repose." "No, Willie," said he, "no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." The tears again rushed from his eyes. "Friends," said he, "don't let me expose myself; get me to bed — that 's the only place."

With this scene ended our glimpse of daylight. Sir Walter never, I think, left his room afterwards, and hardly his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day; and after another week he was unable even to do this.

* Sophia was Mrs. Lockhart, Scott's eldest daughter.

After this he declined daily, but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long. He seemed, however, to suffer no bodily pain, and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to be dwelling, with rare exceptions, on serious and solemn things; the accent of the voice, grave, sometimes awful, was never querulous, and very seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thoughts.

All this time he continued to recognize his daughters, Laidlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him, and received every attention with a most touching thankfulness. Mr. Clarkson, too, was always saluted with the old courtesy, though the cloud opened but a moment for him to do so. Most truly might it be said that the gentleman survived his genius.

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday, the 17th of September, Nicholson came into my room, and told me that his master had wakened in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm, every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak with you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous; be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."* He paused, and I said, "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?"† "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all!" With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep; and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards

* These are remarkable words. Here was a man who had won the highest prizes of life; had gained the most splendid literary reputation; had been honored, flattered, and caressed as few men have ever been; and yet, at the last moment, falls back for support on moral worth and religious faith – that possession which all may earn.

† Anne was his second daughter.

gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained a new leave of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half past one P. M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children.

It was a beautiful day; so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

XIX. — THE CHARACTER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PRESCOTT.

[WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT was born in Salem, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796, and died in Boston, January 28, 1859. His grandfather was Colonel William Prescott, who commanded in the redoubt at Bunker Hill. He is the author of four historical works — "The History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," "The History of the Conquest of Mexico," "The History of the Conquest of Peru," and "The History of the Reign of Philip the Second;" which last was left unfinished at the time of his death. These are all productions of great merit, and have received the highest commendations at home and abroad. Among their most conspicuous excellences may be mentioned their thoroughness of investigation and research. Mr. Prescott examined, with untiring industry, all possible sources of information, whether in print or in manuscript, which could throw light upon the subjects of which he treated. This was the more honorable to him, as, in consequence of an accident in college, he was deprived, to a considerable degree, of the use of his eyes, and was constantly obliged to make use of the sight of others in prosecuting his studies.

He was also candid in his judgments alike of historical personages and of particular periods. The character of his mind forbade his being a partisan on any side; and he preferred to state cases rather than to argue them.

Besides these substantial merits of learning and sound judgment, his works have an element of attraction in their style and manner, which, more than anything else, has contributed to their great popularity. He describes scenes and narrates events with the greatest beauty and animation; and the subjects he has chosen — dealing with romantic adventure among the mountains of Spain, or in the splendid scenery of Mexico and Peru — give ample scope to this power. There is a limpid purity and engaging sweetness in his style,

which lead the reader along from page to page unconsciously, and lend to truth all the charm of fiction.

Mr. Prescott was a man of most amiable character and engaging manners, and greatly beloved by all who knew him.

The following extract is from an article in the "North American Review."]

Take it for all and all, it is not too much to say that the character of Sir Walter Scott is probably the most remarkable on record. There is no man of historical celebrity that we now recall, who combined, in so eminent a degree, the highest qualities of the moral, the intellectual, and the physical. He united in his own character what hitherto had been found incompatible. Though a poet, and living in an ideal world, he was an exact, methodical man of business; though achieving with the most wonderful facility of genius, he was patient and laborious; a mousing antiquarian, yet with the most active interest in the present and whatever was going on around him; with a strong turn for a roving life and military adventure, he was yet chained to his desk more hours, at some periods of his life, than a monkish recluse; a man with a heart as capacious as his head; a Tory, brimful of Jacobitism, yet full of sympathy and unaffected familiarity with all classes, even the humblest; a successful author, without pedantry and without conceit; one, indeed, at the head of the republic of letters, and yet with a lower estimate of letters, as compared with other intellectual pursuits, than was ever hazarded before.

The first quality of his character, or, rather, that which forms the basis of it, as of all great characters, was his energy. We see it, in his early youth, triumphing over the impediments of nature, and, in spite of lameness, making him conspicuous in every sort of athletic exercise — clambering up dizzy precipices, wading through treacherous fords, and performing feats of pedestrianism that make one's joints ache to read of. As he advanced in life, we see the same force of purpose turned to higher objects.

We see the same powerful energies triumphing over

disease at a later period, when nothing but a resolution to get the better of it enabled him to do so. "Be assured," he remarked to Mr. Gillies, "that if pain could have prevented my application to literary labor, not a page of Ivanhoe would have been written. Now if I had given way to mere feelings, and had ceased to work, it is a question whether the disorder might not have taken a deeper root, and become incurable."

Another quality, which, like the last, seems to have given the tone to his character, was his social or benevolent feelings. His heart was an unfailing fountain, which not merely the distresses, but the joys of his fellow-creatures made to flow like water.

Rarely indeed is this precious quality found united with the most exalted intellect. Whether it be that Nature, chary of her gifts, does not care to shower too many of them on one head; or that the public admiration has led the man of intellect to set too high a value on himself, or at least his own pursuits, to take an interest in the inferior concerns of others; or that the fear of compromising his dignity puts him "on points" with those who approach him; or whether, in truth, the very magnitude of his own reputation throws a freezing shadow over us little people in his neighborhood — whatever be the cause, it is too true that the highest powers of mind are very often deficient in the only one which can make the rest of much worth in society — the power of pleasing.

Scott was not one of these little great. His was not one of those dark-lantern visages which concentrate all their light on their own path, and are black as midnight to all about them. He had a ready sympathy, a word of contagious kindness or cordial greeting for all. His manners, too, were of a kind to dispel the icy reserve and awe which his great name was calculated to inspire.

He relished a good joke, from whatever quarter it came, and was not over-dainty in his manner of testifying his

satisfaction. "In the full tide of mirth, he did indeed laugh the heart's laugh," says Mr. Adolphus. "Give me an honest laugher," said Scott himself on another occasion, when a buckram man of fashion had been paying him a visit at Abbotsford.

His manners, free from affectation or artifice of any sort, exhibited the spontaneous movements of a kind disposition, subject to those rules of good breeding which Nature herself might have dictated. In this way he answered his own purpose admirably as a painter of character, by putting every man in good humor with himself, in the same manner as a cunning portrait-painter amuses his sitters with such store of fun and anecdote as may throw them off their guard, and call out the happiest expressions of their countenances.

The place where his benevolent impulses found their proper theatre for expansion was his own home; surrounded by a happy family, and dispensing all the hospitalities of a great feudal proprietor. "There are many good things in life," he says, in one of his letters, "whatever satirists and misanthropes may say to the contrary; but probably the best of all, next to a conscience void of offence, (without which, by-the-by, they can hardly exist,) are the quiet exercise and enjoyment of the social feelings, in which we are at once happy ourselves, and the cause of happiness to them who are dearest to us."

Every page of the work, almost, shows us how intimately he blended himself with the pleasures and the pursuits of his own family, watched over the education of his children, shared in their rides, their rambles, and sports, losing no opportunity of kindling in their young minds a love of virtue, and honorable principles of action.

But Scott's sympathies were not confined to his species, and if he treated them like blood relations, he treated his brute followers like personal friends. Every one remembers old Maida and faithful Camp, the "dear old friend,"

whose loss cost him a dinner. Mr. Gillies tells us that he went into his study on one occasion, when he was winding off his "Vision of Don Roderick." "'Look here,' said the poet, 'I have just begun to copy over the rhymes that you heard to-day and applauded so much. Return to supper if you can; only don't be late, as you perceive we keep early hours, and Wallace will not suffer me to rest after six in the morning. Come, good dog, and help the poet.'

"At this hint, Wallace seated himself upright on a chair next his master, who offered him a newspaper, which he directly seized, looking very wise, and holding it firmly and contently in his mouth. Scott looked at him with great satisfaction, for he was excessively fond of dogs. 'Very well,' said he; '*now* we shall get on.' And so I left them abruptly, knowing that my 'absence would be the best company.'"

XX. — THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[The following extract from "Marmion" describes the battle of Flodden Field, or Flodden, in which the English, under the Earl of Surrey, defeated, with great slaughter, the Scotch, under their king, James IV., September 9, 1513. Flodden Hill, an offshoot of the Cheviot range, is in the county of Northumberland, in England, a few miles from the town of Coldstream. Marmion, an imaginary personage, is an English nobleman of bad character. Blount and Fitz Eustace are his squires. Lady Clare is an English heiress, for whose hand Marmion had been an unsuccessful suitor, and whose lover, Wilton, now fighting on the English side, he had attempted to ruin, but failed. Jeffrey, in his review of "Marmion," in the "Edinburgh Review," says: — "Of all the poetical battles which have been fought, from the days of Homer to those of Mr. Southey, there is none, in our opinion, at all comparable, for interest and animation, for breadth of drawing, and magnificence of effect, with this."]

BLOUNT* and Fitz Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill;
On which (for far the day was spent)
The western sunbeams now were bent;

*Pronounced Blŏnt or Blŭnt.

The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view:
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay!
No hope of gilded spurs to-day. —*
But see! look up — on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come. —
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close. —
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long look'd the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

*That is, no hope of being advanced to the dignity of knighthood, of which gilded spurs were the badge.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see.
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied,
'T was vain: — But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky.
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced, — forced back, — now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear:
"By Heaven and all its saints! I swear
I will not see it lost!
Fitz Eustace, you, with Lady Clare,
May bid your beads, and patter prayer, —
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large, —
The rescued banner rose, —
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sank among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too; — yet staid,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.
Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone. —
The scatter'd van of England wheels; —
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there?" —
They fly, or, madden'd by despair,
Fight but to die, — "Is Wilton there?"

XXI. — SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strain'd the broken brand;
His arms were smear'd with blood and sand:
Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion!...
When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare: —
"Where 's Harry Blount? Fitz Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon, — charge again!
Cry — 'Marmion to the rescue!' — vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again! —
Yet my last thought is England's — fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring. —
Fitz Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down: — my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, —
With Chester charge and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England 's lost. —
Must I bid twice? — hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here, alone — to die!"
They parted, and alone he lay:
Clare drew her from the sight away,

Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured, — "Is there none
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"
O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou! —
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
And — Stanley! was the cry; —
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted, "Victory! —
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.
By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,

For still the Scots, around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd,
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foeman know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest, low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln, and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;

To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong;
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

XXII. — AUTUMN.

H. W. BEECHER.

[HENRY WARD BEECHER was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813, graduated at Amherst College in 1834, studied theology under his father, the Rev. Lyman Beecher, and since 1847 has been pastor of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. He is an eloquent and effective preacher, and as a lecturer to the people he enjoys an unrivalled popularity, earned by the happy combination of humor, pathos, earnestness, and genial sympathy with humanity, which his discourses present. He is a man of great energy of temperament, fervently opposed to every form of oppression and injustice, and with a poet's love of nature. His style is rich, glowing, and exuberant. The following extract is from the "Star Papers," a volume made up of papers which originally appeared in the "New York Independent."]

ONCE more I am upon this serene hill-top! The air is very clear, very still, and very solemn, or, rather, tenderly sad, in its serene brightness. It is not that moist spring air, full of the smell of wood, of the soil, and of the odor of vegetation, which warm winds bring to us from the south. It is not that summer atmosphere, full of alternations of haze and fervent clearness, as if Nature were calling into life every day some influence for her myriad children; sometimes in showers, and sometimes with coercive heat upon root and leaf; and, like a universal taskmaster, were driving up the hours to accomplish the labors of the year.

No! In these autumn days there is a sense of leisure

and of meditation. The sun seems to look down upon the labors of its fiery hands with complacency. Be satisfied, O seasonable Sun! Thou hast shaped an ample year, and art garnering up harvests which well may swell thy rejoicing heart with gracious gladness.

One who breaks off in summer, and returns in autumn to the hills, needs almost to come to a new acquaintance with the most familiar things. It is another world; or it is the old world a-masquerading; and you halt, like one scrutinizing a disguised friend, between the obvious dissemblance and the subtile likeness.

Southward of our front door there stood two elms, leaning their branches toward each other, forming a glorious arch of green. Now, in faint yellow, they grow attenuated and seem as if departing; they are losing their leaves and fading out of sight, as trees do in twilight. Yonder, over against that young growth of birch and evergreen, stood, all summer long, a perfect maple-tree, rounded out on every side, thick with luxuriant foliage, and dark with greenness, save when the morning sun, streaming through it, sent transparency to its very heart. Now it is a tower of gorgeous red. So sober and solemn did it seem all summer, that I should think as soon to see a prophet dancing at a peasant's holiday, as *it* transfigured to such intense gayety! Its fellows, too, the birches and the walnuts, burn from head to foot with fires that glow but never consume.

But these holiday hills! Have the evening clouds, suffused with sunset, dropped down and become fixed into solid forms? Have the rainbows that followed autumn storms faded upon the mountains and left their mantles there? Yet, with all their brilliancy, how modest do they seem; how patient when bare, or burdened with winter; how cheerful when flushed with summer-green; and how modest when they lift up their wreathed and crowned heads in the resplendent days of autumn!

I stand alone upon the peaceful summit of this hill, and turn in every direction. The east is all a-glow; the blue north flushes all her hills with radiance; the west stands in burnished armor; the southern hills buckle the zone of the horizon together with emeralds and rubies, such as were never set in the fabled girdle of the gods! Of gazing there cannot be enough. The hunger of the eye grows by feeding.

Only the brotherhood of evergreens — the pine, the cedar, the spruce, and the hemlock — refuse to join this universal revel. They wear their sober green through autumn and winter, as if they were set to keep open the path of summer through the whole year, and girdle all seasons together with a clasp of endless green. But in vain do they give solemn examples to the merry leaves which frolic with every breeze that runs sweet riot in the glowing shades. Gay leaves will not be counselled, but will die bright and laughing. But both together — the transfigured leaves of deciduous trees and the calm unchangeableness of evergreens — how more beautiful are they than either alone! The solemn pine brings color to the cheek of the beeches, and the scarlet and golden maples rest gracefully upon the dark foliage of the million-fingered pine.

Lifted far above all harm of fowler or impediment of mountain, wild fowl are steadily flying southward. The simple sight of them fills the imagination with pictures. They have all summer long called to each other from the reedy fens and wild oat-fields of the far north. Summer is already extinguished there. Winter is following their track, and marching steadily toward us. The spent flowers, the seared leaves, the thinning tree-tops, the morning frost, have borne witness of a change on earth; and these caravans of the upper air confirm the tidings. Summer is gone; winter is coming!

The wind has risen to-day. It is not one of those gusty, playful winds, that frolic with the trees. It is a wind

high up in air, that moves steadily, with a solemn sound, as if it were the spirit of summer journeying past us; and, impatient of delay, it does not stoop to the earth, but touches the tops of the trees, with a murmuring sound, sighing a sad farewell, and passing on.

Such days fill one with pleasant sadness. How sweet a pleasure is there in sadness! It is not sorrow; it is not despondency; it is not gloom! It is one of the moods of joy. At any rate I am very happy, and yet it is sober, and very sad happiness. It is the shadow of joy upon the soul! I can reason about these changes. I can cover over the dying leaves with imaginations as bright as their own hues; and, by Christian faith, transfigure the whole scene with a blessed vision of joyous dying and glorious resurrection. But what then? Such thoughts glow like evening clouds, and not far beneath them are the evening twilights, into whose dusk they will soon melt away. And all communions, and all admirations, and all associations, celestial or terrene, come alike into a pensive sadness, that is even sweeter than our joy. It is the minor key of the thoughts.

XXIII. — THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE; OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HORSE SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

HOLMES.

[OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M. D., was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809, was graduated at Harvard College in 1829, and commenced the practice of medicine in Boston in 1836. He has been for many years one of the professors in the medical department of Harvard College, and he is understood to be highly skilful both in the theory and practice of his profession. He began to write poetry at quite an early age. His longest productions are occasional poems which have been recited before literary societies, and received with very great favor. His style is brilliant, sparkling, and terse; and many of his heroic stanzas remind us of the point and condensation of Pope. In his shorter poems, he is sometimes grave, and sometimes gay. When in the former mood, he charms us by his truth and manliness of feeling, and his sweetness of sentiment; when in the latter, he delights us with the

glance and play of the wildest wit and the richest humor. Everything that he writes is carefully finished, and rests on a basis of sound sense and shrewd observation. Dr. Holmes also enjoys high reputation and wide popularity as a prose writer. He is the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," and "Elsie Venner," works of fiction which originally appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly Magazine," and of various occasional discourses.

This poem is illustrative of New England character, and the words italicized are spelt in such a way as to indicate certain peculiarities of pronunciation sometimes heard among the uneducated, in New England.]

1 HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-*hoss shay*,
That was built in such a logical way
It run a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay:
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

2 Seventeen hundred and fifty-five:
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown, —
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day,
That the Deacon finished the one-*hoss shay*.

3 Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always somewhere a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel or crossbar, or floor or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will, —
Above or below, or within or without,
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise breaks down, but does n't wear out.

4 But the Deacon swore, (as deacons do,
With an "*I dew vum*," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one *shay* to beat the *taown*
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun' ;
It should be so built that it *could n'* break *daown* ;
—"*Fur*," said the Deacon, "*'t 's* mighty plain
That the *weakes' place mus' stan'* the strain ;
'n' the way *t' fix it, uz*, I maintain,
Is only *jest*
T' make that *uz* strong *uz* the rest."

5 So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split, nor bent, nor broke, —
That was for spokes, and floor, and sills ;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills ;
The crossbars were ash from the straightest trees ;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these ;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's *ellum*," —
Last of its timber, — they could n't sell 'em ;
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips ;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;
Thoroughbrace, bison-skin, thick and wide ;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There ! " said the Deacon, "*naow she 'll dew !*"

6 Do ! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less !

Colts grew horses, beards turned gray, —
Deacon and deaconess dropped away;
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-*hoss shay!*

7 Eighteen hundred; — it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
"*Hahnsum kerridge,*" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty and fifty-five.

8 Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year,
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there 's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. — You 're welcome. — No extra charge.)

9 First of November, — the Earthquake-day, —
There are traces of age in the one-*hoss shay,*
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There could n't be, for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And the spring and axle and hub encore.

And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be worn out!

10 First of November, fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-*hoss shay*,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"*Huddup!*" said the parson. — Off went they.

11 The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the *meet'n'-house* on the hill.
— First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the *meet'n'-house clock*, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
— What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

12 End of the wonderful one-*hoss shay*.
Logic is logic.—That's all I say.

XXIV. — THE PRAIRIES.

ANONYMOUS.

THE attraction of the prairie consists in its extent, its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature; it is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas, like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points, like capes and headlands; while occasionally these points approach so closely on either hand, that the traveller passes through a narrow avenue or strait, where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path, and then emerges again into another prairie.

Where the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore, when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub, or any object in the immense expanse, but the wilderness of grass and flowers; while at another time, the prospect is enlivened by the groves, which are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree which stands alone in the blooming desert.

If it be in the spring of the year, and the young grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, and especially if the sun is rising from behind a distant swell of the plain, and glittering upon the dew-drops, no scene can be more lovely to the eye. The deer is seen grazing quietly upon the plain; the bee is on the wing; the wolf, with his tail dropped, is sneaking away to his covert, with the felon tread of one who is conscious that he has disturbed the peace of nature; and the grouse,

feeding in flocks, or in pairs, like the domestic fowl, cover the whole surface — the males strutting and erecting their plumage like the peacock, and uttering a long, loud, mournful note, something like the cooing of the dove, but resembling still more the sound produced by passing a rough finger boldly over the surface of a tambourine.

When the eye roves off from the green plain to the groves or points of timber, these are also found to be at this season robed in the most attractive hues. The rich undergrowth is in full bloom. The red-bud, the dog-wood, the crab-apple, the wild plum, the cherry, the wild rose, are abundant in all the rich lands; and the grape-vine, although its blossom is unseen, fills the air with fragrance. The variety of the wild fruit and flowering shrubs is so great, and such the profusion of the blossoms with which they are bowed down, that the eye is regaled almost to satiety.

The gayety of the prairie, its embellishments, and the absence of the gloom and savage wildness of the forest, all contribute to dispel the feeling of lonesomeness, which usually creeps over the mind of the solitary traveller in the wilderness. Though one may see neither a house nor a human being, and is conscious that he is far from the habitations of man, he can scarcely divest himself of the idea that he is travelling through scenes embellished by the hand of art. The flowers — so fragile, so delicate, and so ornamental — seem to have been tastefully disposed to adorn the scene. The groves and clumps of trees seem to have been scattered over the lawn to beautify the landscape, and it is not easy to avoid the illusion of the fancy which persuades the beholder that such scenery has been created to gratify the refined taste of civilized man. Europeans are often reminded of the resemblance of this scenery to that of the extensive parks of noblemen, which they have been accustomed to admire in the old world. The lawn, the avenue, the grove, the copse, which are

there produced by art, are here prepared by nature; a splendid specimen of massy architecture and the distant view of villages are alone wanting to make the similitude complete.

In the summer, the prairie is covered with a long, coarse grass, which soon assumes a golden hue, and waves in the wind like a ripe harvest. The first coat of grass is mingled with small flowers — the violet, the bloom of the strawberry, and others of the most minute and delicate texture. As the grass increases in size, these disappear, and others, taller and more gaudy, display their brilliant colors upon the green surface; and still later, a larger and coarser succession rises with the rising tide of verdure.

A fanciful writer asserts that the prevalent color of the prairie flowers is, in the spring, a bluish purple; in midsummer, red; and in the autumn, yellow. This is one of the notions that people get, who study nature by the fireside. The truth is, that the whole of the surface of these beautiful plains is clad throughout the season of verdure with every imaginable variety of color, "from grave to gay." It is impossible to conceive a more infinite diversity, or a richer profusion of hues, or to detect any predominating tint, except the green, which forms the beautiful ground, and relieves the exquisite brilliancy of all the others. The only changes of color, observed at the different seasons, arise from the circumstance, that in the spring the flowers are small, and the colors delicate; as the heat becomes more ardent, a hardier race appears; the flowers attain a greater size, and the hue deepens; and still later, a succession of still coarser plants rises above the tall grass, throwing out larger and gaudier flowers.

In the winter the prairies present a gloomy and desolate appearance. The fire has passed over them, consuming every vegetable substance, and leaving the soil bare, and the surface perfectly blank. That gracefully-waving

outline, so attractive to the eye when clad in green, is now disrobed of all its ornaments; its fragrance, its notes of joy, and the graces of its landscape have all vanished, while the bosom of the cold earth, scorched and discolored, is alone visible. There is nothing to be seen but the cold, dead earth and the bare mound, which move not; and the traveller, with a strange sensation, feels the blast rushing over him, while not an object visible to the eye is seen to stir. Accustomed as the mind is to associate with the action of the wind its operation upon surrounding objects, there is a novel effect produced on the mind of one who feels the current of air rolling heavily over him, while nothing moves around.

XXV. — HELVELLYN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[This poem commemorates the fate of Mr. Charles Gough, a young man who, in the spring of 1805, attempting to cross the Helvellyn, a mountain in Cumberland, England, to Grasmere, slipped from a steep part of the rock, where the ice was not thawed, and perished. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by his dog.]

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn;
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And, starting around me, the echoes replied;
On the right, Striden-edge* round the Red-tarn* was bending,
And Catchedicam* its left verge was defending,
One huge, nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

* Striden-edge and Catchedicam are subordinate peaks of Helvellyn. The Red-tarn is the name of a mountain lake.

2 Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

3 How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh, was it meet that, — no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him, —
Unhonored the pilgrim from life should depart?

4 When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

5 But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, 'wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch, by this desert lake lying,

Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

XXVI. — THE CAPTIVE.

STERNE.

[LAURENCE STERNE was born in Clonmell, Ireland, November 24, 1713, and died in London, March 18, 1768. He was educated at the university of Cambridge, became a clergyman of the church of England, and in that capacity resided for many years in Sutton, in Yorkshire. He was the author of "Tristram Shandy," a novel; "A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy;" and of several published sermons. He was a man of peculiar and original genius, remarkable alike for pathos and humor, and with an unrivalled power of giving truth and consistency to characters marked by whims and oddities. "Tristram Shandy," his principal story, has little or no story, and fails in interest as a continuous narrative; but the personages are admirably drawn, and it abounds with exquisite scenes and sketches. His writings are defaced by grave offences against decorum, his style is deficient in simplicity, and his sentimentality is often exaggerated and mawkish; but in his airy, fantastic, and indescribable humor, there is a grace and life over which time has no power. Few persons now read Sterne as a whole, and yet few writers are better known, such is the enduring popularity of portions of his writings, such as the story of Le Fevre, from "Tristram Shandy," and the following sketch from the "Sentimental Journey."]

AND as for the Bastile!* the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you cannot get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year — but, with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man cannot get out, he may do very well within, — at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and a wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember I

*The Bastile was a building in Paris, originally a royal castle, and afterwards used as a state prison. It was destroyed by the populace July 14, 1789, and thus was commenced the French Revolution.

walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I, vauntingly, for I envy not its power, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a coloring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. It is true, said I, correcting the proposition; the Bastile is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers—fill up the fosse—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose it some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man—which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out." I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. "I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity. "I can't get out," said the starling. God help thee! said I; but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage, to get the door; it was twisted, and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty. "No," said the starling—"I can't get out—I can't get out."

I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I — still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to LIBERTY, whom all, in public or in private, worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till NATURE herself shall change — no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron — with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent — grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it; and give me but this fair goddess as my companion — and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitudes of sad groups in it did but distract me — I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood — he had seen no sun, no moon in all that time — nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice: — his children — But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed; a little calendar of small sticks was laid at his bed, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there — he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh — I saw the iron enter into his soul — I burst into tears — I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

XXVII. — CHARACTER OF SAMUEL ADAMS.

TUDOR.

[WILLIAM TUDOR was born in Boston, January 28, 1779, and died in Rio Janeiro, March 9, 1830. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1796. He was the author of "Letters on the Eastern States," a "Life of James Otis," and a volume of "Miscellanies," and contributed many articles to the "Monthly Anthology," and the "North American Review" of which latter he was the first editor. He was chargé d'affaires for the United States, in Brazil, at the time of his death. An anonymous work published in 1829, called "Gebel Teir," was by him. He was one of the founders of the Boston Athenæum, and to him the country is indebted for the first suggestion of the Bunker Hill Monument. He was a correct and scholarly writer, and a most estimable and amiable man.

The following extract is from the "Life of James Otis."

Mr. Adams was one of that class who saw very early, that, "after all, we must fight" — and having come to that conclusion, there was no citizen more prepared for the extremity, or who would have been more reluctant to enter into any kind of compromise. After he had received warning, at Lexington, in the night of the 18th of April, of the intended British expedition, as he proceeded to make his escape through the fields with some friends, soon after the dawn of day, he exclaimed, "this is a fine day." "Very pleasant, indeed," answered one of his companions, supposing he alluded to the beauty of the sky and atmosphere. "I mean," he replied, "this day is a glorious day for America!" His situation at that moment was full of peril and uncertainty; but throughout the contest, no damage either to himself or his country ever discouraged or depressed him.

The very faults of his character tended, in some degree, to render his services more useful, by converging his exertions to one point, and preventing their being weakened by indulgence or liberality towards different opinions. There was some tinge of bigotry and narrowness, both in his religion and politics. He was a strict Calvinist; and probably no individual of his day had so much of the feelings of the ancient puritans, as he possessed. In politics, he was so jealous of delegated power, that he would not have given our Constitutions inherent force enough for their own preservation. He attached an exclusive value to the habits and principles in which he had been educated, and wished to adjust wide concerns too closely after a particular model. One of his colleagues, who knew him well, and estimated him highly, described him with good-natured exaggeration in the following manner: "Samuel Adams would have the state of Massachusetts govern the Union, the town of Boston govern Massachusetts, and that he should govern the town of Boston, and then the whole would not be intentionally ill-governed."

He possessed an energy of will that never faltered, in the purpose of counteracting the arbitrary plans of the English cabinet, and which gradually engaged him to strive for the independence of the country. Every part of his character conduced to this determination. His private habits, which were simple, frugal, and unostentatious, led him to despise the luxury and parade affected by the crown officers; his religious tenets, which made him loathe the very name of the English church, preserved in his mind the memory of ancient persecutions, as vividly as if they had happened yesterday, and as anxiously, as if they might be repeated to-morrow; his detestation of royalty and privileged classes, which no man could have felt more deeply — all these circumstances stimulated him to perseverance in a course which he conscientiously believed it to be his duty to pursue for the welfare of his country.

He combined, in a remarkable manner, all the animosities and all the firmness, that could qualify a man to be the asserter of the rights of the people. Had he lived in any country or any epoch, when abuses of power were to be resisted, he would have been one of the reformers. He would have suffered excommunication rather than have bowed to papal infallibility, or paid the tribute to St. Peter; he would have gone to the stake, rather than submit to the prelatic ordinances of Laud; he would have mounted the scaffold, sooner than pay a shilling of illegal ship-money; he would have fled to a desert rather than endure the profligate tyranny of a Stuart; he was proscribed, and would sooner have been condemned as a traitor, than assent to an illegal tax, if it had been only a sixpenny stamp or an insignificant duty on tea, and there appeared to be no species of corruption by which this inflexibility could have been destroyed.

The motives by which he was actuated were not a sudden ebullition of temper, or a transient impulse of resentment, but they were deliberate, methodical, and unyielding.

There was no pause, no hesitation, no despondency; every day and every hour were employed in some contribution towards the main design, if not in action, in writing; if not with the pen, in conversation; if not in talking, in meditation. The means he advised were persuasion, petition, remonstrance, resolutions, and when all failed, defiance and extermination sooner than submission. His measures for redress were all legitimate; and where the extremity of the case, as in the destruction of the tea, absolutely required an irregularity, a vigor beyond the law, he was desirous that it might be redeemed by the discipline, good order, and scrupulous integrity with which it should be effected.

With this unrelenting and austere spirit, there was nothing ferocious, gloomy or arrogant in his demeanor. His aspect was mild, dignified, and gentlemanly. In his own state, or in the Congress of the Union, he was always the advocate of the strongest measures; and in the darkest hour he never wavered or desponded. He engaged in the cause with all the zeal of a reformer, the confidence of an enthusiast, and the cheerfulness of a voluntary martyr. It was not by brilliancy of talents, or profoundness of learning, that he rendered such essential service to the cause of the revolution, but by his resolute decision, his unceasing watchfulness, and his heroic perseverance. In addition to these qualities, his efforts were consecrated by his entire superiority to pecuniary considerations; he, like most of his colleagues, proved the nobleness of their cause, by the virtue of their conduct; and Samuel Adams, after being so many years in the public service, and having filled so many eminent stations, must have been buried at the public expense, if the afflicting death of an only son had not remedied this honorable poverty.

XXVIII. — NAPOLEON'S RETURN.

MISS WALLACE.

[These lines commemorate the removal of the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte from the Island of St. Helena to France in 1840, in a ship of war commanded by the Prince de Joinville, a son of Louis Phillippe, then king of France. The Champ de Mars is an open space in Paris, used for military reviews. Waterloo, Austerlitz, and Lodi, are places memorable for battles in which Napoleon was engaged. The Louvre is a building in Paris, mainly devoted to a museum of works of art. Versailles is a town near Paris where there is a splendid palace. The Iron Crown of Lombardy, still preserved at Monza, near Milan, is made of gold and adorned with jewels, but has on the inside a thin plate of iron. Napoleon, as king of Italy, was crowned with this in the cathedral of Milan, May 26, 1805.]

1 A BARK has left the sea-girt isle,
A prince is at the helm,
She bears the exile emperor
Back to his ancient realm.
No joyous shout bursts from her crew,
As o'er the waves they dance,
But silently through foam and spray,
Seek they the shores of France.

2 A soldier comes! Haste, comrades, haste!
To greet him on the strand;
'T is long since by his side ye fought
For Glory's chosen land;
A leader comes! Let loud huzzas
Burst from the extended line,
And glancing arms and helmets raised
In martial splendor shine.

3 A conqueror comes! Fly, Austrian, fly
Before his awful frown!
Kneel, Lombard, kneel! that pallid brow
Has worn the Iron Crown!
The eagles wave! the trumpet sounds!
Amid the cannon's roar,

Ye victors of a hundred fields,
Surround your chief once more!

4 A monarch comes! From royal arms
Remove the envious rust;
A monarch comes! the triple crown
Is freed from gathering dust.
Guard him not to the halls of state,
His diadem is riven;
But bear him where yon hallowed spire
Is pointing up to heaven:
And with the requiem's plaintive swell,
With dirge and solemn prayer,
Enter the marble halls of death,
And throne your monarch there!

5 Napoleon comes! Go speak that word
At midnight's awful hour,
In Champ de Mars,* will it not prove
A spell of fearful power?
Will not a shadowy host arise
From field and mountain ridge,
From Waterloo, from Austerlitz,
From Lodi's fatal bridge,
And wheel in airy echelon, †
From pass, and height, and plain,
To form upon that ancient ground
Their scattered ranks again?

6 Go speak it in the Louvre's ‡ halls,
Mid priceless works of art,
Will not each life-like figure from
The glowing canvas start?

* Pronounced Shänh de Mar

† Pronounced Eshelong. A military term, denoting a peculiar formation of troops in line of battle.

‡ Pronounced Loovr.

Go to Versailles, where heroes frown,
And monarchs live, in stone,
Across those chiselled lips will not
A startling murmur run?
No, no, the marble still may be
Cold, cold and silent — So is he.
The pencil's living hues may bloom,
But his have faded in the tomb;
And warriors in their narrow homes
Sleep, reckless that their leader comes.

7 Napoleon comes! but Rhine's pure flood
Rolls on without a tinge of blood;
The Pyramids still frown in gloom,
And grandeur, o'er an empty tomb,
And sweetly now the moonbeam smiles
Upon the fair Venetian isles.

8 Napoleon comes! but Moscow's spires
Have ceased to glow with hostile fires;
No spirit, in a whisper deep,
Proclaims it where the Cæsars sleep,
No sigh from column, tower, or dome,—
A man that once was feared at Rome,—
For life and power have passed away,
And he is here, a king of clay.

9 He will not wake at war's alarms,
Its music or its moans;
He will not wake when Europe hears
The crash of crumbling thrones, —
And institutions gray with age
Are numbered with forgotten things,
And privilege, and "right divine,"
Rest with the people, not their kings.

Now raise the imperial monument,
Fame's tribute to the brave;
The warrior's place of pilgrimage
Shall be Napoleon's grave.
France, envying long his island tomb
Amid the lonely deep,
Has gained at last the treasured dust:
Sleep! mighty mortal, sleep!

XXIX. — SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

CHATHAM.

[WILLIAM PITT, Earl of Chatham, was born in Boconnoc, in the county of Cornwall, England, November 15, 1708, and died at Hayes, in Kent, May 11, 1778. He entered the House of Commons in 1735, became secretary of state, and substantially prime minister, in December, 1756, and continued to hold this office, with a brief interval, till October, 1761. In 1766 he received the office of lord privy seal, and was elevated to the peerage with the title of Earl of Chatham. He resigned the privy seal in 1768, and subsequently took a leading part in many popular questions.

Chatham's name is one of the most illustrious in English history. Dr. Franklin said that in the course of his life he had sometimes seen eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom without eloquence; in Lord Chatham alone had he seen both united. His eloquence, vivid, impetuous, and daring, was aided by uncommon personal advantages; a commanding presence, an eye of fire, and a voice of equal sweetness and power. His character was lofty, his private life was spotless, and his motives high. His temper was somewhat wayward, and he was impatient of opposition or contradiction. His memory is cherished with peculiar reverence in our country, because of his earnest and consistent support of the rights of the colonies against the measures of Lord North's administration.

The following speech was delivered in the House of Lords, November 18, 1777. The king had opened the session of parliament with a speech from the throne, recommending a further and more energetic prosecution of the war to reduce the American colonies to submission. To the address in reply to this speech, and simply echoing its sentiments, Chatham offered an amendment, proposing an immediate cessation of hostilities, and adequate measures of conciliation. The birth of the princess Sophia, one of the daughters of George III, had recently taken place, and was alluded to in the address.]

I RISE, my Lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. It has imposed a load upon my mind, which, I fear, nothing can remove, but which

impels me to endeavor its alleviation, by a free and unreserved communication of my sentiments.

In the first part of the address I have the honor of heartily concurring with the noble earl who moved it. No man feels sincerer joy than I do; none can offer more genuine congratulations on every accession of strength to the Protestant succession. I therefore join in every congratulation on the birth of another princess, and the happy recovery of her Majesty.

But I must stop here. My courtly complaisance will carry me no further. I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves and endeavors to sanctify the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail — cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

This, my Lords, is our duty. It is the proper function of this noble assembly, sitting, as we do, upon our honors in this house, the hereditary council of the Crown. Who is the minister — where is the minister, that has dared to suggest to the Throne the contrary, unconstitutional language this day delivered from it? The accustomed language from the Throne has been application to Parliament for advice, and a reliance on its constitutional advice and assistance. As it is the right of Parliament to give, so it is the duty of the Crown to ask it. But on this day, and in this extreme momentous exigency, no reliance is reposed on our constitutional counsels! no advice is asked from the sober and enlightened care of Parliament! but the Crown, from itself and by itself, declares an unalterable determination

to pursue measures — and what measures, my Lords? The measures that have produced the imminent perils that threaten us; the measures that have brought ruin to our doors.

Can the minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation! Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other? To give an unlimited credit and support for the steady perseverance in measures not proposed for our parliamentary advice, but dictated and forced upon us — in measures, I say, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt? "But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now none so poor to do her reverence." I use the words of a poet; but, though it be poetry, it is no fiction. It is a shameful truth that not only the power and strength of this country are wasting away and expiring, but her well-earned glories, her true honor, and substantial dignity are sacrificed.

France, my Lords, has insulted you; she has encouraged and sustained America; and, whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn at the officious insult of French interference. The ministers and embassadors of those who are called rebels and enemies, are in Paris; in Paris they transact the reciprocal interests of America and France. Can there be a more mortifying insult? Can even our ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace? Do they dare to resent it? Do they presume even to hint a vindication of their honor, and the dignity of the state, by requiring the dismission of the plenipotentiaries of America? Such is the degradation to which they have reduced the glories of England!

The people whom they affect to call contemptible rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies; the people with whom they have engaged this

country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility — this people, despised as rebels, or acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their embassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy! and our ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect. Is this the honor of a great kingdom? Is this the indignant spirit of England, who "but yesterday" gave law to the house of Bourbon? My Lords, the dignity of nations demands a decisive conduct in a situation like this.

My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. I love and honor the English troops. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility.

You cannot, I venture to say, you cannot conquer America. Your armies last war effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general, (Lord Amherst,) now a noble lord in this house, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My Lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns, we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps total loss, of the Northern force, the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines. He was obliged to relinquish his attempt, and with great delay and danger to adopt a new and distinct plan of operations. We shall

soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my Lords, I repeat, it is impossible.

You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign despot; your efforts are forever vain and impotent — doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms — never — never — never.

XXX. — THE DEATH OF CHATHAM.

BELSHAM.

[WILLIAM BELSHAM, an English author, was born in 1752, and died in 1827. In 1806, he published a "History of Great Britain, to the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens, in 1802," in twelve volumes. He was an ardent friend of civil and religious liberty, and his history is written in a corresponding spirit. He was also the author of numerous other productions of an historical and political character.]

THE mind feels interested in the minutest circumstances relating to the last day of the public life of this renowned statesman and patriot. He was dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, with a full wig, and covered up to the knees in flannel. On his arrival in the house, he refreshed himself in the lord chancellor's room, where he stayed till prayers were over, and till he was informed that business was going to begin. He was then led into the house by his son and son-in-law, Mr. William Pitt and Lord Viscount Mahon, all the lords standing up out of respect,

and making a lane for him to pass to the earl's bench, he bowing very gracefully to them as he proceeded.

He looked pale and much emaciated, but his eye retained all its native fire; which, joined to his general deportment, and the attention of the house, formed a spectacle very striking and impressive. When the Duke of Richmond had sat down, Lord Chatham rose, and began by lamenting that his bodily infirmities had so long, and at so important a crisis, prevented his attendance on the duties of parliament. He declared that he had made an effort almost beyond the powers of his constitution, to come down to the house on this day, perhaps the last time he should ever be able to enter its walls, to express the indignation he felt at the idea which he understood was gone forth of yielding up the sovereignty of America.

"My Lords," continued he, "I rejoice that the grave has not yet closed upon me, that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy. Pressed down as I am by the load of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my Lords, while I have sense and memory, I never will consent to tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions.

"Shall a people, so lately the terror of the world, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? It is impossible! In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and if peace cannot be preserved with honor, why is not war commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. Any state, my Lords, is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men."

The Duke of Richmond, in reply, declared himself to be "totally ignorant of the means by which we were to resist,

with success, the combination of America with the house of Bourbon. He urged the noble lord to point out any possible mode, if he were able to do it, of making the Americans renounce that independence of which they were in possession. His Grace added, that if he could not, no man could; and that it was not in his power to change his opinion on the noble lord's authority, unsupported by any reasons but a recital of the calamities arising from a state of things not in the power of this country now to alter."

Lord Chatham, who had appeared greatly moved during the reply, made an eager effort to rise at the conclusion of it, as if laboring with some great idea, and impatient to give full scope to his feelings; but, before he could utter a word, pressing his hand on his bosom, he fell down suddenly, in a convulsive fit. The Duke of Cumberland, Lord Temple, and other lords near him, caught him in their arms. The house was immediately cleared; and his lordship being carried into an adjoining apartment, the debate was adjourned. Medical assistance being obtained, his lordship in some degree recovered, and was conveyed to his favorite villa of Hayes, in Kent, where, after lingering some few weeks, he expired May 11, 1778, in the seventieth year of his age.

XXXI. — CHARACTER OF CHATHAM.

GRATTAN.

[HENRY GRATTAN, the celebrated Irish patriot and orator, was born in Dublin, July 3, 1746, and died in London May 14, 1820. He entered the Irish parliament in 1775, and immediately devoted himself, with great energy and eloquence, to lighten the burdens, political and commercial, under which his country then languished. The ability and courage which he displayed and the results he accomplished, made him the idol of the Irish people. He opposed the Union, but after it had been effected, sat in the imperial parliament, where he maintained the cause and rights of Ireland with unabated eloquence and spirit. He was a zealous advocate of Roman Catholic emancipation.

His public life was honest and nobly consistent and his private character was without a blemish. His style of speaking was vivid, impassioned, and epigrammatic. His eloquence owed nothing to personal advantages, for he was below the medium height, and not prepossessing in appearance.

This character of Chatham was written by Grattan when quite a young man, and published in a newspaper of the day.]

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame.

Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished, always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestion of an understanding animated by ardor and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all the classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but

the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres.

He did not, like Murray,* conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation; nor was he, like Townshend,* forever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

XXXII. — THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

PIERPONT.

[JOHN PIERPONT was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, April 6, 1785, and was graduated at Yale College in 1804. He was originally a lawyer, but afterwards studied theology, and in 1819 was ordained minister of the Hollis Street Church in Boston, where he remained till 1845. Since then he has been settled over congregations in Troy, New York, and Medford, Massachusetts. He has been an active laborer in behalf of temperance, anti-slavery, the improvement of prison discipline, and other reforms; and many of his poems have been called

* William Murray, Earl of Mansfield, held a seat in parliament, and was an orator of most persuasive elegance and subtle powers of argumentation. He was appointed chief justice of the Kings Bench in 1756. Charles Townshend entered parliament in 1747. He held various high offices during his life. He supported the stamp act and the taxation of the American colonies. He had great parliamentary abilities and oratorical powers.

forth by the moral and religious movements of the day. His poetry is characterized by energy of expression, and a generous tone of feeling. The following poem was written for the celebration of the anniversary of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, in December, 1824.]

1 The Pilgrim Fathers — where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

2 The mists, that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And the rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone; —
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

3 The Pilgrim exile — sainted name! —
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head; —
But the Pilgrim — where is he?

4 The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:
When Summer 's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;

And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

COLERIDGE.*

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

For shame, dear friend; renounce this canting strain.
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place, titles, salary, a gilded chain —
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? three treasures — love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night —
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

*See page 347 for biographical sketch.

XXXIII. — THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

HOWISON.

[From Sketches of Upper Canada," by JOHN HOWISON, published in Edinburgh, in 1821.]

Now that I propose to attempt a description of the Falls of Niagara, I feel myself threatened with a return of those throbs of trembling expectation which agitated me on my first visit to those stupendous cataracts; and to which every person of the least sensibility is liable, when he is on the eve of seeing anything that has strongly excited his curiosity, or powerfully affected his imagination.

The form of Niagara Falls is that of an irregular semicircle, about three quarters of a mile in extent. This is divided into two distinct cascades by the intervention of Goat Island, the extremity of which is perpendicular, and in a line with the precipice over which the water is projected. The cataract on the Canada side of the river is called the Horseshoe or Great Fall, from its peculiar form, and that next the United States, the American Fall.

The Table Rock, from which the Falls of Niagara may be contemplated in all their grandeur, lies on an exact level with the edge of the cataract on the Canada side, and, indeed, forms a part of the precipice over which the water gushes. It derives its name from the circumstance of its projecting beyond the cliffs that support it, like the leaf of a table. To gain this position, it is necessary to descend a steep bank, and to follow a path that winds among shrubbery and trees, which entirely conceal from the eye the scene that awaits him who traverses it.

When near the termination of this road, a few steps carried me beyond all these obstructions, and a magnificent amphitheatre of cataracts burst upon my view with appalling suddenness and majesty. However, in a moment the scene was concealed from my eyes by a dense cloud of spray, which involved me so completely that I did

not dare to extricate myself. A mingled rushing and thundering filled my ears. I could see nothing except when the wind made a chasm in the spray, and then tremendous cataracts seemed to encompass me on every side; while below, a raging and foamy gulf of undiscoverable extent lashed the rocks with its hissing waves, and swallowed, under a horrible obscurity, the smoking floods that were precipitated into its bosom.

At first the sky was obscured by clouds; but after a few minutes the sun burst forth, and the breeze subsiding at the same time permitted the spray to ascend perpendicularly. A host of pyramidal clouds rose majestically, one after another, from the abyss at the bottom of the fall; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful rainbow, which in a few moments was gradually transferred into the bosom of the cloud that immediately succeeded. The spray of the Great Fall had extended itself through a wide space directly over me, and receiving the full influence of the sun, exhibited a luminous and magnificent rainbow, which continued to overarch and irradiate the spot on which I stood, while I enthusiastically contemplated the indescribable scene.

The body of water which composes the middle part of the Great Fall is so immense that it descends nearly two thirds of the space without being ruffled or broken; and the solemn calmness with which it rolls over the edge of the precipice is finely contrasted with the perturbed appearance it assumes after having reached the gulf below. But the water towards each side of the fall is shattered the moment it drops over the rock, and loses as it descends, in a great measure, the character of a fluid, being divided into pyramidal-shaped fragments, the bases of which are turned upwards.

The surface of the gulf below the cataract presents a very singular aspect; seeming, as it were, filled with an

immense quantity of hoar frost, which is agitated by small and rapid undulations. The particles of water are dazzlingly white, and do not apparently unite together, as might be supposed, but seem to continue for a time in a state of distinct comminution, and to repel each other with a thrilling and shivering motion which cannot easily be described.

The noise made by the Horseshoe Fall, though very great, is far less than might be expected, and varies in loudness according to the state of the atmosphere. When the weather is clear and frosty, it may be distinctly heard at the distance of ten or twelve miles — nay, much farther when there is a steady breeze; but I have frequently stood upon the declivity of the high bank that overlooks the Table Rock, and distinguished a low thundering only, which at times was altogether drowned amid the roaring of the rapids above the cataract. In my opinion, the concave shape of the Great Fall explains this circumstance. The noise vibrates from one side of the rocky recess to the other, and only a little escapes from its confinement; and even this is less distinctly heard than it would otherwise be, as the profusion of spray renders the air near the cataract a very indifferent conductor of sound.

The road to the bottom of the fall presents many more difficulties than that which leads to the Table Rock. After leaving the Table Rock, the traveller must proceed down the river nearly half a mile, where he will come to a small chasm in the bank, in which there is a spiral staircase enclosed in a wooden building. By descending this stair, which is seventy or eighty feet in perpendicular height, he will find himself under the precipice, on the top of which he formerly walked. A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river; and on the summit of this there is a narrow, slippery path, covered with angular fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall.

The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees

and brushwood, overarch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunders of the cataract. In some places they rise abruptly to the height of one hundred feet, and display upon their surface fossils, shells, and the organic remains of a former world; thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the creation.

As the traveller advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise; for clouds of spray sometimes envelop him, and suddenly check his faltering steps; rattlesnakes start from the cavities of the rocks, and the screams of eagles soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapor, which obscure the gulf of the cataract, at intervals announce that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice.

After scrambling among piles of huge rocks that obstruct his way, the traveller gains the bottom of the fall where the soul can be susceptible of but one emotion, namely, that of uncontrollable terror. It was not until I had, by frequent excursions to the falls, in some measure familiarized my mind with their sublimities, that I ventured to explore the *penetralia* of the great cataract. The precipice over which it rolls is very much arched underneath; while the impetus which the water receives in its descent projects it far beyond the cliff, and thus an immense Gothic arch is formed by the rock and the torrent.

Twice I entered this cavern, and twice I was obliged to retrace my steps, lest I should be suffocated by the blasts of dense spray that whirled around me; however, the third time I succeeded in advancing about twenty-five yards. Here darkness began to encircle me; on one side the black cliff stretched itself into a gigantic arch far above my head, and on the other the dense and hissing torrent formed an impenetrable sheet of foam, with which I was drenched in a moment. The rocks were so slippery that I could hardly keep my feet, or hold securely by them;

while the horrid din made me think the precipices above were tumbling down in colossal fragments upon my head.

It is not easy to determine how far an individual might advance between the sheet of water and the rock; but were it even possible to explore the recess to its utmost extremity, scarcely any one, I believe, would have courage to attempt an expedition of the kind.

A little way below the Great Fall the river is, comparatively speaking, tranquil, so that a ferry boat plies between the Canada and American shores for the convenience of travellers. When I first crossed, the heaving flood tossed about the skiff with a violence that seemed very alarming; but as soon as we gained the middle of the river, my attention was altogether engaged by the surpassing grandeur of the scene before me. I was now within the area of a semicircle of cataracts, more than three thousand feet in extent, and floated on the surface of a gulf raging, fathomless, and interminable. Majestic cliffs, splendid rainbows, lofty trees, and columns of spray were the gorgeous decorations of this theatre of wonders, while a dazzling sun shed refulgent glories upon the scene.

Surrounded with clouds of vapor, and stunned into a state of confusion and terror by the hideous noise, I looked upwards to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and saw vast floods, dense, awful, and stupendous, vehemently bursting over the precipice, and rolling down, as if the windows of heaven were open to pour another deluge upon the earth. Loud sounds, resembling discharges of artillery or volcanic explosions, were now distinguishable amidst the watery tumult, and added terrors to the abyss from which they issued. The sun, looking majestically through the ascending spray, was encircled by a radiant halo, whilst fragments of rainbows floated on every side, and momentarily vanished, only to give place to a succession of others more brilliant. Looking backwards I saw the Niagara River, again become calm and tranquil, rolling

magnificently between the towering cliffs that rose on either side, and receiving showers of orient dew-drops from the trees that gracefully overarched its transparent bosom.

There have been instances of people being carried over the falls, but I believe none of the bodies ever were found. The rapidity of the river, before it tumbles down the precipice, is so great, that a human body would certainly be whirled along without sinking; therefore some of those individuals, to whom I allude, probably retained their senses till they reached the edge of the cataract, and even looked down upon the gulf into which they were the next moment precipitated.

Many years ago, an Indian, while attempting to cross the river above the falls in a canoe, had his paddle struck from his hands by the rapidity of the currents. He was immediately hurried toward the cataract, and, seeing that death was inevitable, he covered his head with his cloak, and resigned himself to destruction. However, when he approached the edge of the cataract, shuddering nature revolted so strongly that he was seen to start up and stretch out his arms; but the canoe upset, and he was instantly ingulfed amidst the fury of the boiling surge.

XXXIV. — THE MISERIES OF WAR.

HALL.

[ROBERT HALL was born in Arnsby, Leicestershire, England, May 2, 1764, and died in Bristol, February 21, 1831. He was educated at the University of Aberdeen, in Scotland, became a clergyman of the Baptist persuasion, and was settled first at Bristol, next at Cambridge, then at Leicester, and lastly at Bristol again. He was a very eloquent and popular preacher, and hardly less remarkable for conversational power. He was of robust figure, but of feeble health, with a countenance expressive of self-reliance and intellectual strength. His works, edited, with a memoir, by Olinthus Gregory, and with an estimate of his character as a preacher, by John Foster, have been published in England and America. They consist of sermons, occasional productions, and contributions to periodical literature. Their style is rich, animated, and pure.]

THOUGH the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution, and we are all hastening to our long home; yet at each successive moment life and death seem to divide between them the dominion of mankind, and life to have the larger share. It is otherwise in war; death reigns there without a rival, and without control. War is the work, the element, or rather the sport and triumph, of Death, who glories not only in the extent of his conquest, but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at the best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here they are the vigorous and the strong.

It is remarked by the most ancient of poets, that in peace, children bury their parents; in war, parents bury their children: nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely, indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorrow which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects. Parents mourn for their children with the bitterness of despair; the aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, everything but the capacity of suffering: her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other object, cherishes no other hope. It is Rachel, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

But to confine our attention to the number of the slain, would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish instantaneously may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are liable. We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger, or an enemy, without being sensibly moved, and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment; every other emotion gives way to pity and terror.

In these last extremities we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene, then, must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amidst the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe!

If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles for the wounded and the sick, where the variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, is near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death! Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust?

We must remember, however, that as a very small proportion of a military life is spent in actual combat, so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this source. More are consumed by the rust of inactivity than by the edge of the sword; confined to a scanty or unwholesome diet, exposed in sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches and perpetual alarms; their life is a continual scene of hardships and dangers. They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion spreads amongst their ranks till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

We have hitherto only adverted to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scenes of hostilities. How dreadful to hold every-

thing at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent on the sword! How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except as far as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power!

Conceive but for a moment the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in our own neighborhood. When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors? Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of Heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves but their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes, in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil! In another part you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin!

XXXV. — THE VOYAGE.

IRVING.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the mo-

ment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; or to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols,—shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus, slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting like a spectre through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring

into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse, attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, are the crew? Their struggle has long been over; they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence — oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, and the mother, pored over the daily news to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more."

The sight of the wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms, that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat

round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

"As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine, stout ship, across the banks of Newfoundland, one of the heavy fogs, that prevail in those parts, rendered it impossible for me to see far ahead, even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of our ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'a sail ahead!' but it was scarcely uttered till we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size and weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course.

"As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they had just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack was anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent — we never heard nor saw anything of them more!"

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the mast-head. I question whether Columbus, when he discovered the New World, felt a more delicious throng of sensations, than rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations in the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with everything of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the period of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants around the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass-plots. I saw the mouldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighboring hill — all were characteristic of England.

XXXVI. — SLAVERY.

COWPER.

[WILLIAM COWPER was born at Berkhampstead, in Hertfordshire, England, November 26, 1731, and died April 25, 1800. He was of an extremely delicate and sensitive organization; and he had the misfortune, when only six years old, to lose an affectionate mother, whom he has commemorated in one of the most popular and beautiful of his poems. He was educated at Westminster school, where his gentle nature suffered much at the hands of older and rougher lads. He spent some time in the study of the law, and was called to the bar; but his morbid temperament was found unequal to the discharge of professional and official duties. He declined the struggles and the prizes of an active career, and retired into the country, to a life of seclusion; living for many years in the family of Mr. Unwin, an English clergyman. His first volume of poems, containing "Table Talk," "Hope," "The Progress of Error," "Charity," &c., was published in 1782, when he was fifty-one years old. It rarely happens that a poet's first appearance is so late in life. This volume did not

attract much attention. But in 1784 he published "The Task," which was received with much more favor. Its vigorous and manly style, its energetic moral tone, and its charming pictures of natural scenery and domestic life, were soon appreciated, although the general taste, at that time, preferred a more artificial style of poetry. After the publication of "The Task," he spent some years upon a translation of Homer into blank verse, published in 1791.

Many of Cowper's smaller pieces still enjoy great and deserved popularity. Like many men of habitual melancholy, he had a vein of humor running through his nature. His "John Gilpin" is a well-known instance of this; and the same quality throws a frequent charm over his correspondence. Cowper's life is full of deep and sad interest. His mind was more than once eclipsed by insanity, and often darkened by melancholy. He had tender and loving friends, who watched over him with affectionate and untiring interest. His most intimate friendships were with women; and there is a striking contrast between the masculine vigor of his style and his feminine habits and manner of life.

His letters are perhaps the best in the language. They are not superior, as intellectual efforts, to those of Gray, Walpole, Byron, or Scott; but they have in the highest degree that conversational ease and playful grace which we most desire in this class of writings. They are not epistolary essays, but genuine letters — the unstudied effusions of the heart, meant for no eye but that of the person to whom they are addressed. Cowper's life has been written, and his poems and prose writings edited, by Southey; and they form a work of great interest and permanent value in literature.]

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been melted into one.

Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home — then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That 's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

XXXVII. — CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, a living poet of England, was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in 1810. He has published two volumes of miscellaneous poetry; also, "The Princess," a narrative, in blank verse; a volume called "In Memoriam;" "Maud," in which an unhappy love story is told in a broken and frag-

mentary way; and "Idyls of the King," comprising four poems founded on the legends of King Arthur.

He is a man of rare and fine genius, whose poetry is addressed to refined and cultivated minds. The music of his verse and his skill in the use of language are alike excellent. He is a poet of poets; and, in general, is only fully appreciated by those who have something of the poetical faculty themselves. He is more valued by women than by men, and by young men than by old. He is evidently a man of the finest organization, and his poetry is of the most exquisite and ethereal cast. He has an uncommon power of presenting pictures to the eye, and often in a very few words. His pages are crowded with subjects for the artist. A portion of what he has written is rather remote from the beaten track of human sympathies and feelings; but that he can write popular poetry is shown by his well-known "May Queen."

His volume called "In Memoriam," is a very remarkable book. It is a collection of one hundred and twenty-nine short poems, written in a peculiar and uniform metre, which were called forth by the early death of Arthur Henry Hallam, the eldest son of the historian, a young man of rare excellence of mind and character, the intimate friend of Tennyson, and betrothed to his sister. Such a book will not be welcome to all minds, nor to any mind at all periods and in all moods; but it contains some of the most exquisite poetry which has been written in our times, and some of the deepest and sweetest effusions of feeling to be found anywhere.

The following spirited poem commemorates a gallant and desperate charge made by a brigade of English light-horse at the battle of Balaklava, in the Crimea, October 25, 1854, under circumstances that seemed to insure the destruction of the whole body. The order to charge was supposed to have been given under a mistake; but nothing was ever distinctly known about it, as Captain Nolan, who delivered it, was the first man who fell. Of six hundred and thirty who started on the charge only a hundred and fifty returned.]

1 Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

2 "Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:

Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

3 Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

4 Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

5 Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

6 When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

XXXVIII. — UNION AND LIBERTY.

O. W. HOLMES.

1 FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through our battle-field's thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry, —
Union and Liberty! — one evermore!

2 Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

3 Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

4 Yet, if by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,

Then, with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us, the Many in One!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry, —
Union and Liberty! — one evermore!

XXXIX. — DIALOGUE FROM IVANHOE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[The following scene is taken from "Ivanhoe," a novel, the scene of which is laid in England, in the twelfth century. Ivanhoe, an English knight, is lying wounded and a captive in the Castle of Front-de-Bœuf, a Norman knight, while it is undergoing an assault from a party of outlawed forest rangers, aided by an unknown knight in black armor, hence called the Black Knight, who afterwards turns out to be Richard, King of England. Rebecca is a young Jewish maiden.]

FOLLOWING with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm.

"The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed! — Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armor, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe."

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself, at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance."

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! — Look from the window once again, kind maiden, — but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath, — look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval

which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for, as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers — they rush in — they are thrust back! — Front-de-Bœuf* heads the defenders; — I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. It is the meeting of two fierce tides — the conflict of two oceans, moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again; there is now less danger."

*Pronounced Frŏn(g)-dū-Bŭf.

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed: —

"Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed, and of the captive!"

She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed: —

"He is down! — he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe. "For our dear lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted, with joyful eagerness, — "But no — but no! — he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm — his sword is broken — he snatches an axe from a yeoman — he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow — the giant stoops and totters, like an oak under the steel of the woodman — he falls — he falls!"

"Front-de Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar — their united force compels the champion to pause — they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have — they have!" exclaimed Rebecca "and they press the beseiged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other — down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded men to the rear, fresh men supply their place in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? — who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering. "The soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles — the besieged have the better!"

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca; "they bear themselves right yeomanly — the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe — the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle — stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion — he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre!" said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch; "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes — it is splintered by his blows — they rush in — the outwork is won — they hurl the defenders from the battlements — they throw them into the moat! Oh, men, — if ye be indeed men, — spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge, — the bridge which communicates with the castle, — have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed — few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle — the shrieks and cries which you hear, tell the fate of the others! Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle!"

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again — this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca. "Our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foeman's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it, from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

XL. — THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

CHANNING.

[WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING was born at Newport, Rhode Island, April 7, 1780, was graduated at Harvard College in 1798, and died October 2, 1842. He was settled as a clergyman over the church in Federal Street, Boston, in 1803, and continued in that relation till his death. His works, which consist of sermons, occasional discourses, essays, and reviews, all have a common resemblance, and tend towards a common object. They set forth the dignity of man's nature, his capacity for improvement, the beauty of spiritual truth, and the charm of spiritual freedom; and press upon the attention of man those views and considerations which should induce him to be true to his destiny, and to obey his highest aspirations. Some of his earlier writings were controversial; but controversy was not the element in which his mind most gladly moved; and he preferred to unfold those truths in morals and religion which are felt and recognized by all Christians. In the latter part of his life, his mind was more turned towards practical subjects. He wrote upon war, temperance, popular education, the duties of the rich towards the poor, and especially upon slavery. Upon this last subject, his writings are marked by a fervor and earnestness which meet the claims of the most zealous opponent of slavery, and yet are free from anything vituperative or needlessly irritating.

Dr. Channing's style is admirably suited for the exposition of moral and spiritual truth. It is rich, flowing, and perspicuous; even its diffuseness, which is its obvious literary defect, is no disadvantage in this aspect. There is a persuasive charm over all his writings, flowing from his earnestness of purpose, his deep love of humanity, his glowing hopes, and his fervent religious faith. He has a poet's love of beauty and a prophet's love of truth. He lays the richest of gifts upon the purest of altars. The heart expands under his influence, as it does when we see a beautiful countenance beaming with the finest expression of benevolence and sympathy.

He was a man of slight frame and delicate organization. His manner in the pulpit was simple and impressive; and the tones of his voice were full of sweetness and penetrating power. As a speaker he may not have produced the greatest effect upon those who heard him for the first time, but all who were accustomed to his teachings recognized in him the elements of the highest eloquence.

The following extract is the conclusion of a lecture on "Self-Culture."]

WHAT a contrast does the present form with past times! Not many ages ago the nation was the property of one man, and all its interests were staked in perpetual games of war, for no end but to build up his family, or to bring new territories under his yoke. Society was divided into two classes, the high-born and the vulgar, separated from each other by a great gulf, as impassable as that between the saved and the lost. The people had no significance as individuals, but formed a mass, a machine, to be wielded

at pleasure by their lords. In war, which was the great sport of the times, those brave knights, of whose prowess we hear, cased themselves and their horses in armor, so as to be almost invulnerable, whilst the common people on foot, were left, without protection, to be hewn in pieces or trampled down by their betters.

Who, that compares the condition of Europe a few years ago, with the present state of the world, but must bless God for the change. The grand distinction of modern times, is the emerging of the people from brutal degradation, the gradual recognition of their rights, the gradual diffusion among them of the means of improvement and happiness, the creation of a new power in the state, the power of the people. And it is worthy of remark, that this revolution is due in a great degree to religion, which, in the hands of the crafty and aspiring, had bowed the multitude to the dust, but which, in the fulness of time, began to fulfil its mission of freedom.

It was religion, which, by teaching men their near relation to God, awakened in them the consciousness of their importance as individuals. It was the struggle for religious rights, which opened men's eyes to all their rights. It was resistance to religious usurpation, which led men to withstand political oppression. It was religious discussion, which roused the minds of all classes to free and vigorous thought. It was religion, which armed the martyr and patriot in England against arbitrary power, which braced the spirits of our fathers against the perils of the ocean and wilderness, and sent them to found here the freest and most equal state on earth.

Let us thank God for what has been gained. But let us not think everything gained. Let the people feel that they have only started in the race. How much remains to be *done!* What a vast amount of ignorance, intemperance, coarseness, sensuality, may still be found in our community! What a vast amount of mind is palsied and lost!

When we think, that every house might be cheered by intelligence, disinterestedness, and refinement, and then remember, in how many houses the higher powers and affections of human nature are buried as in tombs, what a darkness gathers over society! And how few of us are moved by this moral desolation! How few understand, that to raise the depressed, by a wise culture, to the dignity of men, is the highest end of the social state! Shame on us, that the worth of a fellow-creature is so little felt!

I would that I could speak with an awakening voice to the people, of their wants, their privileges, their responsibilities. I would say to them: You cannot, without guilt and disgrace, stop where you are. The past and the present call on you to advance. Let what you have gained be an impulse to something higher. Your nature is too great to be crushed. You were not created what you are, merely to toil, eat, drink, and sleep, like the inferior animals. If you will, you can rise. No power in society, no hardship in your condition can depress you, keep you down, in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent. Do not be lulled to sleep by the flatteries which you hear, as if your participation in the national sovereignty made you equal to the noblest of your race. You have many and great deficiencies to be remedied; and the remedy lies, not in the ballot-box, not in the exercise of your political powers, but in the faithful education of yourselves and your children. These truths you have often heard and slept over. Awake! Resolve earnestly on self-culture. Make yourselves worthy of your free institutions, and strengthen and perpetuate them by your intelligence and your virtues.

XLI. — HUBERT AND ARTHUR.

SHAKSPEARE.

[WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in England, April 23, 1564, and died April 23, 1616. Very little is known of the events of

his life, and of his personal character and habits. He married young, went to London soon after his marriage, became an actor, a dramatic author, and a shareholder in one of the London theatres; acquired considerable property, and retired to his native place a few years before his death, and there lived in ease and honor. He was the author of thirty-five plays, (rejecting those of doubtful authenticity,) written between 1590 and 1613, besides poems and sonnets.

Shakspeare is pronounced by Mr. Hallam, who was a most conscientious critic and careful writer, to be the greatest name in all literature. It would, of course, be impossible, in the compass of a notice like this, to do anything like justice to the universality of his powers, his boundless fertility of invention, his dramatic judgment, his wit, humor, and pathos, his sharp observation, and his profound knowledge of the human heart. Nor is it easy to point out to the young reader, within a reasonable compass, the best sources of information and criticism; for the editions of Shakspeare are numberless, and the books that have been written about him would alone make a considerable library. The following works, however, may be read and consulted with profit: Drake's "Shakspeare and his Times," "Hazlitt's Lectures," Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women," Dr. Johnson's preface, Schlegel's "Lectures on Dramatic Literature," Coleridge's "Lectures on Shakspeare," the notes and introductory notices in Knight's pictorial edition, together with the biography prefixed, and, especially, the criticism upon Shakspeare contained in Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries.

Shakspeare's life and writings teach two lessons; which, as they are not very obvious to the apprehension of the young, and as they have a somewhat practical bearing upon life, may be here set down. He is an instance directly opposed to the Byronic notion that great genius and great unhappiness invariably go together. We have every reason to believe that his temperament was cheerful and joyous, and that is certainly the spirit of his writings. He is often tragic, but never morbid. In the next place, Shakspeare is a proof that the highest poetical genius is not inconsistent with practical and successful business habits. There can be no doubt that he was himself an excellent man of business, for he accumulated an ample fortune within a few years, and by occupations in which punctuality, economy, and method are particularly important.

The following scene is from "King John." Arthur, a young boy, is lawful heir to the crown of England, which has been usurped by his uncle, the king, who employs Hubert to put out his nephew's eyes.]

Prince ARTHUR, HUBERT, and ATTENDANTS.

Scene — A room in the castle, Northampton.

Enter HUBERT *and two* ATTENDANTS.

HUBERT. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: * when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,

* Tapestry, or hangings, for rooms.

And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1st ATTENDANT. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUB. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Young lad come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

ARTHUR. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUB. Good morrow, little prince.

ARTH. As little prince, (having so great a title
To be more prince,) as may be. — You are sad.

HUB. Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTH. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,*
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

HUB. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*

ARTH. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

HUB. His words do take possession of my bosom. —

* Christening, baptism.

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
How now foolish rheum! * [*Aside.*
Turning dispiteous † torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at my eyes, in tender womanish tears. —
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

ARTH. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUB. Young boy, I must.

ARTH. And will you?

HUB. And I will.

ARTH. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you:
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning: do, an if you will:
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must. — Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

HUB. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTH. Ah, none, but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,

* Tears. † Unpitying, cruel.

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.*

HUB. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

ARTH. O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUB. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ARTH. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly;
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUB. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1st ATTEND. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

ARTH. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart: —
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

HUB. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTH. Is there no remedy?

*The two negatives in this line do not amount to an affirmative: they are used to strengthen the negation: — a solecism, tolerated in the age, and often found in the writings, of Shakspeare.

HUB. None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTH. O heaven! — that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUB. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

ARTH. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes:
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

HUB. I can heat it, boy.

ARTH. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief —
Being create for comfort — to be used
In undeserved extremes: See else yourself:
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

HUB. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTH. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.*
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends, —
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

HUB. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes; †

* Urge or set him on. † Owns.

Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTH. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

HUB. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

ARTH. O heaven! — I thank you, Hubert.

HUB. Silence: no more. Go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

XLII. — ETERNITY OF GOD.

GREENWOOD.

[FRANCIS WILLIAM PITT GREENWOOD was born in Boston, February 5. 1797, was graduated at Harvard College, in 1814, and settled in 1818 as pastor over the New South Church, in Boston. But he was soon obliged to leave this post of duty, on account of his failing health. In 1824, he was settled as colleague to the late Dr. Freeman, over the church worshipping in King's Chapel. He died August 2, 1843. He was a man of rare purity of life, who preached the gospel by his works as well as his words. His manner in the pulpit was simple, impressive, and winning; and his sermons were deeply imbued with true religious feeling. His style was beautifully transparent and graceful, revealing a poetical imagination under the control of a pure taste. He was a frequent contributor to the "North American Review" and the "Christian Examiner," and for a time was one of the editors of the latter periodical. A volume entitled "Sermons of Consolation," appeared during his lifetime, and a selection from his sermons, with an introductory memoir, was published after his death.

Dr. Greenwood was an attentive student of natural history, and was an accurate observer of nature, with remarkable powers of description. Some of his lighter productions, contributed to the gift annuals of the day, have great merit as vivid and picturesque delineations of natural scenes and objects. The following extract is from one of his sermons.]

WE receive such repeated intimations of decay in the world through which we are passing, — decline, and change, and loss, follow decline, and change, and loss, in

such rapid succession, — that we can almost catch the sound of universal wasting, and hear the work of desolation going on busily around us. "The mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place. The waters wear the stones, the things which grow out of the dust of the earth are washed away, and the hope of man is destroyed."

Conscious of our own instability, we look about for something to rest on; but we look in vain. The heavens and the earth had a beginning, and they will have an end. The face of the world is changing, daily and hourly. All animated things grow old and die. The rocks crumble, the trees fall, the leaves fade, and the grass withers. The clouds are flying, and the waters are flowing, away from us.

The firmest works of man, too, are gradually giving way. The ivy clings to the mouldering tower, the brier hangs out from the shattered window, and the wall-flower springs from the disjointed stones. The founders of these perishable works have shared the same fate, long ago. If we look back to the days of our ancestors, to the men as well as the dwellings of former times, they become immediately associated in our imaginations, and only make the feeling of instability stronger and deeper than before.

In the spacious domes which once held our fathers, the serpent hisses and the wild bird screams. The halls which once were crowded with all that taste, and science, and labor could procure, which resounded with melody and were lighted up with beauty, are buried by their own ruins, mocked by their own desolation. The voice of merriment and of wailing, the steps of the busy and the idle, have ceased in the deserted courts, and the weeds choke the entrances, and the long grass waves upon the hearth-stone. The works of art, the forming hand, the tombs, the very ashes they contained, are all gone.

While we thus walk among the ruins of the past, a sad

feeling of insecurity comes over us; and that feeling is by no means diminished when we arrive at home. If we turn to our friends, we can hardly speak to them before they bid us farewell. We see them for a few moments, and in a few moments more their countenances are changed, and they are sent away. It matters not how near and dear they are. The ties which bind us together are never too close to be parted, or too strong to be broken. Tears were never known to move the king of terrors, neither is it enough that we are compelled to surrender one, or two, or many, of those we love; for though the price is so great, we buy no favor with it, and our hold on those who remain is as slight as ever. The shadows all elude our grasp, and follow one another down the valley.

We gain no confidence, then, no feeling of security, by turning to our contemporaries and kindred. We know that the forms which are breathing around us are as short-lived and fleeting as those were which have been dust for centuries. The sensation of vanity, uncertainty, and ruin is equally strong, whether we muse on what has long been prostrate, or gaze on what is falling now, or will fall so soon.

If everything which comes under our notice has endured for so short a time, and in so short a time will be no more, we cannot say that we receive the least assurance by thinking on ourselves. When they, on whose fate we have been meditating, were engaged in the active scenes of life, as full of health and hope as we are now, what were we? We had no knowledge, no consciousness, no being; there was not a single thing in the wide universe which knew us. And after the same interval shall have elapsed, which now divides their days from ours, what shall we be? What they are now.

When a few more friends have left, a few more hopes deceived, and a few more changes mocked us, "we shall

be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the tomb: the clods of the valley shall be sweet unto us, and every man shall follow us, as there are innumerable before us." All power will have forsaken the strongest, and the loftiest will be laid low, and every eye will be closed, and every voice hushed, and every heart will have ceased its beating. And when we have gone ourselves, even our memories will not stay behind us long. A few of the near and dear will bear our likeness in their bosoms, till they too have arrived at the end of their journey, and entered the dark dwelling of unconsciousness.

In the thoughts of others we shall live only till the last sound of the bell, which informs them of our departure, has ceased to vibrate in their ears. A stone, perhaps, may tell some wanderer where we lie, when we came here, and when we went away; but even that will soon refuse to bear us record: "time's effacing fingers" will be busy on its surface, and at length will wear it smooth; and then the stone itself will sink, or crumble, and the wanderer of another age will pass, without a single call upon his sympathy, over our unheeded graves.

Is there nothing to counteract the sinking of the heart which must be the effect of observations like these? Can no support be offered? can no source of confidence be named? O, yes! there is one Being, to whom we can look with a perfect conviction of finding that security which nothing about us can give, and which nothing about us can take away.

To this Being we can lift up our souls, and on Him we may rest them, exclaiming, in the language of the monarch of Israel, "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God!" "Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a gar-

ment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

Here, then, is a support which will never fail; here is a foundation which can never be moved — the everlasting Creator of countless worlds, "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity." What a sublime conception! *He inhabits eternity,* occupies this inconceivable duration, pervades and fills throughout this boundless dwelling.

The contemplation of this glorious attribute of God is fitted to excite in our minds the most animating and consoling reflections. Standing as we are amid the ruins of time and the wrecks of mortality, where everything about us is created and dependent, proceeding from nothing, and hastening to destruction, we rejoice that something is presented to our view which has stood from everlasting, and will remain forever. We can look to the throne of God: change and decay have never reached that; the revolution of ages has never moved it; the waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken; the waves of another eternity are rushing towards it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

XLIII. — A FLOWER FOR THE WINDOW.

LEIGH HUNT.

[LEIGH HUNT was born at Southgate, in the county of Middlesex, England, October 19, 1784, and died August 28, 1859. He was a man of letters by profession, and was for many years a writer for the periodical press in London. He appeared as a poet at an early age. His poetry was of a kind that was easy to disparage, and not difficult to ridicule. Its simplicity sometimes degenerated into baldness, and the tone of sentiment was not always free from mawkishness. There were certain peculiarities of expression in it, which appeared like affectation; besides a frequent use of novel words, and a flowing laxity in the structure of his verse. He was criticized accordingly with indiscriminate severity; especially by those writers who differed with him in politics, he being an ardent liberal. Of late years more justice has been done him; and his tenderness of feeling, luxuriant fancy, and warm sympathy with nature and the affections of the heart, are appreciated as they should be.

Mr. Hunt was also a prose writer; and he wrote prose, to say the least, as well as he wrote poetry. His sketches and essays, which have appeared from time to time, and been collected under the names of "The Indicator and Companion" and "The Seer," are delightful compositions; full of genial feeling, graceful fancy, and an inextinguishable spirit of youth.

He was also an admirable critic of poetry. His "Imagination and Fancy," and "Wit and Humor,"—consisting of poetical extracts illustrating these qualities, with critical notices,—are written with earnest feeling, and a lively and discriminating sense of the merits of the authors he discusses. They have been republished in this country, and are commended to all who wish to acquire a good taste in poetical literature.]

Why does not every one, who can afford it, have a geranium in his window, or some other flower? It is very cheap; its cheapness is next to nothing, if you raise it from seed, or from a slip; and it is a beauty and a companion. It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. And if it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate you; it cannot utter a hateful thing even for your neglecting it; for, though it is all beauty, it has no vanity; and such being the case, and living as it does purely to do you good and afford pleasure, how will you be able to neglect it?

But, pray, if you choose a geranium, or possess but a few of them, let us persuade you to choose the scarlet kind, the "old original" geranium, and not a variety of it, not one of the numerous diversities of red and white, blue and white, or ivy-leaved. Those are all beautiful, and very fit to vary a large collection; but to prefer them to the originals of the race is to run the hazard of preferring the curious to the beautiful, and costliness to sound taste.

It may be taken as a good general rule, that the most popular plants are the best; for otherwise they would not have become such. And what the painters call "pure colors" are preferable to mixed ones, for reasons which Nature herself has given when she painted the sky of one color, and the fields of another, and divided the rainbow itself into a few distinct colors, and made the red rose the queen of flowers.

Variations in flowers are like variations in music, often beautiful as such, but almost always inferior to the theme on which they are founded — the original air. And the rule holds good in beds of flowers, if they be not very large, or in any other small assemblage of them. Nay, the largest bed will look well, if of one beautiful color, while the most beautiful varieties may be inharmoniously mixed up. Contrast is a good thing, but we must observe the laws of harmonious contrast, and unless we have space enough to secure these, it is better to be content with unity and simplicity, which are always to be had.

We do not, in general, love and honor any one single color enough, and we are instinctively struck with a conviction to this effect, when we see it abundantly set forth. The other day we saw a little garden wall completely covered with nasturtiums, and felt how much more beautiful they were than if anything had been mixed with them; for the leaves and the light and shade offer variety enough. The rest is all richness and simplicity united, which is the triumph of an intense perception. Embower a cottage thickly and completely with nothing but roses, and nobody would desire the interference of another plant.

Everything is handsome about the geranium, not excepting its name; which cannot be said of all flowers, though we get to love ugly words when associated with pleasing ideas. The word "geranium" is soft and pleasant; the meaning is poor, for it comes from a Greek word which signifies a crane, the fruit having the form of a crane's head or bill. Cranesbill is the English name for geranium, though the learned appellation has superseded the vernacular. But what a reason for naming a flower! as if the fruit were anything in comparison, or any one cared about it. Such distinctions, it is true, are useful to botanists; but as a plenty of learned names are sure to be reserved for the freemasonry of the science, it would be well for the world at large to invent joyous and beautiful

names for these images of joy and beauty. In some instances we have them; such as heartsease, honeysuckle, marigold, mignonette (little darling), daisy (day's eye). And many flowers are so lovely, and have associated names, otherwise unmeaning, so pleasantly with one's memory, that no new ones would sound so well, or seem even to have such proper significations.

In pronouncing the words lilies, roses, tulips, pinks, jonquils, we see the things themselves, and seem to taste all their beauty and sweetness. Pink is a harsh, petty word in itself, and yet assuredly it does not seem so; for in the word we have the flower. It would be difficult to persuade ourselves that the word rose is not very beautiful. Pea is a poor, Chinese-like monosyllable; and brier is rough and fierce, as it ought to be; but when we think of sweet-pea and sweet-brier, the words appear quite worthy of their epithets. The poor monosyllable becomes rich in sweetness and appropriation; the rough dissyllable also; and the sweeter for its contrast.

The names of flowers, in general, among the polite, are neither pretty in themselves, nor give us information. The country people are apt to do them more justice. Goldylocks, ladies'-fingers, rose-a-ruby, shepherd's-clock, shepherd's-purse, sauce-alone, scarlet-runners, sops-in-wine, sweet-william, and many other names, give us some ideas, either useful or pleasant. But from the peasantry come many uncongenial names, as bad as those of the botanist. It is a pity that all fruits and flowers, and animals too, except those with good names, could not be passed in review before somebody with a genius for christening, as the creatures were before Adam in paradise, and so have new names given them, worthy of their creation.

Suppose flowers themselves were new! Suppose they had just come into the world, a sweet reward for some new goodness, and that we had not yet seen them quite developed; that they were in the act of growing; had just

issued, with their green stalks, out of the ground, and engaged the attention of the curious. Imagine what we should feel when we saw the first lateral stem bearing off from the main one, or putting forth a leaf. How we should watch the leaf gradually unfolding its little graceful hand; then another, then another; then the main stalk rising and producing more; then one of them giving indications of astonishing novelty — a bud! then this mysterious bud gradually unfolding, like the leaf, amazing us, enchanting us, almost alarming us with delight, as if we knew not what enchantment were to ensue, till at length, in all its fairy beauty, and odorous voluptuousness, and mysterious elaboration of tender and living sculpture, shone forth

"The bright, consummate flower!"

Yet this phenomenon, to a person of any thought and lovingness, is what may be said to take place every day; for the commonest objects are wonders at which habit has made us cease to wonder, and the marvellousness of which we may renew at pleasure, by taking thought.

XLIV. — HOME.

MONTGOMERY.

[JAMES MONTGOMERY was born at Irvine, in Scotland, November 4, 1771, and died in 1854. For the greater part of his life he resided at Sheffield, England, and was editor of a newspaper published there. He wrote a number of poems — some of considerable length. Among them are "The Wanderer in Switzerland," "The World before the Flood," "The West Indies," "The Pelican Island," and "Greenland," besides many miscellaneous pieces. His poetry is distinguished for its purity of feeling, and its gentle, sympathetic spirit. His longer poems contain many noble descriptive passages, but he has not strength of wing for a protracted flight. His genius is essentially lyric, and many of his fugitive pieces are beautiful alike in sentiment and style.

The following extract is from "The West Indies," a poem written in honor of the abolition of the African slave-trade, by the British legislature, in 1807.]

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air:
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?"
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look around!
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!
— Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

XLV. — CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

[The following sketch of the character of Washington appeared in the "London Courier" of January 24, 1800. It will be read with interest, not merely as a discriminating and well-written production, but as a tribute to the excellence of that illustrious man, from a contemporary, a foreigner, and one of a people against whom he had conducted a successful revolution — a tribute as honorable to the candor of the writer as it is gratifying to our national pride. It is not often that contemporary opinions so perfectly anticipate the judgment of posterity.]

The melancholy account of the death of General Washington was brought by a vessel from Baltimore, which arrived off Dover. General Washington was, we believe, in his sixty-eighth year. The height of his person was about six feet two: his chest full, and his limbs, though rather slender, well shaped and muscular. His eye was of a light gray color; and, in proportion to the length of his face, his nose was long. Mr. Stuart, the eminent portrait painter, used to say that there were features in his face totally different from what he had observed in that of any other person; the sockets of the eyes, for instance, were larger than any he had ever met with before, and the upper part of his nose broader.

All his features, he observed, were indicative of the strongest passions; yet, like Socrates, his judgment and great self-command have always made him appear a man of a different cast in the eyes of the world. He always spoke with great diffidence, and sometimes hesitated for a word, but always to find one particularly well adapted to his meaning. His language was manly and expressive. At levees, his discourse with strangers turned principally upon the subject of America; and if they had been through remarkable places, his conversation was free and peculiarly interesting, for he was intimately acquainted with every part of the country. He was much more open and unreserved in his behavior at levees than in private, and in the company of ladies still more so, than solely with men.

Few persons ever found themselves for the first time

in the presence of General Washington without being impressed with a certain degree of veneration and awe; nor did these emotions subside on a closer acquaintance; on the contrary, his person and deportment were such as tended to augment them. The hard service he had seen, and the important and laborious offices he had filled, gave a kind of austerity to his countenance, and reserve to his manners; yet he was the kindest husband, the most humane master, and the steadiest friend. The whole range of history does not present to our view a character upon which we can dwell with such entire and unmixed admiration.

The long life of General Washington is unstained by a single blot. He was a man of rare endowments, and such fortunate temperament that every action he performed was equally exempted from the charge of vice or weakness. Whatever he said, or did, or wrote, was stamped with a striking and peculiar propriety. His qualities were so happily blended and so nicely harmonized, that the result was a great and perfect whole. The powers of his mind and the dispositions of his heart were admirably suited to each other. It was the union of the most consummate prudence with the most perfect moderation.

His views, though large and liberal, were never extravagant. His virtues, though comprehensive and beneficent, were discriminating, judicious, and practical. Yet his character, though regular and uniform, possessed none of the littleness which sometimes belongs to men of that description. It formed a majestic pile, the effect of which was not impaired, but improved, by order and symmetry. There was nothing in it to dazzle by wildness and surprise by eccentricity. It was of a higher species of moral beauty. It contained everything great or elevated, but it had no false and tinsel ornament. It was not the model cried up by fashion and circumstance; its excellence was adapted to a true and just moral taste, incapable of change from the varying accidents of manners, opinions, and times.

General Washington is not the idol of a day, but the hero of ages. Placed in circumstances of the most trying difficulty at the commencement of the American contest, he accepted that situation which was pre-eminent in danger and responsibility. His perseverance overcame every obstacle; his moderation conciliated every opposition; his genius supplied every resource; his enlarged view could plan, devise, and improve every branch of civil and military operation. He had the superior courage which can act or forbear to act as true policy dictates, careless of the reproaches of ignorance either in power or out of power. He knew how to conquer by waiting, in spite of obloquy, for the moment of victory; and he merited true praise by despising undeserved censure. In the most arduous moments of the contest, his prudent firmness proved the salvation of the cause which he supported.

His conduct was, on all occasions, guided by the most pure disinterestedness. Far superior to low and grovelling motives, he seemed ever to be influenced by that ambition which has justly been called the instinct of great souls. He acted ever as if his country's welfare, and that alone, was the moving spirit. His excellent mind needed not even the stimulus of ambition, or the prospect of fame. Glory was a secondary consideration. He performed great actions; he persevered in a course of laborious utility, with an equanimity that neither sought distinction nor was flattered by it. His reward was in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and the success of his patriotic efforts.

As his elevation to the chief power was the unbiassed choice of his countrymen, his exercise of it was agreeable to the purity of its origin. As he had neither solicited nor usurped dominion, he had neither to contend with the opposition of rivals nor the revenge of enemies. As his authority was undisputed, so it required no jealous precautions, no rigorous severity. His government was mild and gentle; it was beneficent and liberal; it was wise and

just. His prudent administration consolidated and enlarged the dominion of an infant republic.

In voluntarily resigning the magistracy which he had filled with such distinguished honor, he enjoyed the unequalled satisfaction of leaving to the state he had contributed to establish the fruits of his wisdom and the example of his virtues. It is some consolation amidst the violence of ambition and criminal thirst of power, of which so many instances occur around us, to find a character whom it is honorable to admire and virtuous to imitate. A conqueror for the freedom of his country! a legislator for its security! a magistrate for its happiness! His glories were never sullied by those excesses into which the highest qualities are apt to degenerate. With the greatest virtues, he was exempt from the corresponding vices. He was a man in whom the elements were so mixed, that "Nature might have stood up to all the world and owned him as her work." His fame, bounded by no country, will be confined to no age. The character of General Washington, which his contemporaries reverence and admire, will be transmitted to posterity; and the memory of his virtues, while patriotism and virtue are held sacred among men, will remain undiminished.

XLVI. — BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

MRS. HEMANS.

[FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born in Liverpool, England, September 25, 1794, was married to Captain Hemans, an officer in the British army, in 1812, and died May 16, 1835. She wrote two tragedies, "The Siege of Valencia." and "The Vespers of Palermo;" a narrative poem called "The Forest Sanctuary," and a great number of lyrical poems; in which last her genius appears to the best advantage. Her poetry is remarkable for its elevated tone, its exquisite imagery, its deep sense of the beauty of nature, and the truth and tenderness with which it expresses the domestic affections. Her poems, as they appeared from time to time in the periodical publications of the day during her lifetime, were universally read and admired, both in England and America; but they are less popular now that they have been collected and are read continuously. Her life was not happy; and this has contributed to throw

a shadow of melancholy over her writings, which, while it deepens the charm of a single effusion of feeling, becomes somewhat monotonous when prolonged from page to page. Her diction sometimes becomes dazzling to the eye of the mind from its too uniform brilliancy.

Mrs. Hemans's knowledge and range of reading were quite extensive. She was acquainted with the principal languages of modern Europe, and drew the subjects of her poems from a great variety of sources. She has much skill in catching and preserving the spirit of a remote age or a foreign people. She was pleasing in her personal appearance; her manners were graceful and animated; and she was beloved as well as admired by her friends. She bore with gentle sweetness the burdens of life, and shrank from none of its duties. Her later poems are deeply and beautifully penetrated with religious feeling.]

1 What wak'st thou, Spring? — Sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Even as our hearts may be.

2 And the leaves greet thee, Spring! — the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

3 And the bright waters — they, too, hear thy call,
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep!
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

4 And flowers — the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Coloring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And pencilling the wood-anemone:
Silent they seem; yet each to thoughtful eye
Glows with mute poesy.

5 But what awak'st thou in the heart, O Spring! —
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art:
What wak'st thou in the heart?

6 Too much, oh, there, too much! — we know not well
Wherefore it should be thus; yet, roused by thee,
What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more may see!
How are we haunted, in thy wind's low tone,
By voices that are gone!

7 Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanished smiles, and sounds of parted feet —
Spring, midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why revivest thou these?

8 Vain longings for the dead! — why come they back
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?
O, is it not that from thine earthly track
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes, gentle Spring; no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones there.

XLVII. — IMAGINARY SPEECH IN OPPOSITION TO THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

WEBSTER.

[This lesson and that which succeeds it are both taken from Mr. Webster's "Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson," delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, August 2, 1826. The first speech presents such arguments as might have been urged against the declaration of the independence of the colonies, by a man of timid

and desponding temperament; and the views of bolder and far-seeing statesmen are uttered by the lips of Mr. Adams. Many persons have supposed that the speech put into the mouth of Mr. Adams was really delivered by him, but this is not the case. It was written by Mr. Webster.]

Let us pause! This step, once taken, cannot be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer colonies, with charters and with privileges; these will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people, at the mercy of the conquerors.

For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard; but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England; for she will exert that strength to the utmost? Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people? or will they not act as the people of other countries have acted, and, wearied with a long war, submit, in the end, to a worse oppression? While we stand on our old ground and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing, then, can be imputed to us.

But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions farther, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground, of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretence, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious, subjects. I shudder before this responsibility.

It will be on us, if, relinquishing the ground we have stood on so long, and stood on so safely, we now proclaim

independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill-judged declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption on the scaffold.

XLVIII. — MR. ADAMS'S REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there 's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit,

and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war?

And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of

Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, — independence, *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

XLIX — DEATH AND BURIAL OF LITTLE NELL.

DICKENS.

[CHARLES DICKENS, the most popular living novelist, perhaps the most popular living writer of England, was born in Portsmouth, England, February 7, 1812. His first work — a series of sketches under the name of "Boz" — was published in 1836, and though it showed brilliant descriptive powers, did not attract great attention. But the "Pickwick Papers," which appeared the next year, fairly took the world by storm, and lifted the author up to a dizzy height of popularity, equalled by nothing since Scott and Byron. Since

then he has written many novels and tales, besides sketches of travel in Italy and in America, (he was here in 1842,) in which last his genius appears to less advantage than in his works of fiction.

His most striking characteristic is a peculiar and original vein of humor, shown in sketches taken from low life, and expressing itself by the most quaint, grotesque, and unexpected combinations of ideas. His Sam Weller — a character he has never surpassed — is the type of his creations of this class; and it is a truly original conception, and very well sustained.

He is hardly less successful in his pathetic passages than in his humorous delineations. He excels in scenes which paint sickness and death, especially of the lovely and the young. His pages have been blistered by many a tear. The extract in the text is alone enough to prove his great power over the sympathies of the heart.

He has also uncommon skill in the minute representation of scenes of still life, which he paints with the sharp fidelity of a Dutch artist. He depicts a bar-room, a kitchen, a court of justice, or a prison, in such a way as to be next to seeing them. He sometimes uses this gift to a greater extent than the taste of his readers approve.

The tone of Dickens's writings is sound and healthy; though he takes us a little too much into scenes of low life, and obtrudes his evil and hateful characters upon us more than we could wish. He has a poetical imagination, and a heart full of genial charities. The generous and sympathetic tone of his writings is one of their most powerful attractions. He has a hatred of oppression and injustice in all their forms, and is ever ready to take sides with the victim and the sufferer. His great literary reputation has given him much influence in England; and this has been uniformly exercised in behalf of those social reforms in which our English brethren have been of late years so much engaged, and with such honor to themselves.

The following extract is from "Master Humphrey's Clock," a novel published originally in 1841. Little Nell is one of the sweetest and purest of all his creations; and her life and death have touched many thousands of hearts. She is represented in the novel as the constant attendant of her grandfather, an affectionate old man, but weak in moral energy. She glides like a sunbeam of grace and innocence through many a troubled scene; but the burden of life is too heavy for her delicate spirit, and she thus gently lays it down.]

By little and little, the old man had drawn back towards the inner chamber, while these words were spoken. He pointed there, as he replied, with trembling lips, —

"You plot among you to wean my heart from her. You will never do that — never while I have life. I have no relative or friend but her — I never had — I never will have. She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now."

Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind drew close together, and after a few whispered words, — not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered, —

followed him. They moved so gently that their footsteps made no noise; but there were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird — a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed — was stirring nimbly in its cage: and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. His was the true death before their weeping eyes. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled on that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and kept the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile — the hand that had led him on through all their wander-

ings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was ebbing fast — the garden she had tended — the eyes she had gladdened — the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour — the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday — could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, — "it is not in this world that heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

When morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face, — such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could

forget, — and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

For the rest, she had never murmured or complained; but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered, — save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them, — faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

And now the bell — the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice — rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy poured forth — on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life — to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing — grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old — the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still could crawl and creep above it!

Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under the porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window — a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob

was heard. Some — and they were not few — knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement-stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold, how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon's rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick, old wall.

A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed. Thus coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared, in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

They saw the vault covered and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place, — when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all, (it seemed to them,) upon her quiet grave, — in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, — then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

L. — ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION, LONDON.

HORACE SMITH.

[HORACE SMITH, a native of London, died in July, 1849, in the seventieth year of his age. In 1812, in conjunction with his elder brother, James Smith, he published a volume called "Rejected Addresses," consisting of imitations of the popular poets of the day. It had great and deserved success, and has since been frequently reprinted. Horace Smith was a stock broker by profession; but in the leisure hours stolen from his employment, he wrote a number of works of fiction, which were received with favor, and many contributions, both in verse and prose, to the magazines of the time. His poems have been collected and published in two volumes. He was a very amiable and estimable man.]

1 AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's* streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium† was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

2 Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue — come, let us hear its tune;
Thou 'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon;
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

3 Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —
To whom should we assign the sphinx's‡ fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?§

*Thebes was a celebrated city of Upper Egypt, of which extensive ruins still remain.

†The Memnonium was a building combining the properties of a palace and a temple, the ruins of which are remarkable for symmetry of architecture and elegance of sculpture.

‡The great sphinx, at the pyramids, is hewn out of a rock, in the form of a lion with a human head, and is one hundred and forty-three feet in length, and sixty-two feet in height in front.

§The pyramids are well-known structures near Cairo. According to Herodotus, the great pyramid, so called, was built by Cheops, (pronounced Kē'ops). He was succeeded by his brother Cephren or Cephrenes, (pronounced Sĕf'rę-nēz,) who, according to the same historian, built another of the pyramids.

Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?*
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

4 Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade;
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played.†
Perhaps thou wert a priest; if so, my struggles
Are vain; Egyptian priest ne'er owned his juggles.

5 Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass:
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat;
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

6 I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

7 Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended;
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

8 Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,

* Pompey's Pillar is a column almost a hundred feet high, near Alexandria. It is now generally admitted by the learned to have had no connection with the Roman general whose name it bears.

† This was a statue at Thebes, said to utter at sunrise a sound like the twanging of a harpstring or of a metallic wire.

Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,*
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,†
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

9 If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold: —
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled: —
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What were thy name and station, age and race?

10 Statue of flesh — immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

11 Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue; that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

LI. — SPANISH WAR SONG.

Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again;
Let the watchword, Castile, go resounding through Spain!
And thou, free Asturias, encamped on the height,
Pour down thy dark sons to the vintage of fight;

* Egypt was conquered 525 B. C., by Cambyses, the second king of Persia.
† These are the names of Egyptian deities.

Wake! wake! the old soil where our warriors repose,
Rings hollow and deep to the trampling of foes.
The voices are mighty that swell from the past,
With Aragon's cry on the shrill mountain blast;
The ancient Sierras give strength to our tread,
Their pines murmur song where bright blood hath been shed.
Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again,
And shout ye, "Castile! to the rescue for Spain!"

LII. — HALLOWED GROUND.

CAMPBELL.

1 What 's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

2 Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He 's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws: —
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

3 Give that! and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

4 And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven! but Heaven rebukes my zeal.

O God above!
The cause of Truth and human weal,
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To Peace and Love.

5 Peace, Love! the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not —
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

6 To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt
That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chant.

7 The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples — creeds themselves grow wan
But there 's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban —
Its space is Heaven!

8 Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

9 Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your

Aspect above?
Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

10 And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time;
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
Immortal dawn.

11 What 's hallowed ground? 'T is what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth! —
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground!

LIII. — FASHIONABLE PARTIES IN NEW NETHERLANDS.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

In those happy days, a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable signs of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away

about six, unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated round the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish — in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks — a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs — with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup — and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth — an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquet-

ting — no gambling of old ladies nor hoiden chattering and romping of young ones — no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets — nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements, of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say yes or no, to any question that was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door: which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present — if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

LIV. — THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

BANCROFT.

[GEORGE BANCROFT was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1800, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1817. In the following year he went to Europe, and remained there about four years, mostly in Germany. For some years after his return he was employed in the practical duties of a teacher, first in Harvard College, and afterwards as one of the principals of a seminary upon Round Hill, in Northampton. In 1838 he was appointed collector of the port of Boston, and in 1844 he took a seat in the cabinet of President Polk, as secretary of the navy; resigning that post in 1846, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the court of Great Britain, and continued in that station till 1849. Since that date, he has been a resident of the city of New York.

His great work, "The History of the United States," has now reached eight volumes, the first having been published in 1834. It is a production of marked and peculiar merit, presenting the results of extensive and elaborate research in a condensed form, and showing an uncommon power of analysis and generalization. His style is vivid, animated, and picturesque; full of point and energy; but somewhat abrupt in its transitions, and rather wanting in simplicity and repose. His speculations are often acute and profound, but they occupy more of his pages than the taste of some of his readers approves; and the dispassionate seeker after truth is occasionally merged in the fervid and eloquent advocate.]

THE British advanced in line in good order, steadily and slowly, and with a confident imposing air, pausing on the march to let their artillery prepare the way, and firing with muskets as they advanced. But they fired too soon, and too high, doing but little injury.

Encumbered with their knapsacks, they ascended the steep hill with difficulty, covered as it was with grass reaching to their knees, and intersected with walls and fences. Prescott waited till the enemy had approached within eight rods as he afterwards thought, within ten or twelve rods as the committee of safety of Massachusetts wrote, when he gave the word: "Fire." At once from the redoubt, and breastwork, every gun was discharged. Nearly the whole front rank of the enemy fell, and the rest, to whom this determined resistance was unexpected, were brought to a stand. For a few minutes, fifteen or ten, who can count such minutes! each one of the Americans, completely covered while he loaded his musket, exposed only while he stood upon the wooden platform or

steps of earth in the redoubt to take aim, fought according to his own judgment and will; and a close and unremitting fire was continued and returned, till the British staggered, wavered, and then in disordered masses retreated precipitately to the foot of the hill, and some even to their boats.

The column of the enemy which advanced near the Mystic* under the lead of Howe, moved gallantly forward against the rail-fence, and when within eighty or one hundred yards, displayed into line, with the precision of troops on parade. Here, too, the Americans, commanded by Stark and Knowlton, cheered on by Putnam, who like Prescott bade them reserve their fire, restrained themselves as if by universal consent, till at the proper moment, resting their guns on the rails of the fence, they poured forth a deliberate, well-directed, fatal discharge. Here, too, the British recoiled from the volley, and after a short contest, were thrown into confusion, and fell back till they were covered by the ground.

Then followed moments of joy in that unfinished redoubt, and behind the grassy rampart, where New England husbandmen, so often taunted with cowardice, beheld veteran battalions shrink before their arms. Their hearts bounded as they congratulated each other. The night-watches, thirst, hunger, danger, whether of captivity or death, were forgotten. They promised themselves victory.

As the British soldiers retreated, the officers were seen by the spectators on the opposite shore, running down to them, using passionate gestures, and pushing them forward with their swords. After an interval of about fifteen minutes, during which Prescott moved round among his men, encouraging them and cheering them with praise, the British column under Pigot rallied and advanced, though with apparent reluctance, in the same order as before, firing as they approached within musket shot. This time the Americans withheld their fire till the enemy were within six

* A small stream entering into Boston Harbor near Bunker Hill.

or five rods of the redoubt, when, as the order was given, it seemed more fatal than before. The enemy continued to discharge their guns, and pressed forward with spirit. "But from the whole American line, there was," said Prescott, "a continuous stream of fire," and though the British officers were seen exposing themselves fearlessly, remonstrating, threatening, and even striking the soldiers to urge them on, they could not reach the redoubt, but in a few moments gave way in greater disorder than before. The wounded and the dead covered the ground in front of the works, some lying within a few yards of them.

On the flank, also, the British light infantry again marched up its companies against the grass fence, but could not penetrate it. "Indeed," wrote some of the survivors, "how could we penetrate it? Most of our grenadiers and light infantry, the moment of presenting themselves, lost three fourths, and many, nine tenths of their men. Some had only eight or nine men in a company left, some only three, four, or five." On the ground where but the day before the mowers had swung the scythe in peace, "the dead," relates Stark, "lay as thick as sheep in a fold." Howe, for a few seconds, was left nearly alone, so many of the officers about him having been killed or wounded; and it required the utmost exertion of all, from the generals down to the subalterns, to repair the rout.

At intervals the artillery from the ships and batteries was playing, while the flames were rising over the town of Charlestown, and laying waste the places of the sepulchres of its fathers, and streets were falling together, and ships at the yards were crashing on the stocks, and the kindred of the Americans, from the fields and hills around, watched every gallant act of their defenders. "The whole," wrote Burgoyne, "was a complication of horror and importance beyond anything it ever came to my lot to be witness to. It was a sight for a young soldier, that the longest service may not furnish again."

"If we drive them back once more," cried Prescott, "they cannot rally again." To the enduring husbandmen about him, the terrible and appalling scene was altogether new. "We are ready for the red-coats again," they shouted, cheering their commander, and not one of them shrunk from duty.

LV.—WARREN'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

PIERPONT.

1 STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye hope for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel!
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

2 Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

3 In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must:
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell!

LVI. — GINEVRA.

ROGERS.

[SAMUEL ROGERS was born at Newington Green, near London, July 30, 1763, and died December 18, 1855. In 1792, he published his "Pleasures of Memory," a poem which gave him an honorable and enduring place among the poets of his country. His subsequent productions, which are not very numerous, cannot be said to have added materially to his reputation. His poetry is marked by the careful finish and grace of patient elaboration.

The following extract is from "Italy," a poem published in 1822, consisting of sketches of Italian scenery, manners, and history. Modena is a town in the northern part of Italy. Here is kept an old worm-eaten bucket, said to have been taken from the Bolognese by the Modenese, in a fight in the thirteenth century. This trophy forms the subject of a mock-heroic poem, called "The Rape of the Bucket," by Tassoni, an Italian poet of the sixteenth century. Zampieri was a celebrated painter of Bologna, (Bo-lōn'yä,) more generally known by his first name, Domenichino, (Do-mā-nē-kē'-nō,) or Domenico, (Do-mā'ne-cō).]

1 If ever you should come to Modena,*
(Where among other relics you may see
Tassoni's bucket — but 't is not the true one,)
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain you — but, before you go,
Enter the house, — forget it not, I pray you,
And look awhile upon a picture there.

2 'T is of a lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious family;
Done by Zampieri † — but by whom I care not.
He, who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

3 She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said, "Beware!" her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers and clasped from head to foot,

* Mō'de-nä. † Dzăm-pe-ā'rō.

An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls.

4 But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart —
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

5 Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent*
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ,
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestors —
That by the way — it may be true or false —
But don't forget the picture; and you will not,
When you have heard the tale they told me there.

6 She was an only child — her name Ginevra,
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

7 Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come — the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

* Antonio da Trento, a celebrated wood engraver, was born at Trent, in the Venetian States, about 1508.

8 Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast,
When all sate down, the bride herself was wanting,
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'T is but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not!

9 Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Donati lived — and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find — he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless — then went to strangers.

10 Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 't was said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'T was done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst — it fell — and lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished — save a wedding-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, — the name of both, —
"Ginevra."

— There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever!

LVII. — THE WESTERN POSTS.

AMES.

[FISHER AMES was born in Dedham, Massachusetts, April 9, 1758, and died in the same place July 4, 1808. When the federal government went into operation, he was elected the first representative of his district in Congress, and retained his seat through the whole of the administration of Washington, of whose policy and measures he was an ardent supporter. He was a very eloquent man, remarkable alike for his readiness in debate and the finished beauty of his prepared speeches. He was a copious writer upon political subjects, and his essays are remarkable for vigor of thought and brilliant and animated style. In private life Mr. Ames was one of the most amiable and delightful of men, and possessed of rare conversational powers.

The speech from which the following extract is taken was delivered in the House of Representatives, April 28, 1796, in support of a resolution in favor of passing the laws necessary for carrying into effect a treaty recently negotiated with Great Britain by Mr. Jay. By this treaty, Great Britain agreed to surrender certain posts on the western frontier, which she still held. Mr. Ames argued that the possession of these posts was essential for the preservation of the western settlers against the Indians.]

IF any, against all these proofs, should maintain, that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the convictions of the western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk. On this theme my emotions are unutterable. If I could

find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, wake from your false security; your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions are soon to be renewed; the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again; in the daytime, your path through the woods will be ambushed; the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father — the blood of your sons shall fatten your cornfield. You are a mother — the war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings; it is a spectacle of horror which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language, compared with which all I have said or can say will be poor and frigid.

Will it be whispered that the treaty has made me a new champion for the protection of the frontiers? It is known that my voice, as well as vote, has been uniformly given in conformity with the ideas I have expressed. Protection is the right of the frontiers; it is our duty to give it.

Who will accuse me of wandering out of the subject? Who will say that I exaggerate the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer by a sneer that this is all idle preaching? Will any one deny that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty, for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their subjects? Are republicans irresponsible? Have the principles on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings, no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish pretty topics of harangue from the windows of that State House? I trust it is neither too presumptuous

nor too late to ask, Can you put the dearest interest of society at risk, without guilt, and without remorse?

It is vain to offer as an excuse that public men are not to be reproached for the evils that may happen to ensue from their measures. This is very true, where they are unforeseen or inevitable. Those I have depicted are not unforeseen; they are so far from inevitable, we are going to bring them into being by our vote; we choose the consequences, and become as justly answerable for them as for the measure that we know will produce them.

By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render an account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make; to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake; to our country; and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable; and if duty be anything more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

There is no mistake in this case, there can be none; experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness; it exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture; already they seem to sigh in the western wind; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

LVIII. — OVER THE RIVER.

MISS PRIEST.

1 OVER the river they beckon to me —
Loved ones who 've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There 's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there;
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

2 Over the river, the boatman pale
Carried another — the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale —
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

3 For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail, —
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;

We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

4 And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit-land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

LIX. — TRUE HONESTY.

FOLLEN.

[CHARLES FOLLEN was born at Romrod, in Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany, September 4, 1796, emigrated to this country in 1824, on account of the danger to which he was exposed from his liberal opinions, and died in January, 1840, a victim of that fearful tragedy,—the burning of the steamboat Lexington, in Long Island Sound. At the time of his death, he was pastor of a church in East Lexington, Massachusetts, and he had previously been for some years Professor of the Language and Literature of Germany in the University at Cambridge.

He was a man of admirable qualities of mind and character. His courage was of the highest temper, and graced by Christian gentleness and forbearance. He had a generous and wide-embracing philanthropy, and yet was never neglectful of the daily charities and kindnesses of life. The duties of his sacred calling he discharged with great fidelity. His sermons were of a high order, and his devotional exercises were most fervid and impressive.

Dr. Follen had also an excellent understanding and a thorough cultivation. While in Germany he had been a teacher of jurisprudence, and his lectures had attracted much attention. He had a taste and a capacity for metaphysical and

psychological investigations, and at the time of his death had made some progress in a work on the nature and functions of the soul. His English style is very remarkable. Not only is there no trace of foreign idiom in it, but his writings might be put into the hands of students of our language as models of accuracy, neatness, and precision.

Dr. Follen's works were published, after his death, by his widow, in five volumes: the first volume containing a memoir. They consist of sermons, lectures, and occasional discourses. The following extract is taken from one of his sermons.]

HONESTY is often recommended to those who seem more especially to need the recommendation, by the common saying that "honesty is the best policy." This maxim is to a certain extent true, and borne out by experience. The dishonest man is continually undermining his own credit; and not only is credit the first requisite for obtaining the conveniences of life which can be bought or hired, but all our social blessings, arising from the confidence, esteem, and love of our fellow-men, depend essentially on good faith. Our conscience and our reason fully approve of a state of things that should secure the enjoyment of property, of confidence, esteem, and affection, to him who alone deserves them.

So far, then, the common saying, that honesty is the best — that is, the most profitable — policy, has a good foundation, both in experience and in sound reason. But, like all the other current doctrines of expediency which commend virtue not for its own sake, — that is, on account of the happiness which is found in the exercise of virtue, — that common saying, too, which makes honesty an instrument of policy, is untrue and mischievous in some of its most important bearings and consequences.

In the first place, those who are in the habit of considering honesty the most profitable line of conduct, are apt to look upon virtue, in general, as a matter of policy — to value it solely or chiefly in proportion to the price it will bring in the market. This habit of calculating the interest of virtue undermines the moral sensibility, and, by degrees, unfits the selfish calculator for that deep satisfac-

tion, arising from the simple consciousness of rectitude, which the truly honest man does not hesitate to purchase with the loss of all the advantages which the most successful policy could have secured.

But besides the immoral tendency of this economical view of virtue, it is not consistent with facts, with experience, that honesty is always the best, the most successful, policy. He is not always the most successful merchant who in no instance deviates from the strict principles of honesty; but rather he whose general way of doing business is so fair and equitable, that he can, without much danger, avail himself of some favorable opportunity to make his fortune by a mode of proceeding which would have ruined his credit if he had been so impolitic as to make this successful deviation from duty the general line of his conduct.

Again, he is not always the most prosperous lawyer who never undertakes the defence of a cause which his conscience condemns; but rather he who never undertakes a cause so palpably unjust that it cannot be gained even by the most skilful and artful management; while the power of making a bad cause appear good, when discreetly employed, is apt to enhance, rather than degrade, his professional character.

Again, he is not always the most influential politician who never deviates from the straight path of political justice; but rather he who goes upon the common principle that "all is fair in politics," provided he does not become guilty of any such dishonesty as will not be pardoned by his own party.

In the same way, he is not apt to be the most popular divine, who, regardless both of the praise and of the censure of men, declares the whole counsel of God, as it stands revealed to his own mind; but rather he who regards the signs of the times as much as the handwriting of God, modifying the plain honesty of apostolic preaching

with a politic regard to the likes and dislikes, the passions and prejudices, of men.

I believe, then, that experience does not verify the common saying, that honesty is the best — that is, the most profitable — policy. It is so in most cases, but not in all. Hence those who recommend honesty on the ground of its being the best policy, advise men to act from a motive which, in some, perhaps the most important cases, may lead them into dishonesty. Steal no more! Cease to do evil! Learn to do well! These are the simple precepts addressed to the consciences of men, without leaving it to their discretion to decide in what cases they may do evil, if in all others they do well.

If you compare this simple doctrine of Scripture and of conscience, which enjoins honesty because of its intrinsic excellence, with the doctrine of worldly wisdom, which recommends honesty as the most profitable policy, and if you put both maxims to the test of experience, you will know by their fruits which is of God and which of man. In those cases where honesty is in part the worst policy, the man who is virtuous for virtue's sake will choose to endure all the evils connected with the performance of duty, rather than the simple consciousness of guilt; while in all those cases in which honesty turns out to be the best policy, the joy of acting right, without regard to the consequences, exceeds every other reward.

LX. — PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LONGFELLOW.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

2 He said to his friend, — "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light, —
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

3 Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

4 Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

5 Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,

Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

6 Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

7 Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.

8 And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

9 A hurry of hoofs in a village-street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

10 It was twelve by the village-clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

11 It was one by the village-clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

12 It was two by the village-clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning-breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

13 You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

14 So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance, and not of fear, —
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight-message of Paul Revere.

LXI. — WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON.

IRVING.

[This sketch of Washington's manner of life, from the close of the old French war to the beginning of the revolution, is from the first volume of Irving's "Life of Washington."]

MOUNT VERNON was beautifully situated on a swelling height, crowned with wood, and commanding a magnificent view up and down the Potomac. The grounds immediately about it were laid out somewhat in the English taste. The estate was apportioned into separate farms, devoted to different kinds of culture, each having its allot-

ted laborers; much, however, was still covered with wild woods, seamed with deep dells and runs of water, and indented with inlets — haunts of deer and lurking-places of foxes. The whole woody region along the Potomac from Mount Vernon to Belvoir, and far beyond, with its range of forests, and hills, and picturesque promontories, afforded sport of various kinds, and was a noble hunting-ground. Washington had hunted through it with old Lord Fairfax in his stripling days; we do not wonder that his feelings throughout life incessantly reverted to it.

"No estate in United America," observes he in one of his letters, "is more pleasantly situated — in a high and healthy country; in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold; on one of the finest rivers in the world, a river well stocked with various kinds of fish at all seasons of the year, and in the spring with shad, herring, bass, carp, sturgeon, &c., in great abundance. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tide-water; several valuable fisheries appertain to it; the whole shore, in fact, is one entire fishery."

These were as yet the aristocratical days of Virginia. The estates were large, and continued in the same families by entail. Many of the wealthy planters were connected with old families in England. The young men, especially the elder sons, were often sent to finish their education there, and on their return brought out the tastes and habits of the mother country. The governors of Virginia were from the higher ranks of society, and maintained a corresponding state. The "established" or Episcopal church predominated throughout the "ancient dominion," as it was termed; each county was divided into parishes, as in England — each with its parochial church, its parsonage, and glebe.

A style of living prevailed among the opulent Virginia families in those days that has long since faded away. The houses were spacious, commodious, liberal in all their

appointments, and fitted to cope with the free-handed, open-hearted hospitality of the owners. Nothing was more common than to see handsome services of plate, elegant equipages, and superb carriage horses — all imported from England.

The Virginia planters were prone to leave the care of their estates too much to their overseers, and to think personal labor a degradation. Washington carried into his rural affairs the same method, activity, and circumspection that had distinguished him in military life. He kept his own accounts, posted up his books, and balanced them with mercantile exactness. We have examined them, as well as his diaries recording his daily occupations, and his letter-books, containing entries of shipments of tobacco, and correspondence with his London agents. They are monuments of his business habits. The products of his estate also became so noted for the faithfulness, as to quantity and quality, with which they were put up, that it is said any barrel of flour that bore the brand of George Washington, Mount Vernon, was exempted from the customary inspection in the West India ports. He rose early, often before daybreak in the winter when the nights were long. On such occasions he lighted his own fire, and wrote or read by candlelight. He breakfasted at seven in summer, at eight in winter. Two small cups of tea, and three or four cakes of Indian meal, (called hoe-cakes,) formed his frugal repast. Immediately after breakfast he mounted his horse, and visited those parts of the estate where any work was going on, seeing to everything with his own eyes, and often aiding with his own hand.

Washington delighted in the chase. In the hunting season, when he rode out early in the morning to visit distant parts of the estate, he often took some of the dogs with him, for the chance of starting a fox, which he occasionally did, though he was not always successful in kill-

ing him. He was a bold rider and an admirable horseman, though he never claimed the merit of being an accomplished fox-hunter. In the height of the season, however, he would be out with the fox-hounds two or three times a week, accompanied by his guests at Mount Vernon, and the gentlemen of the neighborhood, especially the Fairfaxes of Belvoir, of which estate his friend George William Fairfax was now the proprietor. On such occasions there would be a hunting dinner at one or other of those establishments, at which convivial repasts Washington is said to have enjoyed himself with unwonted hilarity.

Occasionally he and Mrs. Washington would pay a visit to Annapolis, at that time the seat of government of Maryland, and partake of the gayeties which prevailed during the session of the legislature. The society of these seats of provincial governments was always polite and fashionable, and more exclusive than in these republican days, being, in a manner, the outposts of the English aristocracy, where all places of dignity or profit were secured for younger sons and poor but proud relatives. During the session of the legislature, dinners and balls abounded, and there were occasional attempts at theatricals. The latter was an amusement for which Washington always had a relish, though he never had an opportunity of gratifying it effectually. Neither was he disinclined to mingle in the dance; and we remember to have heard venerable ladies, who had been belles in his day, pride themselves on having had him for a partner, though, they added, he was apt to be a ceremonious and grave one.

In this round of rural occupation, rural amusement, and social intercourse, Washington passed several tranquil years, the halcyon season of his life. His already established reputation drew many visitors to Mount Vernon; some of his early companions in arms were his occasional guests, and his friendships and connections linked him

with some of the most prominent and worthy people of the country, who were sure to be received with cordial but simple and unpretending hospitality. His marriage was not blessed with children; but those of Mrs. Washington experienced from him parental care and affection, and the formation of their minds and manners was one of the dearest objects of his attention. His domestic concerns and social enjoyments, however, were not permitted to interfere with his public duties. He was active by nature, and eminently a man of business by habit. As judge of the county court, and member of the House of Burgesses, he had numerous calls upon his time and thoughts, and was often drawn from home; for whatever trust he undertook he was sure to fulfil with scrupulous exactness.

LXII. — THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL.

SOUTHEY.

[ROBERT SOUTHEY was born in Bristol, England, August 12, 1774, and died March 21, 1843. For the last forty years of his life he resided at Keswick, in the county of Cumberland. He was a very voluminous writer in verse and prose, and his works would fill not less than a hundred volumes. His poetry is characterized by a rich and gorgeous fancy, great beauty in description, and an elevated moral tone, but not by high creative power. His "Thalaba" and "Curse of Kehama" are splendid Oriental visions, and his "Roderick" is an elaborate and well-sustained work. Many of his shorter poems are marked by a happy vein of humor.

His prose style is admirable; pure, simple, perspicuous, and energetic; singularly well suited for narrative, and hardly less so for reasoning upon the usual topics of controversy among men. His best known prose works are "The Life of Nelson," "The Life of Wesley," "The History of the Peninsular War," "The History of Brazil," "Sir Thomas More, or Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society," "The Life of Cowper," and "The Doctor."

Southey was exclusively a man of letters, and few men have ever adorned that profession with higher qualities of character. He was admirable in all the relations of life, full of warm affections, and ever faithful to duty. He had strong prejudices, but they were honestly entertained. His literary industry was worthy of all praise. He was a passionate lover of books, and left behind him a large and valuable library. Overworn by excessive mental toil and domestic anxiety, the light of his mind faded away before death released him; and his last years were passed in ignorance alike of his books and his friends.]

STRANGER. Whom are they ushering from the world, with all
This pageantry and long parade of death?
TOWNSMAN. A long parade, indeed, sir, and yet here
You see but half; round yonder bend it reaches
A furlong farther, carriage behind carriage.
STRAN. 'T is but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
Tempts me to stand a gazer.
TOWNS. Yonder schoolboy,
Who plays the truant, says the proclamation
Of peace * was nothing to the show, and even
The chairing of the members at election †
Would not have been a finer sight than this;
Only that red and green are prettier colors
Than all this mourning. There, sir, you behold
One of the red-gowned ‡ worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange, —
Ay, what was worth, last week, a good half million, —
Screwed down in yonder hearse.
STRAN. Then he was born
Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance.
TOWNS. When I first heard his death, that very wish
Leapt to my lips; but now the closing scene
Of the comedy hath wakened wiser thoughts;
And I bless God, that when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of wealth like his
To sink me down.

* This poem was written in 1803. The allusion in the text is to the peace of Amiens, between England, France, Spain, and Holland, which was concluded in May, 1802.

† In England, after a contested parliamentary election, the successful members are sometimes carried about in a chair on the shoulders of their partisans. In such elections, also, the voters on different sides are sometimes designated by ribbons and badges of a peculiar color.

‡ In England, a red gown is a common official dress of mayors and aldermen of cities, worn on important occasions.

STRAN. The camel and the needle, —
Is that then in your mind?
TOWNS. Even so. The text
Is gospel wisdom. I would ride the camel,
Yea, leap him flying through the needle's eye,
As easily as such a pampered soul
Could pass the narrow gate.
STRAN. Your pardon, sir.
But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.
TOWNS. Your pardon, too, sir,
If, with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood. But for these barren fig-trees
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.
STRAN. Was his wealth
Stored fraudfully, the spoil of orphans wronged,
And widows who had none to plead their right?
TOWNS. All honest, open, honorable gains,
Fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the east and west.
STRAN. Why judge you then
So hardly of the dead?
TOWNS. For what he left
Undone; — for sins, not one of which is mentioned
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believed no other gods than those of the Creed;
Bowed to no idols — but his money-bags;
Swore no false oaths — except at the custom-house;
Kept the Sabbath — idle; built a monument
To honor his dead father; did no murder;
Never picked pockets; never bore false witness;
And never, with that all-commanding wealth
Coveted his neighbor's house, nor ox, nor ass.

STRAN. You knew him, then, it seems?
TOWNS. As all men know
The virtues of your hundred-thousanders:
They never hide their lights beneath a bushel.
STRAN. Nay, nay, uncharitable sir! for often
Doth bounty, like a streamlet, flow unseen,
Freshening and giving life along its course.
TOWNS. We track the streamlet by the brighter green
And livelier growth it gives: — but as for this —
This was a stagnant pool of waters foul;
The rains of heaven engendered nothing in it
But slime and rank corruption.
STRAN. Yet even these
Are reservoirs whence public charity
Still keeps her channels full.
TOWNS. Now, sir, you touch
Upon the point. This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise,
But the poor man never rung at his door:
And the old beggar, at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands, hat in hand, —
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world, — donations to keep open
A running charity account with Heaven; —
Retaining fees against the last assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old arch-lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.
STRAN. I must needs
Believe you, sir; — these are your witnesses,
These mourners here, who from their carriages
Gape at the gaping crowd. A good March wind

Were to be prayed for now, to lend their eyes
Some decent rheum. The very hireling mute*
Bears not a face blanker of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family.
How can this man have lived, that thus his death
Costs not the soiling one white handkerchief?
TOWNS. Who should lament for him, sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlor-spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus? Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught.
The multiplication table was his creed,
His pater-noster, and his decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play,
He, in a close and dusky counting-house,
Smoke-dried, and seared, and shrivelled up his heart.
So, from the way in which he was trained up,
His feet departed not; he toiled and moiled,
Poor muckworm! through his threescore years and ten;
And when the earth shall now be shovelled on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 't would still be dirt to dirt.
STRAN. Yet your next newspapers will blazon him,
For industry and honorable wealth,
A bright example.
TOWNS. Even half a million
Gets him no other praise. But come this way

*Mutes are persons dressed in deep mourning, who are sometimes employed by undertakers, in England, to stand before the door of a house in which preparations for a funeral are going on.

Some twelve months hence, and you will find his virtues
Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
Faith, with her torch beside, and little Cupids
Dropping upon his urn their marble tears.

LXIII. — VOICES OF THE DEAD.

CUMMING.

[JOHN CUMMING, D. D., is the pastor of a Scotch Presbyterian church in the city of London. He is a popular and eloquent preacher, and the author of many works which are favorably known in this country as well as in Europe. Among them are "Apocalyptic Sketches," "Lectures on the Parables," and "Voices of the Night."]

WE die, but leave an influence behind us that survives. The echoes of our words are evermore repeated, and reflected along the ages. It is what man was that lives and acts after him. What he said sounds along the years like voices amid the mountain gorges; and what he did is repeated after him in ever multiplying and never ceasing reverberations. Every man has left behind him influences for good or for evil that will never exhaust themselves. The sphere in which he acts may be small, or it may be great. It may be his fireside, or it may be a kingdom; a village, or a great nation; it may be a parish, or broad Europe; but act he does, ceaselessly and forever. His friends, his family, his successors in office, his relatives are all receptive of an influence, a moral influence which he has transmitted and bequeathed to mankind; either a blessing which will repeat itself in showers of benedictions, or a curse which will multiply itself in ever accumulating evil.

Every man is a missionary, now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends and designs it, or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society, or he may be a blessing, spreading benedictions over the length and breadth of the

world; but a blank he cannot be. The seed sown in life springs up in harvests of blessings, or harvests of sorrow. Whether our influence be great or small, whether it be good or evil, it lasts, it lives somewhere, within some limit, and is operative wherever it is. The grave buries the dead dust, but the character walks the world, and distributes itself, as a benediction or a curse, among the families of mankind.

The sun sets beyond the western hills, but the trail of light he leaves behind him guides the pilgrim to his distant home. The tree falls in the forest; but in the lapse of ages it is turned into coal, and our fires burn now the brighter, because it grew and fell. The coral insect dies, but the reef it raised breaks the surge on the shores of great continents, or has formed an isle in the bosom of the ocean, to wave with harvests for the good of man. We live and we die; but the good or evil that we do lives after us, and is not "buried with our bones."

The babe that perished on the bosom of its mother, like a flower that bowed its head and drooped amid the death-frosts of time — that babe, not only in its image, but in its influence, still lives and speaks in the chambers of the mother's heart.

The friend with whom we took sweet counsel is removed visibly from the outward eye; but the lessons that he taught, the grand sentiments that he uttered, the holy deeds of generosity by which he was characterized, the moral lineaments and likeness of the man, still survive, and appear in the silence of eventide, and on the tablets of memory, and in the light of morn, and noon, and dewy eve; and, being dead, he yet speaks eloquently, and in the midst of us.

Mahomet still lives in his practical and disastrous influence in the East. Napoleon still is France, and France is almost Napoleon. Martin Luther's dead dust sleeps at Wittenburg, but Martin Luther's accents still ring through

the churches of Christendom. Shakspeare, Byron, and Milton, all live in their influence, for good or evil. The apostle from his chair, the minister from his pulpit, the martyr from his flame-shroud, the statesman from his cabinet, the soldier in the field, the sailor on the deck, who all have passed away to their graves, still live in the practical deeds that they did, in the lives they lived, and in the powerful lessons that they left behind them.

"None of us liveth to himself;" others are affected by that life; "or dieth to himself;" others are interested in that death. Our queen's crown may moulder, but she who wore it will act upon the ages which are yet to come. The noble's coronet may be reft in pieces, but the wearer of it is now doing what will be reflected by thousands who will be made and moulded by him. Dignity, and rank, and riches, are all corruptible and worthless; but moral character has an immortality that no sword-point can destroy; that ever walks the world and leaves lasting influences behind.

What we do is transacted on a stage of which all in the universe are spectators. What we say is transmitted in echoes that will never cease. What we are is influencing and acting on the rest of mankind. Neutral we cannot be. Living we act, and dead we speak; and the whole universe is the mighty company forever looking, forever listening, and all nature the tablets forever recording the words, the deeds, the thoughts, the passions, of mankind!

Monuments, and columns, and statues, erected to heroes, poets, orators, statesmen, are all influences that extend into the future ages. "The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle"* still speaks. The Mantuan bard† still sings in every school. Shakspeare, the bard of Avon, is still translated into every tongue. The philosophy of the Stagyrite‡ is still felt in every academy. Whether these influences are beneficent or the reverse, they are influences fraught with power.

*Homer. †Virgil. ‡Aristotle.

How blest must be the recollection of those who, like the setting sun, have left a trail of light behind them by which others may see the way to that rest which remaineth with the people of God!

It is only the pure fountain that brings forth pure water. The good tree only will produce the good fruit. If the centre from which all proceeds is pure and holy, the radii of influence from it will be pure and holy also. Go forth, then, into the spheres that you occupy, the employments, the trades, the professions of social life; go forth into the high places or into the lowly places of the land; mix with the roaring cataracts of social convulsions, or mingle amid the eddies and streamlets of quiet and domestic life; whatever sphere you fill, carrying into it a holy heart, you will radiate around you life and power, and leave behind you holy and beneficent influences.

LXIV. — THE RAINBOW.

ANONYMOUS.

1 The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Played the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze;
The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

2 For the Queen of the Spring, as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And fresh in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

3 The skies, like a banner in sunset unrolled,
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold;
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increased,
Till its margin of black touched the zenith, and east.

4 We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glowed,
When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud; —
'T was not like the Sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the Moon, that rolls nightly through star-light and blue.

5 Like a spirit, it came in the van of the storm!
And the eye, and the heart, hailed its beautiful form;
For it looked not severe, like an Angel of Wrath,
But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.

6 In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

7 'T was the bow of Omnipotence; bent in His hand
Whose grasp at Creation the universe spanned;
'T was the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,
His vow from the flood to the exit of Time!

8 Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind He pleads,
When storms are His chariot, and lightnings His steeds,
The black clouds His banner of vengeance unfurled,
And thunder His voice to a guilt-stricken world; —

9 In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword and the plague-spot, with death strew the plain,
And vultures, and wolves, are the graves of the slain:

10 Not such was the Rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone — the Sun;
A pavilion it seemed which the Deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there, and embraced.

11 Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene; whence it slowly retired,
As if Love had just vanished, or Hope had expired.

12 I gazed not alone on that source of my song;
To all who beheld it these verses belong;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord;
Each full heart expanded, — grew warm, and adored.

13 Like a visit — the converse of friends — or a day,
That bow, from my sight, passed forever away:
Like that visit, that converse, that day — to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.

14 'T is a picture in memory distinctly defined,
With the strong and unperishing colors of mind:
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

LXV. — INCENTIVES TO DUTY.

SUMNER.

[CHARLES SUMNER was born in Boston, January 6, 1811, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1830. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, and in 1837 visited Europe, where he remained till 1840, travelling in Italy, Germany, and France, and residing nearly a year in England. On the Fourth of July, 1845, he pronounced before the municipal authorities of Boston an oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," which was an eloquent argument against the war system of nations, and in favor of peaceful arbitration in the settlement of international questions. This oration was widely circulated, both in America and England. Having become earnestly engaged in the anti-slavery cause, he was chosen to the senate of the United States from the state of Massachusetts, in the winter of 1851, and still continues a member of that body, having been twice re-elected. He is well known for the energy and eloquence with which he has assailed the institution of slavery. His works, consisting of speeches and occasional addresses, have been published in three volumes, and are remarkable for fervid eloquence and abundant illustration.

The following extract is the conclusion of a discourse pronounced before

the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society of Harvard College, at their anniversary, August 27, 1846, entitled "The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, the Philanthropist," and in commemoration of four deceased members of the society, John Pickering, Joseph Story, Washington Allston, and William Ellery Channing.]

Thus have I attempted, humbly and affectionately, to bring before you the images of our departed brothers, while I dwelt on the great causes in which their lives were made manifest. Servants of Knowledge, of Justice, of Beauty, of Love, they have ascended to the great Source of Knowledge, Justice, Beauty, Love. Each of our brothers is removed; but though dead, yet speaketh, informing our understandings, strengthening our sense of justice, refining our tastes, enlarging our sympathies. The body dies; but the page of the Scholar, the interpretation of the Jurist, the creation of the Artist, the beneficence of the Philanthropist, cannot die.

I have dwelt upon their lives and characters, less in grief for what we have lost, than in gratitude for what we so long possessed, and still retain, in their precious example. In proud recollection of her departed children, Alma Mater might well exclaim, in those touching words of paternal grief, that she would not give her dead sons for any living sons in Christendom. Pickering, Story, Allston, Channing! A grand Quaternion! Each, in his peculiar sphere, was foremost in his country. Each might have said, what the modesty of Demosthenes did not forbid him to boast, that, through him, his country had been crowned abroad. Their labors were wide as the Commonwealth of Letters, Laws, Art, Humanity, and have found acceptance wherever these have found dominion.

Their lives, which overflow with instruction, teach one persuasive lesson, which speaks alike to all of every calling and pursuit, — *not to live for ourselves alone.* They lived for Knowledge, Justice, Beauty, Humanity. Withdrawing from the strifes of the world, from the allurements of office, and the rage for gain, they consecrated themselves to the pursuit of excellence, and each, in his own voca-

tion, to beneficent labor. They were all philanthropists; for the labors of all promoted the welfare and happiness of mankind.

In the contemplation of their generous, unselfish lives, we feel the insignificance of office and wealth, which men so hotly pursue. What is office? and what is wealth? They are the expressions and representatives of what is present and fleeting only, investing their possessor, perhaps, with a brief and local regard. But let this not be exaggerated; let it not be confounded with the serene fame which is the reflection of important labors in great causes. The street lights, within the circle of their nightly scintillation, seem to outshine the distant stars, observed of men in all lands and times; but gas-lamps are not to be mistaken for the celestial luminaries.

They, who live only for wealth and the things of this world, follow shadows, neglecting the great realities which are eternal on earth and in heaven. After the perturbations of life, all its accumulated possessions must be resigned, except those alone which have been devoted to God and mankind. What we do for *ourselves*, perishes with this mortal dust; what we do for *others*, lives in the grateful hearts of all who feel or know the benefaction. Worms may destroy the body; but they cannot consume such a fame. It is fondly cherished on earth, and never forgotten in heaven.

The selfish struggles of the crowd, the clamors of a false patriotism, the suggestions of a sordid ambition, cannot obscure that great commanding duty which enjoins perpetual labor, without distinction of country, of color, or of race, for the welfare of the whole Human Family. In this mighty Christian cause, Knowledge, Jurisprudence, Art, Philanthropy, all are blessed ministers. More puissant than the Sword, they shall lead mankind from the bondage of error into that service which is perfect freedom. Our departed brothers join in summoning you to this glad-

some obedience. Their examples speak for them. Go forth into the many mansions of the house of life: scholars! store them with learning; jurists! build them with justice; artists! adorn them with beauty; philanthropists! let them resound with love. Be servants of truth, each in his vocation; doers of the word and not hearers only. Be sincere, pure in heart, earnest, enthusiastic. A virtuous enthusiasm is always self-forgetful and noble. It is the only inspiration now vouchsafed to man. Like Pickering, blend humility with learning. Like Story, ascend above the Present, in place and time. Like Allston, regard fame only as the eternal shadow of excellence. Like Channing, bend in adoration before the right. Cultivate alike the wisdom of experience and the wisdom of hope. Mindful of the Future, do not neglect the Past: awed by the majesty of Antiquity, turn not with indifference from the Future. True wisdom looks to the ages before us, as well as behind us. Like the Janus of the Capitol, one front thoughtfully regards the Past, rich with experience, with memories, with the priceless traditions of virtue; the other is earnestly directed to the All Hail Hereafter, richer still with its transcendent hopes and unfulfilled prophecies.

We stand on the threshold of a new age, which is preparing to recognize new influences. The ancient divinities of Violence and Wrong are retreating to their kindred darkness.

There 's a fount about to stream,
There 's a light about to beam,
There 's a warmth about to glow,
There 's a flower about to blow;
There 's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way.

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;

Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play;
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way.

The age of Chivalry has gone. An age of Humanity has come. The Horse, whose importance more than human, gave the name to that early period of gallantry and war,* now yields his foremost place to Man. In serving him, in promoting his elevation, in contributing to his welfare, in doing him good, there are fields of bloodless triumph, nobler far than any in which the bravest knight ever conquered. Here are spaces of labor, wide as the world, lofty as heaven. Let me say, then, in the benison once bestowed upon the youthful knight, — Scholars! jurists! artists! philanthropists! heroes of a Christian age, companions of a celestial knighthood, "Go forth, be brave, loyal, and successful!"

And may it be our office to-day to light a fresh beacon-fire on the venerable walls of Harvard, sacred to Truth, to Christ, and the Church, — to Truth Immortal, to Christ the Comforter, to the Holy Church Universal. Let the flame spread from steeple to steeple, from hill to hill, from island to island, from continent to continent, till the long lineage of fires shall illumine all the nations of the earth; animating them to the holy contests of KNOWLEDGE, JUSTICE, BEAUTY, LOVE.

LXVI. — ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

OSSIAN.

O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting

* Chivalry is derived from *cheval*, the French word for a horse.

light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

LXVII. — THE BURIAL OF ARNOLD.*

N. P. Willis.

[Mr. Willis is a living American writer in prose and verse. He is a graduate of Yale College, of the class of 1827. His prose writings fill many volumes, comprising travels, tales, essays, sketches of life and manners, and descriptions of natural scenery. His style is airy and graceful, his perception of beauty keen and discriminating, and his descriptive powers of a high order. Few men can present a visible scene, a landscape, or a natural object more distinctly to the eye. His poetry has the same general characteristics. It is sweet, flowing, and musical, and, in its best specimens, marked by truth of sentiment and delicacy of feeling. He has been for many years one of the editors of the "Home Journal," a weekly newspaper published in New York, and has resided upon the Hudson River. The fine sketches of the scenery in

* A member of the senior class in Yale College.

his neighborhood which have from time to time appeared in his paper have thrown a new interest over that noble river, already graced with so many historical and literary associations.

Mr. Willis, of late years, has written less poetry than could be wished by those who remember and admire the grace and sweetness of so many of his early productions.]

1 Ye 've gathered to your place of prayer,
With slow and measured tread:
Your ranks are full, your mates all there—
But the soul of one has fled.
He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all;
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall?

2 Ye reckon it in days, since he
Strode up that foot-worn aisle,
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
And his lip wreathed with a smile.
O, had it been but told you then,
To mark whose lamp was dim,
From out yon rank of fresh-lipped men,
Would ye have singled him?

3 Whose was the sinewy arm, which flung
Defiance to the ring?
Whose laugh of victory loudest rung,
But not for glorying?
Whose heart, in generous deed and thought,
No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not?
There lies he — go and look!

4 On now — his requiem is done,
The last deep prayer is said —
On to his burial, comrades — on,
With the noblest of the dead!

Slow — for it presses heavily —
It is a man ye bear!
Slow, for our thoughts dwell wearily
On the noble sleeper there.

5 Tread lightly, comrades! — we have laid
His dark locks on his brow —
Like life — save deeper light and shade —
We 'll not disturb them now.
Tread lightly — for 't is beautiful,
That blue-veined eyelid's sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull —
Its slumber we will keep.

6 Rest now! — his journeying is done —
Your feet are on his sod —
Death's chain is on your champion —
He waiteth here his God!
Ay — turn and weep — 't is manliness
To be heart-broken here —
For the grave of earth's best nobleness
Is watered by the tear.

LXVIII. — THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

WEBSTER.

[Conclusion of a Discourse delivered at Plymouth, Massachusetts, Decem 22, 1820, in commemoration of the first settlement in New England.]

LET us not forget the religious character of our orig
Our fathers were brought hither by their high venerat
for the Christian religion. They journeyed in its lig
and labored in its hope. They sought to incorporate
5 principles with the elements of their society, and to diff
its influence through all their institutions, civil, politi

and literary. Let us cherish these sentiments, and extend their influence still more widely; in the full conviction that that is the happiest society which partakes in the highest degree of the mild and peaceable spirit of Christianity.

The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave, for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of Being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you as you rise in your long succession to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred and parents and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth!

LXIX. — ALL THINGS ARE OF GOD.

MOORE.

[THOMAS MOORE was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779, and died February 26, 1852. His first work, a translation of the "Odes of Anacreon," published in 1800, was received with much favor; and from that time he was constantly before the public, and, as a poet, rose to a popularity second only to that of Byron or Scott. His longest poem, "Lalla Rookh," is a brilliant and gorgeous production, glowing with the finest hues of Oriental painting, and true in its details; but it cloys the mind with its excess of imagery and the luxuriant sweetness of its versification. His "Loves of the Angels," another poem of some length, was a comparative failure.

Moore's greatest strength is shown in his songs, ballads, and lyric effusions. In these, his vivid fancy, his sparkling wit, his rich command of poetical expression, his love of ornament, and his sense of music find an appropriate sphere. His Irish Melodies, especially, are of great excellence in their way. They are the truest and most earnest things he ever wrote. In many of his productions there is more or less of make-believe sentiment; but here we feel the pulse of truth. The web of Moore's poetry, however, is more remarkable for the richness of its coloring than the fineness of its texture. He is not a very careful writer, and does not bear a rigid verbal criticism.

Moore's satirical and humorous poems — of which he wrote many — are perhaps entitled to even a higher comparative rank than his serious productions, because they are such genuine and natural expressions of his mind. He was full of wit and animal spirits, and seemed to take positive delight in darting

his pointed and glittering shafts against literary and political opponents. In these lighter effusions, also, we do not require the depth of feeling, the moral tone, and the dignity of sentiment, which we seek — and seek in vain — in his serious poetry. Many of them, however, were called forth by the passing occurrences of the day and have lost their interest with the occasion that gave them birth.

In the latter years of his life, Moore was a diligent laborer in the trade of literature, and wrote many works in prose; among them, "Lives of Sheridan and Byron," "The Epicurean," a tale, "The History of Ireland," a production of much research, "The Life of Captain Rock," "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion," &c. His prose writings, in general, have not added much to his literary reputation.

Moore's private character was amiable and respectable on the whole, but he was a little too inclined to pay court to persons of higher social position than himself. He was a devoted and excellent son, and without reproach in his domestic relations. He had some knowledge of music, and sang his own songs with great taste and feeling: this accomplishment and his brilliant conversational powers made him a great favorite in society.]

1 Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,

And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

LXX. — ON THE PLEASURE OF ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.

ALISON.

[ARCHIBALD ALISON was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1757, and died there May 17, 1839. He was a clergyman of the Church of England. He wrote "Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste," a much-admired work, which passed through several editions. He also published two volumes of sermons, which obtained a wide-spread popularity both in England and America. Their reputation has subsequently declined, and they are less remarkable for vigor of thought than for finished elegance of composition.]

In every period of life, the acquisition of knowledge is one of the most pleasing employments of the human mind. But in youth, there are circumstances which make it productive of higher enjoyment. It is then that everything has the charm of novelty; that curiosity and fancy are awake; and that the heart swells with the anticipations of future eminence and utility. Even in those lower branches of instruction, which we call mere accomplishments, there is something always pleasing to the young in their acquisition. They seem to become every well-educated person; they adorn, if they do not dignify, humanity; and, what is far more, while they give an elegant employment to the hours of leisure and relaxation, they afford a means of contributing to the purity and innocence of domestic life.

But in the acquisition of knowledge of the higher kind, — in the hours when the young gradually begin the study of the laws of nature and of the faculties of the human mind, or of the magnificent revelations of the Gospel, — there is a pleasure of a sublimer nature. The cloud, which in their infant years seemed to cover nature from their view, begins

gradually to resolve. The world, in which they are placed, opens with all its wonders upon their eye; their powers of attention and observation seem to expand with the scene before them; and, while they see, for the first time, the immensity of the universe of God, and mark the majestic simplicity of those laws by which its operations are conducted, they feel as if they were awakened to a higher species of being, and admitted into nearer intercourse with the Author of Nature.

It is this period, accordingly, more than all others, that determines our hopes or fears of the future fate of the young. To feel no joy in such pursuits; to listen carelessly to the voice which brings such magnificent instruction; to see the veil raised which conceals the counsels of the Deity, and to show no emotion at the discovery, — are symptoms of a weak and torpid spirit, — of a mind unworthy of the advantages it possesses, and fitted only for the humility of sensual and ignoble pleasure. Of those, on the contrary, who distinguish themselves by the love of knowledge, who follow with ardor the career that is open to them, we are apt to form the most honorable presages. It is the character which is natural to youth, and which, therefore, promises well of their maturity. We foresee for them, at least, a life of pure and virtuous enjoyment, and we are willing to anticipate no common share of future usefulness and splendor.

In the second place, the pursuits of knowledge lead not only to happiness but to honor. "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left are riches and honor." It is honorable to excel even in the most trifling species of knowledge, in those which can amuse only the passing hour. It is more honorable to excel in those different branches of science which are connected with the liberal professions of life, and which tend so much to the dignity and well-being of humanity.

It is the means of raising the most obscure to esteem

and attention; it opens to the just ambition of youth some of the most distinguished and respected situations in society; and it places them there, with the consoling reflection, that it is to their own industry and labor, in the providence of God, that they are alone indebted for them. But, to excel in the higher attainments of knowledge, to be distinguished in those greater pursuits which have commanded the attention and exhausted the abilities of the wise in every former age, — is, perhaps, of all the distinctions of human understanding, the most honorable and grateful.

When we look back upon the great men who have gone before us in every path of glory, we feel our eye turn from the career of war and ambition, and involuntarily rest upon those who have displayed the great truths of religion, who have investigated the laws of social welfare, or extended the sphere of human knowledge. These are honors, we feel, which have been gained without a crime, and which can be enjoyed without remorse. They are honors also which can never die, — which can shed lustre even upon the humblest head, — and to which the young of every succeeding age will look up, as their brightest incentives to the pursuit of virtuous fame.

LXXI. — HYMN AT THE CONSECRATION OF A CEMETERY.

NEWELL.

[This beautiful hymn was sung at the consecration of a cemetery belonging to the city of Cambridge, in October, 1854. It was written by the Rev. WILLIAM NEWELL, a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1824, and pastor of the First Congregational Church in Cambridge. Dr. Newell has published very little; but this poem shows him to be capable of giving beautiful expression to genuine religious feeling.]

1 CHANGING, fading, falling, flying
From the homes that gave them birth,

Autumn leaves, in beauty dying,
Seek the mother breast of earth.

2 Soon shall all the songless wood
Shiver in the deepening snow,
Mourning in its solitude,
Like some Rachel in her woe.

3 Slowly sinks yon evening sun,
Softly wanes the cheerful light,
And — the twelve hours' labor done —
Onward sweeps the solemn night.

4 So on many a home of gladness
Falls, O Death, thy winter gloom;
Stands there still in doubt and sadness,
Many a Mary at the tomb.

5 But the genial spring, returning,
Will the sylvan pomp renew,
And the new-born flame of morning
Kindle rainbows in the dew.

6 So shall God, His promise keeping,
To the world by Jesus given,
Wake our loved ones, sweetly sleeping,
At the breaking dawn of heaven.

7 Light from darkness! Life from death!
Dies the body, not the soul;
From the chrysalis beneath
Soars the spirit to its goal.

8 Father, when the mourners come
With the slowly moving bier,
Weeping at the open tomb
For the lovely and the dear, —

9 Breathe into the bleeding heart
Hopes that die not with the dead;
And the peace of Christ impart
When the joys of life have fled!

LXXII. — THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

BRYANT.

[This poem, which appeared originally in "Putnam's Magazine," is one of the most beautiful compositions that ever was written; admirable in sentiment, admirable in expression. From such poetry we learn how much we owe to those poets whose genius is under the control of moral feeling; who make the imagination and the sense of beauty ministering servants at the altar of the highest good and the highest truth.]

1 WITHIN this lowly grave a conqueror lies;
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies —
Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

2 Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest in mien and mind
Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May;

Yet at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

3 Nor deem that when the hand that moulders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy east, —
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vultures' feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave;
Alone her task was wrought;
Alone the battle fought;
Through that long strife her constant hope was staid
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

4 She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore;
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took
Meekly her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain:
With love she vanquished hate, and overcame
Evil with good in her great Master's name.

5 Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies;
But when she entered at the sapphire gate,
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!
How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung!
And He who, long before,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,

The mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from His seat —
He who, returning glorious from the grave,
Dragged death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
O gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
Consoled, though sad, in hope, and yet in fear.
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun;
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won;
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee.
The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory
That ministered to thee is open still.

LXXIII. — THE BIBLE.

Study how to be wise; and in all your gettings get understanding. And especially would I urge upon your soul-wrapt attention that Book upon which all feelings, all opinions are concentrated; which enlightens the judgment, while it enlists the sentiments, and soothes the imagination in songs upon the harp of the "sweet songster of Israel." The Book which gives you a faithful insight into your heart, and consecrates its character in

"Shrines,
Such as the keen tooth of time can never touch."

Would you know the effect of that Book upon the heart? It purifies its thoughts and sanctifies its joys; it nerves and strengthens it for sorrow and the mishaps of life; and when these shall have ended and the twilight of death is

spreading its dew-damp upon the wasting features, it pours upon the last glad throb the bright and streaming light of Eternity's morning. Oh! have you ever stood beside the couch of a dying saint, when

"Without a sigh,
A change of feature or a shaded smile,
He gave his hand to the stern messenger,
And as a glad child seeks his father's arms,
Went home?"

Then you have seen the deep, the penetrating influence of this Book.

Would you know its name? It is the Book of Books — its author, God — its theme, Heaven, Eternity. The Bible! Read it, search it. Let it be first upon the shelves of your library, and first in the affections of your heart. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." Oh! if there be sublimity in the contemplation of God — if there be grandeur in the display of Eternity — if there be anything ennobling and purifying in the revelation of man's salvation, search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of these things.

LXXIV. — GOD.

DERZHAVIN.

[GABRIEL ROMANOVITCH DERZHAVIN, a Russian lyrical poet, was born in Kasan, July 3, 1743, and died July 6, 1816. He gained distinction in the military and civil service of his country, and was made secretary of state in 1791 by Catharine II. The following poem has been translated, not only into many European languages, but into those of China and Japan. It is said to have been hung up in the palace of the Emperor of China, printed in gold letters on white satin. Sir John Bowring, in his "Specimens of the Russian Poets," published in 1821, was the first person who made the readers of England and America acquainted with the writings of Derzhavin and other Russian poets.]

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide:

Unchanged through time's all devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:
Embracing all, — supporting, — ruling o'er, —
Being whom we call God — and know no more!

2 In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep — may count
The sands or the sun's rays — but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure: — none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

3 Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence: — Lord! on thee
Eternity had its foundation: — all
Sprung forth from thee: — of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin: — all life, all beauty thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

4 Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee:
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

5 A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

6 Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost:—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what am *I* then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance; weighed
Against thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity! O, what am I then? Naught!

7 Naught! yet the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought! yet I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards thy presence; for in thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely *Thou* must be!

8 Thou art! directing, guiding all, thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,

Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

9 The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit — Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here? and how so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

10 Creator, yes! thy wisdom and thy word
Created *me!* thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source — to thee — its Author there.

11 O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good!
Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

LXXV. — THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO EUROPE.

IDE.

[GEORGE B. IDE, D. D., is a native of Vermont, and a graduate of Middlebury College in that State. He has been for some years pastor of the First Baptist Ch. in Springfield, Mass. His sermons, many of which have been printed, are marked by vigor of expression and a fertile fancy. He has written several popular hymns, and is the author of "Green Hollow, or the Power of Kindness," a story of real life.

Troas was a region in the northwest part of Asia Minor, ruled over by the ancient kings of Ilium, or Troy, a famous city taken by the Greeks under command of Agamemnon. Tenedos is a small island off the coast of Troas. Philippi was a town in Macedonia, in the northern part of Greece. Illyricum, now Illyria, is a country lying on the east coast of the Adriatic.]

AT the port of Troas, a spot rich in memories of the olden time, with the ruins of Ilium in the distance, and the classic waves of the Ægean breaking at their feet, were now assembled Paul, Silas, Timothy, and Luke — four obscure and unknown voyagers, but bound on a mightier mission than had ever before been wafted over these far-famed waters.

Across the narrow strait on which they gazed, the ships of Greece had come to the siege of Troy, and full in their view lay the renowned Tenedos. Along the very coast where they stood, the myriads of Xerxes had proudly marched, while his fleet covered the sea. And, in later days, the same isle-gemmed billows had been ploughed by many a Roman galley, exulting in the pomp of victory. But never had they borne a freight so precious, or one charged with such vast results as that which was now to be committed to their keeping.

A lowly bark, whose name no historian has recorded, and no poet has sung, puts forth from the haven and wooes the favoring breeze. No sound of trumpet announces its departure; no shouting multitudes cheer it on its way; no banners floating from its masts proclaim the greatness of its embassy. And yet it bears destinies more grand than those of Agamemnon or Alexander.

On its deck, in the persons of those toil-worn and unregarded wayfarers, stand the messengers of the living God; and in the simple doctrine of a crucified Christ, which they go to publish, there resides an all-conquering power, which shall prostrate the idolatry of Greece, silence its oracles, confound its philosophy, and pour upon its population the beams of heavenly truth; and which, spreading that truth to the farthest regions of the West, shall elevate its barbarian hordes to the pinnacle of civilization, and render them centres of intellectual and moral light to the again darkened East.

Speeded by propitious gales, the little craft reaches its destination. Paul treads the heroic soil of Macedon, and begins, at Philippi, that series of evangelical conflicts and successes, in which, through all the provinces of Greece, from Corinth to Illyricum, he "fully preached the gospel of Christ."

LXXVI. — WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

SHAKSPEARE.

[The following scene is taken from the historical play of "King Henry VIII." Cardinal Wolsey had been prime minister of England, the possessor of enormous wealth and unbounded power, but, in losing the favor of the king, had lost all. Cromwell was a friend and member of his household, who remained faithful to his benefactor in his fallen fortunes.]

WOL. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost,
And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening — nips his root;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers, in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride

At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,*
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. —

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

CROM. I have no power to speak, sir.

WOL. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep
I am fallen indeed.

CROM. How does your grace?

WOL. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me, —
I humbly thank his grace, — and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy — too much honor.
O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

CROM. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

WOL. I hope I have. I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,

* That is, the ruin which princes inflict.

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

CROM. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

WOL. God bless him!

CROM. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor, in your place.

WOL. That 's somewhat sudden;
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness's favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

CROM. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed lord archbishop of Canterbury.

WOL. That 's news, indeed.

CROM. Last, that the Lady Anne,*
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

WOL. There was the weight that pulled me down! O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor, fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king:
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him

* Anne Boleyn, the second wife of King Henry VIII

(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

CROM. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
Forever, and forever, shall be yours.

WOL. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, — say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey — that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor —
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels: how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty:
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And —— Prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's; my robe,

And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
CROM. Good sir, have patience.
WOL. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

LXXVII. — THE DEAF MAN'S GRAVE.

WORDSWORTH.

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland, England, April 7, 1770, and died April 23, 1850. His life was passed for the most part in that beautiful region of England where he was born, and with which so much of his poetry is inseparably associated. He made his first appearance as an author in 1793, by the publication of a thin quarto volume of poems, which did not attract much attention. Indeed, for many years his poetry made little impression on the general public, and that not of a favorable kind. The "Edinburgh Review," — the great authority in matters of literary taste — set its face against him; and Wordsworth's own style and manner were so peculiar, and so unlike those of the poetry which was popular at the time, that he was obliged to create the taste by which he himself was judged. As time went on, his influence and popularity increased, and many years before his death he enjoyed a fame and consideration which in its calmness and serenity resembled the unbiassed judgment of posterity.

Wordsworth's popularity has never been of that comprehensive kind which Scott and Byron possessed. He had many intense admirers; but there were also many who were insensible to his claims, and many who admired him only with qualifications and limitations. He is often cold, languid, and prosaic. He is deficient in the power of presenting pictures. He often attempts to give poetical interest to themes which lie entirely out of the domain of poetry. He has no humor, and no sense of the ludicrous; and many of his poems are obnoxious to the attack of ridicule.

But on the other hand, there are very great and enduring excellences. Among these are most careful precision and accuracy of diction, a minute acquaintance and deep sympathy with nature, power and tenderness in the expression of the domestic affections, a philosophical insight into the workings of the human soul, lofty dignity of sentiment, and in his best passages, a serene, imaginative grandeur akin to that of Milton.

Wordsworth's character was pure and high. He was reserved in manner, and somewhat exclusive in his tastes and sympathies; but his friends were warmly attached to him. His domestic affections were strong and deep.

His life has been published, since his decease, by his nephew, the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, and republished in this country. In Coleridge's "Biog-

rapnia Literaria," there is an admirable review of his poetical genius, in which praise is bestowed generously and discriminatingly, and defects are pointed out with a loving and reverent hand.

The following extract is from the seventh book of "The Excursion," a descriptive and philosophical poem in twelve books.]

1 Almost at the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
Oft stretches towards me like a long straight path,
Traced faintly in the greensward; there, beneath
A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies,
From whom, in early childhood, was withdrawn
The precious gift of hearing.

2 He grew up
From year to year in loneliness of soul;
And this deep mountain valley was to him
Soundless with all its streams. The bird of dawn
Did never rouse this cottager from sleep
With startling summons: not for his delight
The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
Murmured the laboring bee. When stormy winds
Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, and driving cloud on cloud,
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture: evermore
Were all things silent wheresoe'er he moved.

3 Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
Of rural labors; the steep mountain-side
Ascended with his staff and faithful dog;
The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed;
And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
Among the jocund reapers. For himself,

All watchful and industrious as he was,
He wrought not; neither field nor flock he owned:
No wish for wealth had place within his mind;
Nor husband's love, nor father's hope or care.

4 Though born a younger brother, need was none
That from the floor of his paternal home
He should depart, to plant himself anew.
And when, mature in manhood, he beheld
His parents laid in earth, no loss ensued
Of rights to him; but he remained well pleased,
By the pure bond of independent love,
An inmate of a second family,
The fellow laborer and friend of him
To whom the small inheritance had fallen.

5 Nor deem that his mild presence was a weight
That pressed upon his brother's house; for books
Were ready comrades whom he could not tire, —
Of whose society the blameless man
Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,
Even to old age, with unabated charm
Beguiled his leisure hours; refreshed his thoughts;
Beyond its natural elevation raised
His introverted spirit; and bestowed
Upon his life an outward dignity
Which all acknowledged. The dark winter night,
The stormy day, had each its own resource —
Song of the muses, sage historic tale,
Science severe, or word of holy writ
Announcing immortality and joy
To the assembled spirits of the just,
From imperfection and decay secure.

6 Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the field,
To no perverse suspicion he gave way,

No languor, peevishness, nor vain complaint:
And they who were about him did not fail
In reverence, or in courtesy; they prized
His gentle manners; and his peaceful smiles,
The gleams of his slow-varying countenance,
Were met with answering sympathy and love.

7 At length, when sixty years and five were told,
A slow disease insensibly consumed
The powers of nature; and a few short steps
Of friends and kindred bore him from his home
(Yon cottage shaded by the woody crags)
To the profounder stillness of the grave.
Nor was his funeral denied the grace
Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful grief,
Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.

8 And now that monumental stone preserves
His name, and unambitiously relates
How long, and by what kindly outward aids,
And in what pure contentedness of mind,
The sad privation was by him endured.
And yon tall pine-tree, whose composing sound
Was wasted on the good man's living ear,
Hath now its own peculiar sanctity;
And, at the touch of every wandering breeze,
Murmurs, not idly, o'er his peaceful grave.

LXXVIII. — FEMALE EDUCATION.

EVERETT.

[From an address at the dedication of the Everett School House, Boston, September 17, 1860.]

THE school-house, whose dedication we are assembled to witness, is for the accommodation of a girls' school; and this circumstance seems to invite a few words on female educa-

tion. There is a good deal of discussion at the present day on the subject of Women's Rights. No one would be willing to allow that he wished to deprive them of their rights, and the only difficulty seems to be to settle what their rights are. The citizens of Boston, acting by their municipal representatives, have long since undertaken to answer this question in a practical way (always better than a metaphysical solution of such questions), as far as a city government can do it, by admitting the right of the girls to have, at the public expense, as good an education as the boys. It is not in the power of the city to amend our constitutions, if amendment it would be, so as to extend political privileges to the gentler sex, nor to alter the legislation which regulates the rights of property. But it was in the power of the city to withhold or to grant equal privileges of education; and it has decided that the free grammar schools of Boston should be open alike to boys and girls.

This seems to me not only a recognition, at the outset, of the most important of Women's Rights — equal participation in these institutions — but the best guaranty that, if in anything else the sex is unjustly or unfairly dealt with, the remedy will come in due time. With the acknowledged equality of woman in general intellectual endowments, though tending in either sex to an appropriate development; with her admitted superiority to man in tact, sensibility, physical and moral endurance, quickness of perception, and power of accommodation to circumstances, — give her for two or three generations equal advantages of mental culture, and the lords of creation, as you, Mr. Chairman, have called them, will have to carry more guns than they do at present, to keep her out of the enjoyment of anything, which sound reasoning and fair experiment shall show to be of her rights.

I have, however, strong doubts, whether, tried by this test, the result would be a participation in the performance of the political duties which the experience of the human

race, in all ages, has nearly confined to the coarser sex. I do not rest this opinion solely on the fact that those duties do not seem congenial with the superior delicacy of women, or compatible with the occupations which nature assigns to her in the domestic sphere. I think it would be found, on trial, that nothing would be gained, nothing changed for the better, by putting the sexes on the same footing, with respect, for instance, to the right of suffrage.

Whether the wives and sisters agreed with the husbands and brothers, or differed from them, as this agreement or difference would, in the long run, exist equally in all parties, the result would be the same as at present. So too, whether the wife or the husband had the stronger will, and so dictated the other's vote, as this also would be the same, on all sides, the result would not be affected. So that it would be likely to turn out that the present arrangement, by which the men do the electioneering and the voting for both sexes, is a species of representation, which, leaving results unchanged, promotes the convenience of all, and does injustice to none.

Meantime, for all the great desirable objects of life, the possession of equal advantages for the improvement of the mind is of vastly greater importance than the participation of political power. There are, humanly speaking, three great objects of pursuit on earth, — well-being or happiness for ourselves and families; influence and control over others; and a good name with our fellow-men, while we live and when we are gone. Who needs be told that, in the present state of the world, a good education is not indeed a sure, but by far the most likely means of attaining all the ends which constitute material prosperity, competence, position, establishment in life; and that it also opens the purest sources of enjoyment?

The happiest condition of human existence is unquestionably to be found in the domestic circle of what may be called the middle condition of life, in a family harmoni-

ously united in the cultivation and enjoyment of the innocent and rational pleasures of literature, art, and refined intercourse, equally removed from the grandeurs and the straits of society. These innocent and rational pleasures, and this solid happiness, are made equally accessible to both sexes by our admirable school system.

Then for influence over others, as it depends much more on personal qualities than on official prerogative, equality of education furnishes the amplest means of equal ascendency. It is the mental and moral forces, not political power, which mainly govern the world. It is but a few years since the three greatest powers in Europe, two on one side and one on the other, engaged in a deadly struggle with each other to decide the fate of the Turkish empire; three Christian powers straining every nerve, the one to overthrow, the two others to uphold the once great and formidable, but now decaying and effete Mahommedan despotism of Western Asia.

Not less than half a million of men were concentrated in the Crimea, and all the military talent of the age was called forth in the contest. And who, as far as individuals were concerned, bore off the acknowledged palm of energy, usefulness, and real power in that tremendous contest? Not emperors and kings, not generals, admirals, or engineers, launching from impregnable fortresses and blazing intrenchments the three-bolted thunders of war. No, but an English girl, bred up in the privacy of domestic life, and appearing on that dread stage of human action and suffering, in no higher character than that of a nurse!

And then for fame, to which, by a natural instinct, the ingenuous soul aspires:

> "The spur, which the clear spirit doth raise,
> (The last infirmity of noble minds,)
> To scorn delights and live laborious days—"

need I say that the surest path to a reputation, for the

mass of mankind, is by intellectual improvement; and that in this respect, therefore, our school system places the sexes on an equality?

LXXIX. — THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

WOLFE.

[CHARLES WOLFE was born in Dublin, Ireland, December 14, 1791, and died February 21, 1823. He was a clergyman of the established church. His "Remains," consisting of sermons, fragments, and poems, were published after his death, with a memoir.

Sir John Moore was killed at Corunna, in Spain, in a battle between the French and English, January 16, 1809. He was wrapped in his military cloak, and buried by torch-light in a hasty grave on the ramparts of the town. A monument has since been erected upon the spot.]

1 NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

2 We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

3 No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

4 Few, and short were the prayers we said;
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead;
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5 We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe, and the stranger would tread o'er his head;
And we far away on the billow.

6 Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

7 But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

8 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory:
We carved not a line, — we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

LXXX. — THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

LONGFELLOW.

1 All is finished, and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight

2 The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;

And far and wide
With ceaseless flow
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

3 He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage-day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

4 Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms.

5 And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms."

6 How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

7 Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity,
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness, and love, and trust,
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

8 Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

9 Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'T is of the wave, and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee:
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee.

LXXXI. — THE ROMAN EMPIRE A PREPARATION FOR CHRISTIANITY.

WAYLAND.

[FRANCIS WAYLAND was born in the city of New York, March 11, 1796, and was graduated at Union College in 1813. In 1821 he was settled over the First Baptist Church in Boston, was elected president of Brown University, in Rhode Island, in 1826, and held that office till 1855. He died September 30, 1865. He published various sermons, a treatise on "Political Economy," the "Elements of Moral Science," and several occasional discourses. He had a vigorous and logical mind, and wrote with clearness and energy. He had a wide range and strong grasp of thought, and a power both of intellectual construction and analysis. His deep religious convictions, and his sensibility to moral beauty, save his writings from the dryness which is apt to characterize the productions of minds of so much logical acuteness.

The following extract is from one of his sermons.]

ONE other condition remains yet to be observed. You well know that the nations inhabiting the shores of the Mediterranean were originally distinct in government, dissimilar in origin, diverse in laws, habits, and usages, and almost perpetually at war. To pass from one to the other without incurring the risk of injury, nay, even of being sold into slavery, was almost impossible. A stranger and an enemy were designated by the same word.

Beginning with Spain, and passing through Gaul, Germany, Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and Carthage, until you arrive again at the Pillars of Hercules, every state was most commonly the enemy of every other. It was necessary that these various peoples should all be moulded by the same pressure into one common form; that one system of laws should bind them all in harmony; and that, under one common protection, a

citizen might be able to pass through all of them in security. This seems to have been needful in order that the new religion might be rapidly and extensively promulgated.

In order to accomplish this purpose, as I suppose, was the Roman empire raised up, and entrusted with the sceptre of universal dominion. Commencing with a feeble colony on the banks of the Tiber, she gradually, by conquest and conciliation, incorporated with herself the many warlike tribes of ancient Italy. In her very youth, after a death struggle of more than a century, she laid Carthage, the former mistress of the Mediterranean, lifeless at her feet.

From this era she paused not a moment in her career of universal conquest. Nation after nation submitted to her sway. Army after army was scattered before her legions, like the dust of the summer threshing-floor. Her proconsuls sat enthroned in regal state in every city of the civilized world; and the barbarian mother, clasping her infant to her bosom, fled to the remotest fastnesses of the wilderness, when she saw, far off in the distance, the sunbeams glittering upon the eagles of the republic.

Far different, however, were the victories of Rome from those of Alexander. The Macedonian soldier thought mainly of battles and sieges, the clash of onset, the flight of satraps, and the subjugation of kings. He overran; the Romans always conquered. Every vanquished nation became, in turn, a part of the Roman empire. A large portion of every conquered people was admitted to the rights of citizenship. The laws of the republic threw over the conquered the shield of her protection. Rome may, it is true, have oppressed them; but then she delivered them from the capricious and more intolerable oppression of their native rulers. Hence her conquests really marked the progress of civilization, and extended in all directions the limits of universal brotherhood.

The Roman citizen was free throughout the civilized

world; everywhere he might appeal to her laws, and repose in security under the shadow of her universal power. Thus the declaration, "Ye have beaten us openly, and uncondemned, being Romans," brought the magistrates of Philippi suppliants at the feet of the apostle Paul; his question, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?" palsied the hands of the lictors at Jerusalem; and the simple words, "I appeal unto Cæsar," removed his cause from the jurisdiction even of the proconsul at Cæsarea, and carried it at once into the presence of the emperor.

You cannot but perceive that this universal domination of a single civilized power must have presented great facilities for the promulgation of the gospel. In many respects it resembled the dominion of Great Britain at the present day in Asia. Wherever her red cross floats, there the liberty of man is, to a great extent, protected by the constitution of the realm. Whatever be the complexion or the language of the nations that take refuge beneath its folds, they look up to it everywhere, and bid defiance to every other despotism.

LXXXII. — WONDERS OF ASTRONOMY.

MITCHEL.

[ORMSBY MACKNIGHT MITCHEL was born in Union County, Kentucky, August 28, 1810, and died October 30, 1862. He was a graduate of West Point Academy of the class of 1829, but preferred a civil to a military career. He was professor at Cincinnati College from 1834 to 1844. Upon the establishment of the Observatory at Cincinnati, in 1845, he became director of the institution. In 1859 he was made director of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, still retaining his connection with that at Cincinnati. He was an excellent and popular lecturer on astronomy, and a good observer. He published two works on the science, "Planetary and Stellar Worlds," and "Popular Astronomy," and edited for two years "The Sidereal Messenger," the first exclusively astronomical periodical attempted in the United States.

At the commencement of the civil war he offered his services to his country in a military capacity, was made brigadier-general of volunteers, and afterwards major-general. In his new sphere of duty, he displayed his usual activity and energy. Having been appointed commander of a military department at the

South, he was preparing for a vigorous campaign, when he was carried off by an attack of yellow fever. His death was felt to be a great loss to the service, as his moral worth and religious feeling were as conspicuous as his intellectual power.

The following extract is from the "Astronomy of the Bible," a work published since his death. He is considering the astronomical allusions in the Book of Job, and has just quoted chapter xxxviii., verses 19, 20, 21.]

Go with me to yonder "light-house of the skies." Poised on its rocky base, behold that wondrous tube which lifts the broad pupil of its eye high up, as if gazing instinctively into the mighty deep of space. Look out upon the heavens, and gather into your eye its glittering constellations. Pause and reflect that over the narrow zone of the retina of your eye a universe is pictured, painted by light in all its exquisite and beautiful proportions.

Look upon that luminous zone which girdles the sky, — observe its faint and cloudy light. How long, think you, that light has been streaming, day and night, with a swiftness which flashes it on its way twelve millions of miles in each and every minute? — how long has it fled and flashed through space to reach your eye and tell its wondrous tale? Not less than a century has rolled away since it left its home! Hast thou taken it at the bound thereof? Is this the bound, — here the limit from beyond which light can never come?

Look to yonder point in space, and declare that thou beholdest nothing, absolutely nothing; all is blank and deep and dark. You exclaim: Surely no ray illumines that deep profound. Place your eye for one moment to the tube that now pierces that seeming domain of night, and, lo! ten thousand orbs, blazing with light unutterable, burst on the astonished sight. Whence start these hidden suns? Whence comes this light from out deep darkness? Knowest thou, O man! the paths to the house thereof? Ten thousand years have rolled away since these wondrous beams set out on their mighty journey! Then you exclaim: We have found the boundary of light; surely none can lie beyond this stupendous limit: far in the deep beyond

darkness unfathomable reigns. Look once more. The vision changes; a hazy cloud of light now fills the field of the telescope. Whence comes the light of this mysterious object? Its home is in the mighty deep, as far beyond the limit you had vainly fixed, — ten thousand times as far, — as that limit is beyond the reach of human vision.

And thus we mount, and rise, and soar, from height to height, upward, and ever upward still, till the mighty series ends, because vision fails, and sinks, and dies.

Hast thou then pierced the boundary of light? Hast thou penetrated the domain of darkness? Hast thou, weak mortal, soared to the fountain whence come these wondrous streams, and taken the light at the hand thereof? Knowest thou the paths to the house thereof? Hast thou stood at yonder infinite origin, and bid that flash depart and journey onward, days and months and years, century on century, through countless ages, — millions of years, and never weary in its swift career? Knowest thou when it started? Knowest thou it because thou wast then born, and because the number of thy days is great? Such, then, is the language addressed by Jehovah to weak, erring, mortal man. How has the light of science flooded with meaning this astonishing passage? Surely, surely we do not misread, — the interpretation is just.

LXXXIII. — THANATOPSIS.*

BRYANT.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language! For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild

*From two Greek words, signifying *a view of death*

And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart, —
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air, —
Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world; with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past, —
All in one mighty sepulchre. — The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce;
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings — yet — the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone. —
So shalt thou rest — and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off, —
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night

Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

LXXXIV. — THE USES OF THE OCEAN.

SWAIN.

[The following extract is a portion of a sermon of striking eloquence and beauty by the Rev. Leonard Swain, of Providence, Rhode Island, published in the "Bibliotheca Sacra."]

THE traveller who would speak of his experience in foreign lands must begin with the sea. God has spread this vast pavement of his temple between the hemispheres, so that he who sails to foreign shores must pay a double tribute to the Most High; for through this temple he has to carry his anticipations as he goes, and his memories when he returns. The sea speaks for God; and however eager the tourist may be to reach the strand that lies before him, and enter upon the career of business or pleasure that awaits him, he must check his impatience during this long interval of approach, and listen to the voice with which Jehovah speaks to him as, horizon after horizon, he moves to his purpose along the aisles of God's mighty tabernacle of the deep.

It is a common thing, in speaking of the sea, to call it "a waste of waters." But this is a mistake. Instead of being an encumbrance or a superfluity, the sea is as essential to the life of the world, as the blood is to the life of the human body. Instead of being a waste and desert, it keeps the earth itself from becoming a waste and a desert. It is the world's fountain of life and health and beauty; and if it were taken away, the grass would perish from the mountains, the forests would crumble on the hills, the harvests would become powder on the plains, the continent

would be one vast Sahara of frosts and fire, and the solid globe itself, scarred and blasted on every side, would swing in the heavens, silent and dead as on the first morning of creation.

Water is as indispensable to all life, vegetable or animal, as the air itself. From the cedar on the mountains to the lichen that clings to the wall; from the elephant that pastures on the forests, to the animalcule that floats in the sunbeam; from the leviathan that heaves the sea into billows, to the microscopic creatures that swarm, a million in a single foam-drop, — all alike depend for their existence on this single element and must perish if it be withdrawn.

This element of water is supplied entirely by the sea. The sea is the great inexhaustible fountain which is continually pouring up into the sky precisely as many streams, and as large, as all the rivers of the world are pouring into it.

The sea is the real birthplace of the clouds and the rivers, and out of it come all the rains and dews of heaven. Instead of being a waste and an encumbrance, therefore, it is a vast fountain of fruitfulness, and the nurse and mother of all the living. Out of its mighty breast come the resources that feed and support the population of the world. Omnipresent and everywhere alike is this need and blessing of the sea. It is felt as truly in the centre of the continent, — where, it may be, the rude inhabitant never heard of the ocean, — as it is on the circumference of the wave-beaten shore.

We are surrounded, every moment, by the presence and bounty of the sea. It looks out upon us from every violet in our garden-bed; from every spire of grass that drops upon our passing feet the beaded dew of the morning; from the bending grain that fills the arm of the reaper; from bursting presses, and from barns filled with plenty; from the broad foreheads of our cattle and the rosy faces of our children;

from the cool dropping well at our door; from the brook that murmurs from its side, and from the elm and spreading maple that weave their protecting branches beneath the sun, and swing their breezy shadows over our habitation.

It is the sea that feeds us. It is the sea that clothes us. It cools us with the summer cloud, and warms us with the blazing fires of winter. We make wealth for ourselves and for our children out of its rolling waters, though we may live a thousand leagues away from its shore, and never have looked on its crested beauty, or listened to its eternal anthem. Thus the sea, though it bears no harvest on its bosom, yet sustains all the harvests of the world. Though a desert itself, it makes all the other wildernesses of the earth to bud and blossom as the rose. Though its own waters are as salt and wormwood, it makes the clouds of heaven to drop with sweetness, opens springs in the valleys and rivers among the hills, and fountains in all dry places, and gives drink to all the inhabitants of the earth.

The sea is a perpetual source of health to the world. Without it there could be no drainage for the lands. It is the scavenger of the world. Its agency is omnipresent. Its vigilance is omniscient. Where no sanitary committee could ever come, where no police could ever penetrate, its myriad eyes are searching, and its million hands are busy exploring all the lurking-places of decay, bearing swiftly off the dangerous sediments of life, and laying them a thousand miles away in the slimy bottom of the deep.

The sea is also set to purify the atmosphere. The winds, whose wings are heavy and whose breath is sick with the malaria of the lands over which they have blown, are sent out to range over these mighty pastures of the deep, to plunge and play with its rolling billows, and dip their pinions over and over in its healing waters. There they rest when they are weary, cradled into sleep on that vast swinging couch of the ocean. There they rouse themselves when they are refreshed, and lifting its waves upon

their shoulders, they dash it into spray, and hurl it backwards and forwards through a thousand leagues of sky. Thus their whole substance is drenched, and bathed, and washed, and winnowed, and sifted through and through, by this glorious baptism. Thus they fill their mighty lungs once more with the sweet breath of ocean, and, striking their wings for the shore, they go breathing health and vigor along all the fainting hosts that wait for them in mountain and forest and valley and plain, till the whole drooping continent lifts up its rejoicing face, and mingles its laughter with the sea that has waked it from its fevered sleep, and poured its tides of returning life through all its shrivelled arteries.

The ocean is not the idle creature that it seems, with its vast and lazy length stretched between the continents, with its huge bulk sleeping along the shore, or tumbling in aimless fury from pole to pole. It is a mighty giant, who, leaving his oozy bed, comes up upon the land to spend his strength in the service of man. He there allows his captors to chain him in prisons of stone and iron, to bind his shoulders to the wheel, and set him to grind the food of the nations, and weave the garments of the world. The mighty shaft, which that wheel turns, runs out into all the lands; and geared and belted to that centre of power, ten thousand times ten thousand clanking engines roll their cylinders, and ply their hammers, and drive their million shuttles.

Thus the sea keeps all our mills and factories in motion. Thus the sea spins our thread and weaves our cloth. It is the sea that cuts our iron bars like wax, rolls them out into proper thinness, or piles them up in the solid shaft strong enough to be the pivot of a revolving planet. It is the sea that tunnels the mountain, and bores the mine, and lifts the coal from its sunless depths, and the ore from its rocky bed. It is the sea that lays the iron track, that builds the iron horse, that fills his nostrils

with fiery breath, and sends his tireless hoofs thundering across the longitudes. It is the power of the sea that is doing for man all those mightiest works that would be else impossible. It is by this power that he is to level the mountains, to tame the wildernesses, to subdue the continents, to throw his pathways around the globe, and make his nearest approaches to omnipresence and omnipotence.

LXXXV. — SCENE AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

NORTON.

[ANDREWS NORTON was born in Hingham, Mass., December 31, 1786, and died September 18, 1853. He was for many years a professor in the divinity school of Harvard College, and remarkable for the union of deep devotional feeling with sharp critical spirit in the interpretation of the Scriptures. His prose style is admirable for precision, vigor, and elegance. His poems are few, but of uncommon beauty in conception and expression.]

1 THE rain is o'er — How dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue sky!

2 In grateful silence earth receives
The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

3 The softened sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
The wind flows cool; the scented ground
Is breathing odors on the gale.

4 Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest to gaze below awhile,
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

5 The sun breaks forth: from off the scene,
Its floating vale of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung.

6 Now gaze on Nature — yet the same, —
Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came
Fresh in her youth from God's own hand.

7 Hear the rich music of that voice
Which sounds from all below, above;
She calls her children to rejoice,
And round them throws her arms of love.

8 Drink in her influence: low-born care,
And all the train of mean desire,
Refuse to breath this holy air,
And mid this living light expire.

LXXXVI. — JOHN HAMPDEN.

MACAULAY.

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, was born in the village of Rothley, in the county of Leicester, England, October 25, 1800, and died December 28, 1859. He was educated at Cambridge University, and was called to the bar in 1826. In 1830 he became a member of parliament, and took an active part in the debates on the Reform Bill. In 1834 he was sent to India as a member of the supreme council. Returning home in 1838, he was again elected to parliament in 1839, and was appointed secretary of war. At the election of 1847 he was defeated, and remained out of parliament till 1852, when he again became a member. He was created a peer of England, with the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley, in 1857. His principal literary work is a History of England, in five volumes, the last a fragmentary volume published since his lamented death. No historical work in the English language has ever enjoyed so wide a popularity. It is written in a most animated and attractive style, and abounds with brilliant pictures. It embodies the results of very thorough research, and its tone and spirit are generous and liberal.

His essays, most of which were originally contributed to the "Edinburgh Review," have had a popularity greater even than that of his History. They

are remarkable for brilliant rhetorical power, splendid coloring, and affluence of illustration.

Lord Macaulay has also written "Lays of Ancient Rome," and some ballads in the same style, which are full of animation and energy, and have the true trumpet ring which stirs the soul and kindles the blood. His parliamentary speeches have been also collected and published, and are marked by the same brilliant rhetorical energy as his writings.

The following account of the death and character of John Hampden, the great English patriot, is taken from a review of Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden, published in the "Edinburgh Review," in 1831.

In June, 1643, Prince Rupert, a nephew of Charles I., and a general in his service, had sallied out from Oxford on a predatory expedition, and, after some slight successes, was preparing to hurry back with his prisoners and booty. The Earl of Essex was the Parliamentary commander-in-chief.]

As soon as Hampden received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the general. In the mean time, he resolved to set out with all the cavalry he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. "But he was," says Lord Clarendon, "second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all men." On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone and lodged in his body. The troops of the parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which, in his youth, he had carried home his bride Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither and

die. But the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse towards Thame, where he arrived almost fainting with agony. The surgeons dressed his wounds. But there was no hope. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating. But he endured it with admirable firmness and resignation.

His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London, concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the head-quarters, recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Greencoats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter describes as a famous and excellent divine.

A short time before his death, the sacrament was administered to him. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself, and for the cause in which he died. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed, in the moment of the last agony, "receive my soul. O Lord, save my country. O Lord, be merciful to ——." In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

He was buried in the parish church of Hampden. His soldiers, bareheaded, with reversed arms and muffled drums and colors, escorted his body to the grave, singing, as they marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

The news of Hampden's death produced as great a consternation in his party, according to Clarendon, as if their whole army had been cut off. The journals of the time amply prove that the parliament and all its friends were filled with grief and dismay. Lord Nugent has quoted a

remarkable passage from the next "Weekly Intelligencer:" "The loss of Colonel Hampden goeth near the heart of every man that loves the good of his king and country, and makes some conceive little content to be at the army, now that he is gone. The memory of this deceased colonel is such, that in no age to come but it will more and more be had in honor and esteem; a man so religious, and of that prudence, judgment, temper, valor, and integrity, that he hath left few his like behind." He had indeed left none his like behind him.

There still remained, indeed, in his party many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, half fanatic, half buffoon,* whose talents, discerned as yet only by one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which at such a crisis were necessary to save the state, — the valor and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sydney. Others might possess the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; he alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile.

A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skilful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights over Dunbar. But it was when, to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendency and burning for revenge, — it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new

* Cromwell.

freedom with destruction, — that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.

LXXXVII. — THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

SPRAGUE.

[CHARLES SPRAGUE was born in Boston, October 25, 1791, and has constantly resided here. He made himself first known as a poet by several prize prologues at the opening of theatres, which had a polish of numbers and a vigor of expression not often found in compositions of this class. In 1823 he was the successful competitor for a prize offered for the best ode to be recited at a Shakspeare pageant at the Boston Theatre. This is the most fervid and brilliant of all his poems, and has much of the lyric rush and glow. In 1829 he recited a poem called "Curiosity," before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, which is polished in its versification, and filled with carefully wrought and beautiful pictures. In 1830 he pronounced an ode at the centennial celebration of the settlement of Boston, (from which the following extract is taken,) which is a finished and animated performance. He has also written many smaller pieces, of much merit.

Mr. Sprague presents an encouraging example of the union of practical business habits with the tastes of a scholar and the sensibilities of a poet. He was for many years cashier of a bank, and performed his prosaic duties with as much attentiveness and skill as if he had never written a line of verse]

BEHOLD! they come — those sainted forms,
Unshaken through the strife of storms;
Heaven's winter cloud hangs coldly down,
And earth puts on its rudest frown;
But colder, ruder, was the hand
That drove them from their own fair land;
Their own fair land — Refinement's chosen seat,
Art's trophied dwelling, Learning's green retreat, —
By valor guarded, and by victory crowned,
For all, but gentle Charity, renowned.
With streaming eye yet steadfast heart,
Even from that land they dared to part,
And burst each tender tie, —

Haunts, where their sunny youth was passed,
Homes, where they fondly hoped at last
In peaceful age to die.
Friends, kindred, comfort, all, they spurned,
Their fathers' hallowed graves,
And to a world of darkness turned,
Beyond a world of waves.

2 When Israel's race from bondage fled,
Signs from on high the wanderers led;
But here — Heaven hung no symbol here,
Their steps to guide, *their* souls to cheer;
They saw, through sorrow's lengthening night,
Nought but the fagot's guilty light;
The cloud they gazed at was the smoke
That round their murdered brethren broke.
A fearful path they trod,
And dared a fearful doom,
To build an altar to their God,
And find a quiet tomb.

3 They come; — that coming who shall tell?
The eye may weep, the heart may swell,
But the poor tongue in vain essays
A fitting note for them to raise.
We hear the after-shout that rings
For them who smote the power of kings:
The swelling triumph all would share,
But who the dark defeat would dare,
And boldly meet the wrath and woe
That wait the unsuccessful blow?
It were an envied fate, we deem,
To live a land's recorded theme,
When we are in the tomb;
We, too, might yield the joys of home,
And waves of winter darkness roam,

And tread a shore of gloom, —
Knew we those waves, through coming time,
Should roll our names to every clime;
Felt we that millions on that shore
Should stand, our memory to adore.
But no glad vision burst in light
Upon the Pilgrims' aching sight;
Their hearts no proud hereafter swelled;
Deep shadows veiled the way they held;
The yell of vengeance was their trump of fame,
Their monument, a grave without a name.
Yet, strong in weakness, there they stand
On yonder ice-bound rock,
Stern and resolved, that faithful band,
To meet Fate's rudest shock.

4 In grateful adoration now,
Upon the barren sands they bow.
What tongue e'er woke such prayer
As bursts in desolation there?
What arm of strength e'er wrought such power
As waits to crown that feeble hour?
There into life an infant empire springs!
There falls the iron from the soul;
There Liberty's young accents roll
Up to the King of kings!
To fair creation's farthest bound
That thrilling summons yet shall sound;
The dreaming nations shall awake,
And to their centre earth's old kingdoms shake;
Pontiff and prince, your sway
Must crumble from that day:
Before the loftier throne of Heaven
The hand is raised, the pledge is given,
One monarch to obey, one creed to own, —
That monarch, God; that creed, His word alone.

5 Spread out earth's holiest records here,
Of days and deeds to reverence dear;
A zeal like this what pious legends tell?
On kingdoms built
In blood and guilt,
The worshippers of vulgar triumph dwell;
But what exploit with theirs shall page,
Who rose to bless their kind —
Who left their nation and their age,
Man's spirit to unbind?
Who boundless seas passed o'er,
And boldly met, in every path,
Famine, and frost, and savage wrath,
To dedicate a shore,
Where Piety's meek train might breathe their vow,
And seek their Maker with an unshamed brow;
Where Liberty's glad race might proudly come,
And set up there an everlasting home?

6 O many a time it hath been told,
The story of these men of old:
For this fair Poetry hath wreathed
Her sweetest, purest flower;
For this proud Eloquence hath breathed
His strain of loftiest power;
Devotion, too, hath lingered round
Each spot of consecrated ground,
And hill and valley blessed —
There, where our banished fathers strayed,
There, where they loved and wept and prayed,
There, where their ashes rest, —
And never may they rest unsung,
While Liberty can find a tongue.
Twine, Gratitude, a wreath for them
More deathless than the diadem,

Who, to life's noblest end,
Gave up life's noblest powers,
And bade the legacy descend
Down, down to us and ours.

LXXXVIII. — THE INTELLECTUAL INFLUENCE OF GREECE.

FELTON.

[CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON was born in West Newbury, Massachusetts, November 6, 1807, and died February 26, 1862. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1827. In 1834 he was elected Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard College, which office he retained till 1860, when he was elevated to the presidency of the same institution. He was a man of extensive learning and great intellectual activity, warmly interested in the cause of education, and much beloved in all the relations of life. He was the editor of various works in the department of classical learning, and a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of the country.

The following extract is from an address before the Alumni of Harvard College, delivered July 20, 1854.

Parnassus is a lofty mountain in the central part of Greece, and Acrocorinthos a high hill overhanging the city of Corinth. The Acropolis was the citadel of Athens. The Cephissus was a small stream in Athens. Agora is the Greek word for market-place. The Hill of Mars, or Areopagus, was a small eminence in Athens. The Parthenon was a temple of Minerva, built of marble, the ruins of which are still remaining. Marathon was the scene of a battle, and the bay of Salamis of a sea-fight, between the Greeks and Persians.]

An ancient orator, claiming for his beloved Athens the leadership among the states of Greece, rests his argument chiefly on her pre-eminence in those intellectual graces which embellish the present life of man, and her inculcation of those doctrines which gave to the initiated a sweeter hope of a life beyond the present.

During the long existence of the Athenian Republic, amidst the interruptions of foreign and domestic wars, — her territory overrun by Hellenic and Barbarian armies, her forests burned, her fields laid waste, her temples levelled in the dust, — in those tumultuous ages of her democratic existence, the fire of her creative genius never

smouldered. She matured and perfected the art of historical composition, of political and forensic eloquence, of popular legislation, of lyric and dramatic poetry, of music, painting, architecture, and sculpture; she unfolded the mathematics, theoretically and practically, and clothed the moral and metaphysical sciences in the brief sententious wisdom of the myriad-minded Aristotle, and the honeyed eloquence of Plato.

Rome overran the world with her arms, and though she did not always spare the subject, she beat down the proud, and laid her laws upon the prostrate nations. Greece fell before the universal victor, but she still asserted her intellectual supremacy, and, as even the Roman poet confessed, the conquered became the teacher and guide of the conqueror.

At the present moment, the intellectual dominion of Greece — or rather of Athens, the school of Greece — is more absolute than ever. Her Plato is still the unsurpassed teacher of moral wisdom; her Aristotle has not been excelled as a philosophic observer; her Æschylus and Sophocles have been equalled only by Shakspeare. On the field of Marathon, we call up the shock of battle and the defeat of the Barbarian host; but with deeper interest still we remember that the great dramatic poet fought for his country's freedom in that brave muster. As we gaze over the blue waters of Salamis, we think not only of the clash of triremes, the shout of the onset, the pæan of victory; but of the magnificent lyrical drama in which the martial poet worthily commemorated the naval triumph which he had worthily helped to achieve.

All these things suggest lessons for us, even now. We have the Roman passion for universal empire, under the names of Manifest Destiny and Annexation. I do not deny the good there is in this, nor the greatness inherent in extended empire, bravely and fairly won. But the empire of science, letters, and art is honorable and enviable,

because it is gained by no unjust aggression on neighboring countries; by no subjection of weaker nations to the rights of the stronger; by no stricken fields, reddened with the blood of slaughtered myriads. No crimes of violence or fraud sow the seed of disease, which must in time lay it prostrate in the dust; its foundations are as immovable as virtue, and its structure as imperishable as the heavens.

If we must add province to province, let us add realm to realm in our intellectual march. If we must enlarge our territory till the continent can no longer contain us, let us not forget to enlarge, with equal step, the boundaries of science and the triumphs of art. I confess I would rather, for human progress, that the poet of America gave a new charm to the incantations of the Muse; that the orator of America spoke in new and loftier tones of civic and philosophic eloquence; that the artist of America overmatched the godlike forms, whose placid beauty looks out upon us from the great past, — than annex to a country, already overgrown, every acre of desert land, from ocean to ocean, and from pole to pole.

If we combine the Roman character with the Greek, the Roman has had its sway long enough, and it is time the Greek should take its turn. Vast extent is something, but not everything. The magnificent civilization of England, and her imperial sway over the minds of men, are the trophies of a realm, geographically considered, but a satellite to the continent of Europe, which you can traverse in a single day.

The states of Greece were of insignificant extent. On the map of the world they fill a scarcely visible space, and Attica is a microscopic dot. From the heights of Parnassus, from the Acrocorinthos, the eye ranges over the whole land which has filled the universe with the renown of its mighty names.

From the Acropolis of Athens we trace the scenes where

Socrates conversed and taught and died; where Demosthenes breathed deliberate valor into the despairing hearts of his countrymen; where the dramatists exhibited their matchless tragedy and comedy; where Plato charmed the hearers of the Academy with the divinest teaching of Philosophy, while the Cephissus murmured by under the shadow of immemorial olive-groves, and the Hill of Mars; where St. Paul taught the wondering but respectful sages of Agora, the knowledge of the living God, and the resurrection to life eternal.

There stand the ruins of the Parthenon, saluted and transfigured by the rising and the setting sun, or the unspeakable loveliness of the Grecian night; beautiful, solemn, pathetic. In that focus of an hour's easy walk, the lights of ancient culture condensed their burning rays; and from this centre they have lighted all time and the whole world.

LXXXIX. — GREECE, IN 1809.

BYRON.

[GEORGE GORDON BYRON, Lord Byron, was born in London, January 22, 1788, and died at Missolonghi, in Greece, April 19, 1824. In March, 1812, he published the first two cantos of his splendid poem, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," which produced an impression upon the public almost without precedent in English literature, and gained him the very highest place among the poets of the day. From that time till his death he poured forth a rapid succession of brilliant and striking productions, varying in degrees of merit, but all contributing to maintain him in his lofty literary position, and keeping his name ever fresh upon men's lips. The interest which he awakened as a poet was further enhanced by a wayward and irregular life, by an unhappy marriage, a separation from his wife, and by his finally joining the Greeks in their struggles against the Turks. Perhaps no man of letters was ever so much talked about, written about, attacked and defended, in his own life, as he.

Lord Byron's fame with posterity will not equal the prodigious popularity he enjoyed among his contemporaries. And yet his poetry has, in an intellectual point of view, some great and enduring excellences. In description and in the expression of passion he is unrivalled. His power over the resources of the language is great, though he is not a careful or accurate writer. His poetry abounds with passages of melting tenderness and exquisite sweetness, which

take captive and bear away the susceptible heart. His wit, too, is playful and brilliant, and his sarcasm venomous and blistering. His leading characteristic is energy: he is never languid or tame; and in his highest moods, his words flash and burn like lightning from the cloud, and hurry the reader along with the breathless speed of the tempest.

Much of Lord Byron's poetry is objectionable in a moral point of view. Some of it ministers undisguisedly to the evil passions, and confounds the distinctions between right and wrong; and still more of it is false and morbid in its tone, and teaches, directly or indirectly, the mischievous and irreligious doctrine, that the unhappiness of men is just in proportion to their intellectual superiority.

There was little that was respectable or estimable in Lord Byron's life. He had no fixed principles, and was the sport of every whim or passion that assailed him. For many years, he lived an outcast from his home and country, in open defiance of the laws of God and man; not without spasms of self-reproach and half purposes of reform. His joining the Greeks showed that his profligate and self-indulgent habits had not destroyed in him the power of vigorous action and generous sacrifice.

The following extract is from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Thermopylæ is a narrow pass leading from Thessaly into Southern Greece, where Leonidas, and a small band of Spartan heroes, resisting an immense Persian host, were all slain. The town of Sparta, or Lacedæmon, was upon the river Eurotas. Thrasybulus was an Athenian general who overthrew the power of the Thirty Tyrants in Athens B. C. 403. He first seized the fortress of Phyle, which was about fifteen miles from Athens. The Helots were slaves to the Spartans. Colonna, or Colonni, anciently Sunium, is a promontory forming the southern extremity of Attica, where there was a temple to Minerva, who was also called Tritonia. Hymettus and Pentelicus were mountains near Athens, the former famous for honey, and the latter for marble. The modern name of Pentelicus is Mendeli. Athena was a name by which the Greeks called Minerva, the literary goddess of Athens.]

1 Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
And long accustomed bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await—
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom—
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait:
O! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks and call thee from the tomb?

2 Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour that now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?

Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmanned.

3 In all, save form alone, how changed! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew
With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage;
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

4 Hereditary bondmen! know ye not
Who would be free, *themselves* must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought:
Will Gaul, or Muscovite, redress ye? — No!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low;
But not for *you* will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords: thy state is still the same:
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame.

5 When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to *men*,
Then thou mayst be restored; but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust; and when
Can man its shattered splendor renovate?
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

6 And yet, how lovely, in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods, and godlike men, art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now.
Thy fanes, thy temples, to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth;
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
So perish monuments of mortal birth;
So perish all in turn save well-recorded worth:

7 Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
While strangers only, not regardless pass,
Lingering, like me, perchance, to gaze and sigh "Alas!"

8 Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields.
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air.
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beams Mendeli's marbles glare:
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

9 Where'er we tread 't is haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould;
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing, to behold

The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon.
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

Long, to the remnants of thy splendor past,
Shall pilgrims pensive, but unwearied, throng;
Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song.
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

XC. — THE INFLUENCE OF ATHENS.

MACAULAY.

[The following extract is from a review of "Mitford's History of Greece," Juvenal was a Roman satirist. Dante was an illustrious Italian poet, born in 1265. Cervantes was a great Spanish writer, the author of "Don Quixote." Bacon was a great philosopher and writer of England. Butler was the author of "Hudibras," the wittiest poem in the English language. Erasmus was a celebrated scholar, a native of Holland. Pascal was an eminent writer and philosopher of France. Mirabeau was an eloquent French orator, who took a leading part in the early movements of the French revolution. Galileo was an illustrious philosopher and scientific discoverer, a native of Pisa in Italy. Algernon Sidney was an English statesman and patriot, who was executed upon a false charge of treason in the reign of Charles II.]

If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterize the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable. But what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect; that from hence were the

vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering fire of Juvenal, the plastic imagination of Dante, the humor of Cervantes, the comprehension of Bacon, the wit of Butler, the supreme and universal excellence of Shakspeare?

All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling; — by the lonely lamp of Erasmus, by the restless bed of Pascal, in the tribune of Mirabeau, in the cell of Galileo, on the scaffold of Sidney.

But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude.

Her power is, indeed, manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain; wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, — there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

The dervise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the

mental world; all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man.

Her freedom and her power have, for more than twenty centuries, been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language, into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable.

And, when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple, and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts, — her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

XCI. — LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

CAMPBELL.

[In 1745, Charles Edward, grandson of James II, landed in Scotland, and soon gathered around him an army with which he marched into England, in order to regain possession of the throne from which his ancestors had been driven. He was brilliantly successful at first, and penetrated into England as far as Derby; but he was then obliged to retreat, and, after many disasters, his army was entirely defeated by the English, under command of the Duke of Cumberland, at Culloden.

Lochiel, the head of the warlike clan of the Camerons, was one of the most powerful of the Highland chieftains, and a zealous supporter of the claims of Charles Edward. Among the Highlanders are certain persons supposed to

have the gift of second sight; that is, the power of foreseeing future events. Lochiel, on his way to join Charles Edward, is represented as meeting one of these seers, who endeavors in vain to dissuade him from his purpose.]

[SEER, LOCHIEL.]

1 SEER. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'T is thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watchfire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! * to death and captivity led!
O weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave —
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave.

2 LOCHIEL. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer;
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

3 SEER. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn:
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah, home let him speed — for the spoiler is nigh.

* The poetical name of Scotland.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'T is the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry that beacons the darkness of heaven.
O, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood!

4 Lochiel. False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
ClanRonald the dauntless and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

5 Seer. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo, annointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:*
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!

* Alluding to the perilous adventures and final escape of Charles, after the battle of Culloden.

'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors,
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; O, mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

6 Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

XCII. — THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

AYTOUN.

[WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN was born in the county of Fife, in Scotland, in 1813, and died August 4, 1865. He was called to the Scotch bar in 1840, and in 1845 was elected to the professorship of rhetoric and belles-lettres in the University of Edinburgh, which he held till his death. He was a prominent contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine." The following extract is from the "Lays of the Scotch Cavaliers," a collection of stirring ballads illustrating the history of Scotland.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was executed in Edinburgh, May 21, 1650, for an attempt to overthrow the power of the commonwealth, and restore Charles II. The ballad is a narrative of the event, supposed to be related by an aged Highlander, who had followed Montrose throughout his campaigns, to his grandson, Evan Cameron. Lochaber is a district of Scotland in the southwestern part of the county of Inverness. Dundee is a seaport town in the county of Forfar. Inverlochy was a castle in Inverness-shire. Montrose was betrayed by a man named MacLeod of Assynt. Dunedin is the Gaelic name for Edinburgh. Warristoun was Archibald Johnston of Warristoun, an inveterate enemy of Montrose.]

Come hither, Evan Cameron! Come, stand beside my knee:
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea;
There 's shouting on the mountain-side, there 's war within the blast,
Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past;
I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.

'T was I that led the Highland host through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down to battle with Montrose.
I 've told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy's shore.
I 've told thee how we swept Dundee, and tamed the Lindsay's pride;
But never have I told thee yet how the Great Marquis died!

A traitor sold him to his foes; — O deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's name —
Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by armed men —
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff down.

They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there, and not an unarmed man.
They set him high upon a cart — the hangman rode below —
They drew his hands behind his back, and bared his noble brow:
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash, they cheered — the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout, and bade him pass along.

But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye, —
The rabble rout forebore to shout, and each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with death.

And then a mournful shudder through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him, now turned aside and wept.

Had I been there with sword in hand, and fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets had pealed the slogan cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse, nor might of mailéd men —
Not all the rebels in the south had borne us backwards then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him there.

It might not be. They placed him next within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet on that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warristoun to read the murderous doom,
And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of the room.

Now by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross that waves above us there —
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath, and oh, that such should be! —
By that dark stream of royal blood that liès 'twixt you and me, —
I have not sought in battle-field a wreath of such renown,
Nor hoped I, on my dying day, to win a martyr's crown!

The morning dawned full darkly, the rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt lit up the gloomy town:
The thunder crashed across the heaven, the fatal hour was come,
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat, the 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below, and anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor, came forth to see him die.

Ah God! that ghastly gibbet! how dismal 't is to see
The great, tall, spectral skeleton, the ladder, and the tree!
Hark! Hark! it is the clash of arms, the bells begin to toll —
He is coming! he is coming! God's mercy on his soul!
One last long peal of thunder — the clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down amidst the dazzling day.

He is coming! he is coming! — Like a bridegroom from his room
Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead, there was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die:

There was color in his visage, though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass, that great and goodly man!

A beam of light fell o'er him, like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder, as it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning thunder roll,
And no man dared to look aloft, for fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound, a hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky — the work of death was done!

XCIII.—EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

LINGARD.

[JOHN LINGARD was born in Winchester, England, February 5, 1771, and died July 13, 1851. He was a clergyman of the Roman Catholic faith. The chief literary labor of his life was his "History of England," from the earliest period down to the revolution of 1688; the latest edition of which is in ten volumes, octavo. This work has taken a high and permanent rank in the historical literature of his country. The style is simple, correct, and manly, without being remarkable for beauty or eloquence. The chief value of the work consists in its thorough and patient research into the original sources of English history. How far it is impartial, when treating upon controverted points, is a question which neither Catholics nor Protestants are exactly in a position to answer. Dr. Lingard was a sincere and conscientious Catholic; his temperament was calm and judicial; and if he betrays any bias in favor of his own faith, it is, perhaps, no more than that unconscious bias which always attends genuine conviction. His "History," at all events, should be carefully read by every one who is not content with the cheap task of deciding before he hears both sides.

Dr. Lingard also wrote "The History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church," and some manuals of religious teaching.

Mary of Scotland, after the total defeat of her party at the battle of Langside, in 1568, fled to England, and threw herself upon the protection of Elizabeth, queen of England, by whom, however, she was kept a prisoner for nineteen years. She was then tried by a commission, for engaging in a conspiracy against the life of Elizabeth, and condemned to death. She was beheaded, February 8, 1587, at Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire; and the following is a description of her execution.]

IN the midst of the great hall of the castle had been raised a scaffold, covered with black serge and surrounded with a low railing. About seven, the doors were thrown open; the gentlemen of the county entered with their at-

tendants; and Paulet's * guard augmented the number to between one hundred and fifty and two hundred spectators. Before eight, a message was sent to the queen, who replied that she would be ready in half an hour. At that time, Andrews, the sheriff, entered the oratory, and Mary arose, taking the crucifix from the altar in her right, and carrying her prayer-book in her left, hand. Her servants were forbidden to follow; they insisted; but the queen bade them to be content, and turning, gave them her blessing. They received it on their knees, some kissing her hands, others her mantle. The door closed; and the burst of lamentation from those within resounded through the hall.

Mary was now joined by the earl and her keepers, and descending the staircase, found, at the foot, Melville, the steward of her household, who, for several weeks, had been excluded from her presence. This old and faithful servant threw himself on his knees, and wringing his hands exclaimed, "Ah, madam, unhappy me! was ever a man on earth the bearer of such sorrow as I shall be, when I report that my good and gracious queen and mistress was beheaded in England!" Here his grief impeded his utterance; and Mary replied, "Good Melville, cease to lament; thou hast rather cause to joy than mourn; for thou shalt see the end of Mary Stuart's troubles. Know that this world is but vanity, subject to more sorrow than an ocean of tears can bewail. But I pray thee, report that I die a true woman to my religion, to Scotland, and to France. May God forgive them that have long thirsted for my blood, as the hart doth for the brooks of water. O God, thou art the author of truth, and truth itself. Thou knowest the inward chambers of my thoughts, and that I always wished the union of England and Scotland. Commend me to my son, and tell him that I have done nothing prejudicial to the dignity or independence of his crown, or favorable to

*Sir Amias Paulet was the person who had the custody of Mary's person.

the pretended superiority of our enemies." Then bursting into tears, she said, "Good Melville, farewell;" and kissing him, "once again, good Melville, farewell, and pray for thy mistress and thy queen." It was remarked as something extraordinary, that this was the first time in her life she had ever been known to address a person with the pronoun "thou."

The procession now set forward. It was headed by the sheriff and his officers; next followed Paulet and Drury, and the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent; and lastly came the Scottish queen, with Mellville bearing her train. She wore the richest of her dresses — that which was appropriate to the rank of a queen dowager. Her step was firm, and her countenance cheerful. She bore without shrinking the gaze of the spectators, and the sight of the scaffold, the block, and the executioner, and advanced into the hall with that grace and majesty which she had so often displayed in her happier days, and in the palace of her fathers. To aid her as she mounted the scaffold, Paulet offered his arm. "I thank you, sir," said Mary; "it is the last trouble I shall give you, and the most acceptable service you have ever rendered me."

The queen seated herself on a stool which was prepared for her. On her right stood the two earls; on the left the sheriff and Beal, the clerk of the council; in front, the executioner from the Tower, in a suit of black velvet, with his assistant, also clad in black. The warrant was read, and Mary, in an audible voice, addressed the assembly.

She would have them recollect that she was a sovereign princess, not subject to the parliament of England, but brought there to suffer by injustice and violence. She, however, thanked her God that he had given her this opportunity of publicly professing her religion, and of declaring, as she had often before declared, that she had never imagined, nor compassed, nor consented to, the death of the English queen, nor ever sought the least harm to her

person. After her death, many things, which were then buried in darkness, would come to light. But she pardoned from her heart all her enemies, nor should her tongue utter that which might turn to their prejudice.

Here she was interrupted by Dr. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, who, having caught her eye, began to preach, and under that cover, perhaps through motives of zeal, contrived to insult the feelings of the unfortunate sufferer. Mary repeatedly desired him not to trouble himself and her. He persisted; she turned aside. He made the circuit of the scaffold, and again addressed her in front. An end was put to this extraordinary scene by the Earl of Shrewsbury, who ordered him to pray.

His prayer was the echo of his sermon; but Mary heard him not. She was employed at the time in her devotions, repeating with a loud voice, and in the Latin language, passages from the book of Psalms; and after the dean was reduced to silence, a prayer in French, in which she begged of God to pardon her sins, declared that she forgave her enemies, and protested that she was innocent of ever consenting, in wish or deed, to the death of her English sister. She then prayed in English for Christ's afflicted church, for her son James, and for queen Elizabeth, and in conclusion, holding up the crucifix, exclaimed, "As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and forgive my sins."

When her maids, bathed in tears, began to disrobe their mistress, the executioners, fearing the loss of their usual perquisites, hastily interfered. The queen remonstrated, but instantly submitted to their rudeness, observing to the earls, with a smile, that she was not accustomed to employ such grooms, or to undress in the presence of so numerous a company.

Her servants, at the sight of their sovereign in this lamentable state, could not suppress their feelings; but Mary, putting her finger to her lips, commanded silence, gave

them her blessing, and solicited their prayers. She then seated herself again. Kennedy, taking from her a handkerchief edged with gold, pinned it over her eyes; the executioners, holding her by the arms, led her to the block; and the queen, kneeling down, said repeatedly, with a firm voice, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

But the sobs and groans of the spectators disconcerted the headsman. He trembled, missed his aim, and inflicted a deep wound in the lower part of the skull. The queen remained motionless; and at the third stroke her head was severed from her body. When the executioner held it up, the muscles of the face were so strongly convulsed, that the features could not be recognized. He cried as usual, "God save queen Elizabeth."

"So perish all her enemies!" subjoined the Dean of Peterborough.

"So perish all the enemies of the gospel!" exclaimed, in a still louder tone, the fanatical Earl of Kent.

Not a voice was heard to cry amen. Party feeling was absorbed in admiration and pity.

XCIV. — THE SHIPWRECK.

WILSON.

[JOHN WILSON was born May 19, 1785, at Paisley, in Scotland, and died April 3, 1854. In 1812 he published a poem called the "Isle of Palms," which won high, though not wide, admiration, for its tenderness of feeling and beauty of sentiment. In 1816 there appeared from his pen a volume containing "The City of the Plague," a dramatic poem, and several miscellaneous pieces in verse. In 1820 he was appointed professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, succeeding Dr. Thomas Brown. In 1822 he published, anonymously, a volume called "The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," containing several stories and sketches illustrating the traits and manners of the rural population of Scotland. A novel in the same style, called "Margaret Lyndsay," was published by him in 1823. But his ablest and most characteristic productions are those which he wrote from time to time for "Blackwood's (Edinburgh) Magazine."

His intellectual powers were accompanied and enforced by the finest physical gifts. His form was cast in the noblest mould of manly beauty. He was a

keen sportsman, and excelled in all athletic exercises. In his youth and early manhood, there was a dash of wildness and eccentricity about him, which increased the interest inspired by his brilliant genius. In the collected edition of his works, published in twelve volumes, since his death, his contributions to "Blackwood's Magazine" occupy ten of the volumes, under the titles of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," in four volumes, "Essays, Critical and Imaginative," in four volumes, and the "Recreations of Christopher North," in two volumes. In these productions the genius of Wilson appears in its full strength — rich, exuberant, boundless, and overflowing. Wit the most dashing and reckless, poetry the most lavish, the most glowing eloquence, the finest descriptive power, the most genuine pathos and tenderness, combine to throw their attractions over his pages. His thoughts, images, and illustrations stream forth with the power and rapidity of a mountain torrent. He is remarkable especially for descriptive genius and critical skill. The characteristic features of Scottish scenery have never been delineated in verse with more true poetical feeling and quick sensibility than in the prose of Wilson. He is not a poet of the first class, but as a critic of poetry he has no superior. His principles of poetical criticism are philosophically correct; and they are applied under the guidance of the finest appreciative faculty.

The following extract is from "The Isle of Palms."]

Her giant form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm, would go,
Mid the deep darkness, white as snow!
But gentler now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side;
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse forever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!
— Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.
Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine,
That gladdened late the skies,
And her pendant that kissed the fair moonshine
Down many a fathom lies.

Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleamed softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down,
To sleep amid colors as bright as their own.
Oh! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home with sighs disturbed
The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming tree,
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
To the dangers his father had passed;
And his wife — by turns she wept and smiled,
As she looked on the father of her child
Returned to her heart at last.
— He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul.
Astounded, the reeling deck he paces,
Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces; —
The whole ship's crew are there:
Wailings around and overhead,
Brave spirits stupefied or dead,
And madness and despair.
Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
Unbroken as the floating air;
The ship hath melted quite away,
Like a struggling dream at break of day.
No image meets my wandering eye,
But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky.

Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapor dull
Bedims the waves so beautiful;
While a low and melancholy moan
Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

XCV. — THE CONTRASTS OF ALPINE SCENERY.

BYRON.

1 ADIEU to thee, fair Rhine! how long, delighted,
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, nor too sombre, nor too gay,
Wild, but not rude, awful, yet not austere,
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.

2 Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine;
The mind is colored by thine every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine,
'T is with the thankful glance of parting praise:
More mighty spots may rise — more glaring shine,
But none unite, in one attaching maze,
The brilliant, fair, and soft, — the glories of old days.

3 But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche — the thunder-bolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,

Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake
With the wide world I 've dwelt in is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction: once I loved
Torn ocean's roar; but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

5 It is the hush of night; and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more:

6 He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill;—
But that is fancy; for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love distil,
Weeping themselves away till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

7 Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
If, in your bright leaves, we would read the fate
Of men and empires, — 't is to be forgiven,

That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

8 The sky is changed! and such a change! Oh, Night
And Storm and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! — not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud!

9 And this is in the night: — Most glorious night;
Thou wert not sent for slumber; let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, — a phosphoric sea —
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 't is black — and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

10 Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye,
With night and clouds and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful: — the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest.
But where, of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb, —
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman, may find room,
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

XCVI. — WEBSTER'S GREATEST PARLIAMENTARY EFFORT.

EVERETT.

[The following extract is from a speech delivered in Boston at a dinner on the 18th of January, 1856, the anniversary of the birthday of Daniel Webster. Condé was a celebrated French general of the seventeenth century. He defeated the Spaniards at the battle of Rocroi, May, 19, 1643.]

It was my happiness, at Mr. Webster's request, to pass a part of the evening of the 25th January, 1830, with him; and he went over to me, from a very concise brief, the main topics of the speech prepared for the following day, — the second speech on Foot's resolution, — which he accounted the greatest of his parliamentary efforts.

Intense anticipation awaited that effort, both at Washington and throughout the country. A pretty formidable personal attack was to be repelled; New England was to be vindicated against elaborate disparagement; and, more than all, the true theory of the constitution, as heretofore generally understood, was to be maintained against a new interpretation, devised by perhaps the acutest logician in the country; asserted with equal confidence and fervor; and menacing a revolution in the government. Never had a public speaker a harder task to perform; and except on the last great topic, which undoubtedly was familiar to his

habitual contemplations, his opportunity for preparation had been most inconsiderable, for the argument of his accomplished opponent had been concluded but the day before the reply was to be made.

I sat an hour and a half with Mr. Webster the evening before this great effort. The impassioned parts of his speech, and those in which the personalities of his antagonist were retorted, were hardly indicated in his prepared brief.

So calm and tranquil was he, so entirely at ease, and free from that nervous excitement which is almost unavoidable, so near the moment which is to put the whole man to the proof, that I was tempted, absurdly enough, to think him not sufficiently aware of the magnitude of the occasion. I ventured even to intimate to him, that what he was to say the next day would, in a fortnight's time, be read by every grown man in the country. But I soon perceived that his calmness was the repose of conscious power. The battle had been fought and won within, upon the broad field of his own capacious mind; for it was Mr. Webster's habit first to state to himself his opponent's argument in its utmost strength, and having overthrown it in that form, he feared the efforts of no other antagonist. Hence it came to pass that he was never taken by surprise, by any turn of the discussion.

Besides, the moment and the occasion were too important for trepidation. A surgeon might as well be nervous, who is going to cut within a hair's-breadth of a great artery. He was not only at ease, but sportive and full of anecdote; and, as he told the senate playfully the next day, he slept soundly that night on the formidable assault of his accomplished adversary. So the great Condé slept on the eve of the battle of Rocroi; so Alexander slept on the eve of the battle of Arbela; and so they awoke to deeds of immortal fame.

As I saw him in the evening, (if I may borrow an illus-

tration from his favorite amusement,) he was as unconcerned and as free of spirit as some here have seen him, while floating in his fishing-boat along a hazy shore, gently rocking on the tranquil tide, dropping his line here and there, with the varying fortune of the sport.

The next morning he was like some mighty admiral, dark and terrible, casting the long shadow of his frowning tiers far over the sea, that seemed to sink beneath him; his broad pendant streaming at the main, the stars and stripes at the fore, the mizzen, and the peak; and bearing down like a tempest upon his antagonist, with all his canvas strained to the wind, and all his thunders roaring from his broadsides.

XCVII. — THE WIDOW OF GLENCOE.

AYTOUN.

[In the month of February, 1692, a number of persons of the clan of Macdonald, residing in Glencoe, a glen on the western coast of Scotland, were cruelly and treacherously put to death, on the ground that their chief had not taken the oath of allegiance to the government of King William within the time prescribed by his proclamation. A full and interesting account of the massacre may be found in Macaulay's "History of England." The following poem is supposed to be spoken by the widow of one of the victims. The captain of the company of soldiers by whom the massacre was perpetrated, was Campbell of Glenlyon. "The dauntless Græme" was the Marquis of Montrose.]

Do not lift him from the bracken, leave him lying where he fell—
Better bier ye cannot fashion: none beseems him half so well
As the bare and broken heather, and the hard and trampled sod,
Whence his angry soul ascended to the judgment-seat of God!
Winding-sheet we cannot give him — seek no mantle for the dead,
Save the cold and spotless covering showered from heaven upon his head.
Leave his broadsword as we found it, rent and broken with the blow
That, before he died, avenged him on the foremost of the foe.
Leave the blood upon his bosom — wash not off that sacred stain;
Let it stiffen on the tartan, let his wounds unclosed remain,
Till the day when he shall show them at the throne of God on high,
When the murderer and the murdered meet before their Judge's eye.

Nay — ye should not weep, my children! leave it to the faint and weak;
Sobs are but a woman's weapons — tears befit a maiden's cheek.
Weep not, children of Macdonald! weep not thou, his orphan heir;
Not in shame, but stainless honor, lies thy slaughtered father there.
Weep not — but when years are over, and thine arm is strong and sure,
And thy foot is swift and steady on the mountain and the muir,
Let thy heart be hard as iron, and thy wrath as fierce as fire,
Till the hour when vengeance cometh for the race that slew thy sire!
Till in deep and dark Glenlyon rise a louder shriek of woe,
Than at midnight, from their eyry, scared the eagles of Glencoe;
Louder than the screams that mingled with the howling of the blast,
When the murderers' steel was clashing, and the fires were rising fast;
When thy noble father bounded to the rescue of his men,
And the slogan of our kindred pealed throughout the startled glen;
When the herd of frantic women stumbled through the midnight snow,
With their fathers' houses blazing, and their dearest dead below!
Oh, the horror of the tempest, as the flashing drift was blown,
Crimsoned with the conflagration, and the roofs went thundering down!
Oh, the prayers, the prayers and curses, that together winged their flight
From the maddened hearts of many, through that long and woful night! —
Till the fires began to dwindle, and the shots grew faint and few,
And we heard the foeman's challenge only in a far halloo:
Till the silence once more settled o'er the gorges of the glen,
Broken only by the Cona plunging through its naked den.
Slowly from the mountain summit was the drifting veil withdrawn,
And the ghastly valley glimmered in the gray December dawn.
Better had the morning never dawned upon our dark despair!
Black amidst the common whiteness rose the spectral ruins there:
But the sight of these was nothing more than wrings the wild dove's breast,
When she searches for her offspring round the relics of her nest.
For in many a spot the tartan peered above the wintry heap,
Marking where a dead Macdonald lay within his frozen sleep.
Tremblingly we scooped the covering from each kindred victim's head,
And the living lips were burning on the cold ones of the dead.

And I left them with their dearest — dearest charge had every one —
Left the maiden with her lover, left the mother with her son.
I alone of all was mateless — far more wretched I than they,
For the snow would not discover where my lord and husband lay.
But I wandered up the valley, till I found him lying low,
With the gash upon his bosom, and the frown upon his brow —
Till I found him lying murdered where he wooed me long ago!

Woman's weakness shall not shame me — why should I have tears to shed?
Could I rain them down like water, O my hero! on thy head —
Could the cry of lamentation wake thee from thy silent sleep,
Could it set thy heart a-throbbing, it were mine to wail and weep!
But I will not waste my sorrow, lest the Campbell women say
That the daughters of Clanranald are as weak and frail as they.
I had wept thee, hadst thou fallen, like our fathers, on thy shield,
When a host of English foemen camped upon a Scottish field —
I had mourned thee, hadst thou perished with the foremost of his name,
When the valiant and the noble died around the dauntless Græme!
But I will not wrong thee, husband, with my unavailing cries,
Whilst thy cold and mangled body, stricken by the traitor, lies;
Whilst he counts the gold and glory that this hideous night has won,
And his heart is big with triumph at the murder he has done.
Other eyes than mine shall glisten, other hearts be rent in twain,
Ere the heath-bells on thy hillock wither in the autumn rain.
Then I 'll seek thee where thou sleepest, and I 'll veil my weary head,
Praying for a place beside thee, dearer than my bridal-bed:
And I 'll give thee tears, my husband, if the tears remain to me,
When the widows of the foeman cry the coronach for thee!

XCVIII. — THE SWISS PATRIOT.

KNOWLES.

[JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1784, and died in 1862. He was the author of "The Hunchback," "Virginius," "William Tell," "The Wife," and several other plays, some of which have been highly successful. He was originally an actor and teacher of elocution, but in his latter years he was a zealous and eloquent preacher of the Baptist denomination.

The following extract is from "William Tell," a play founded on the leading

Incidents in the life of the Swiss patriot of that name. Gesler (pronounced Ges'ler,) is the Austrian governor of Switzerland, and Sarnem one of his officers.]

[WILLIAM TELL, ALBERT, AND GESLER.]

GESLER. What is thy name?
TELL. My name?
It matters not to keep it from thee now:—
My name is Tell.
GES. Tell!—William Tell?
TELL. The same.
GES. What! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 't is said
His arrows never miss!—Indeed—I 'll take
Exquisite vengeance!—Mark! I 'll spare thy life—
Thy boy's too—both of you are free—on one
Condition.
TELL. Name it.
GES. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.
TELL. Name the trial you
Would have me make.
GES. You look upon your boy
As though instinctively you guessed it.
TELL. Look upon my boy! What mean you? Look upon
My boy as though I guessed it!—Guessed the trial
You 'd have me make!—Guessed it
Instinctively! You do not mean—no—no—
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child!—Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.
GES. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.
TELL. Is my boy to hold it?

GES. No.
TELL. No! — I 'll send the arrow through the core!
GES. It is to rest upon his head.
TELL. Great Heaven, you hear him!
GES. Thou dost hear the choice I give —
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you; not otherwise
To be escaped.
TELL. O monster!
GES. Wilt thou do it?
ALBERT. He will! he will!
TELL. Ferocious monster! — Make
A father murder his own child.
GES. Take off
His chains, if he consent.
TELL. With his own hand!
GES. Does he consent?
ALB. He does. [*Gesler signs to his officers, who proceed to take off Tell's chains. Tell all the time unconscious what they do.*]
TELL. With his own hand!
Murder his child with his own hand — This hand!
The hand I 've led him, when an infant, by! —
'T is beyond horror — 't is most horrible.
Amazement! [*His chains fall off.*] What 's that you 've done to me.
Villains! put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's! Here! here! I 'll not
Murder my boy for Gesler.
ALB. Father — father!
You will not hit me, father! —
TELL. Hit thee! — Send
The arrow through thy brain — or, missing that,
Shoot out an eye — or, if thine eye escape,
Mangle the cheek I 've seen thy mother's lips

Cover with kisses! — Hit thee — hit a hair
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart —
GES. Dost thou consent?
TELL. Give me my bow and quiver.
GES. For what?
TELL. To shoot my boy!
ALB. No, father — no!
To save me! — You 'll be sure to hit the apple —
Will you not save me, father?
TELL. Lead me forth —
I 'll make the trial!
ALB. Thank you!
TELL. Thank me! Do
You know for what? — I will not make the trial,
To take him to his mother in my arms,
And lay him down a corpse before her!
GES. Then he dies this moment — and you certainly
Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.
TELL. Well — I 'll do it: I 'll make the trial.
ALB. Father —
TELL. Speak not to me:
Let me not hear thy voice — Thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be — Earth should be dumb,
And Heaven — unless its thunders muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me
My bow and quiver! —
GES. When all 's ready.
TELL. Well! Lead on!

XCIX. — SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

PERSONS. — *Enter, slowly, People in evident distress — Officers, Sarnem, Gesler, Tell, Albert, and Soldiers — one bearing Tell's bow and quiver, another with a basket of apples.*

GES. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.
TELL. Is the line a true one?
GES. True or not, what is 't to thee?
TELL. What is 't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing — a yard or two
Is nothing here or there — were it a wolf
I shot at! Never mind.
GES. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.
TELL. I will be thankful, Gesler! — Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun.
GES. And what of that?
What matter whether to or from the sun?
TELL. I 'd have it at my back — the sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I cannot see to shoot against the sun —
I will not shoot against the sun!
GES. Give him his way! Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.
TELL. I shall remember it. I 'd like to see
The apple I 'm to shoot at.
GES. Stay! show me the basket! — there —
TELL. You 've picked the smallest one.
GES. I know I have.
TELL. O! do you? — But you see
The color on 't is dark — I 'd have it light,
To see it better.

GES. Take it as it is:
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hit'st it.
TELL. True — true! — I did not think of that — I wonder
I did not think of that — Give me some chance
To save my boy! [*Throws away the apple with all his force.*]
I will not murder him,
If I can help it — for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.
GES. Well: choose thyself.
TELL. Have I a friend among the lookers on?
VERNER. [*Rushing forward.*] Here, Tell.
TELL. I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief:
When once the bow is bent, we cannot take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!
The boy! — the boy! Thinkest thou he hath the courage
To stand it?
VER. Yes.
TELL. Does he tremble?
VER. No.
TELL. Art sure?
VER. I am.
TELL. How looks he?
VER. Clear and smilingly:
If you doubt it — look yourself.
TELL. No — no — my friend;
To hear it is enough.
VER. He bears himself so much above his years —
TELL. I know! — I know.
VER. With constancy so modest! —
TELL. I was sure he would —

VER. And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you —
TELL. Man! Man! Man!
No more! Already I'm too much the father
To act the man! — Verner, no more, my friend!
I would be flint — flint — flint. Don't make me feel
I'm not — do not mind me! — Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.
Set him upon his knees — and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me, —
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady — tell him
I'll hit the apple! — Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.
VER. Come, Albert! [*Leading him out.*]
ALB. May I not speak with him before I go?
VER. No.
ALB. I would only kiss his hand.
VER. You must not.
ALB. I must! — I cannot go from him without.
VER. It is his will you should.
ALB. His will, is it?
I am content then — come.
TELL. My boy! [*Holding out his arms to him.*]
ALB. My father! [*Rushing into Tell's arms.*]
TELL. If thou canst bear it, should not I? — Go, now,
My son — and keep in mind that I can shoot —
Go, boy — be thou but steady, I will hit
The apple — Go! — God bless thee — go. — My bow! —
[*The bow is handed to him.*]
Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? — Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant — No,
I'm sure of thee — I know thy honesty.
Thou art stanch — stanch. — Let me see my quiver.
GES. Give him a single arrow.
TELL. Do you shoot?
SOL. I do.

TELL. Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent; the feather jagged: [*Breaks it.*]
That 's all the use 't is fit for.

GES. Let him have another.

TELL. Why, 't is better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I 'm to take — 't is heavy in the shaft:
I 'll not shoot with it! [*Throws it away.*] Let me see my quiver.
Bring it! — 'T is not one arrow in a dozen
I 'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that. —

GES. It matters not.
Show him the quiver.

TELL. See if the boy is ready.

[*Tell here hides an arrow under his vest.*]

VER. He is.

TELL. I 'm ready, too! Keep silent for
Heaven's sake, and do not stir — and let me have
Your prayers — your prayers — and be my witnesses
That if his life 's in peril from my hand,
'T is only for the chance of saving it. [*To the people.*]

GES. Go on.

TELL. I will.
O friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless
And silent.

[*Tell shoots — a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd — Tell's head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself upon his bow.*]

VER. [*Rushing in with Albert.*] The boy is safe — no hair of him is touched.

ALB. Father, I 'm safe! — your Albert 's safe, dear father, —
Speak to me! Speak to me!

VER. He can not, boy!

ALB. You grant him life?

GES. I do.
ALB. And we are free?
GES. You are. [*Crossing angrily behind.*]
ALB. Thank Heaven! — thank Heaven!
VER. Open his vest,
And give him air.
[*Albert opens his father's vest, and the arrow drops. Tell starts, fixes his eye on Albert, and clasps him to his breast.*]
TELL. My boy! — My boy!
GES. For what
Hid you that arrow in your breast? — Speak, slave!
TELL. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

C. — LOSS OF UNION IRREPARABLE.

WEBSTER.

[From a eulogy on Washington, delivered at a public dinner in the city of Washington, in honor of his centennial birthday, February 22, 1832.]

WASHINGTON, therefore, could regard, and did regard, nothing as of paramount political interest, but the integrity of the Union itself. With a united government, well administered, he saw we had nothing to fear; and without it, nothing to hope. The sentiment is just, and its momentous truth should solemnly impress the whole country. If we might regard our country as personated in the spirit of Washington, if we might consider him as representing her, in her past renown, her present prosperity, and her future career, and as in that character demanding of us all to account for our conduct, as political men or as private citizens, how should he answer him who has ventured to talk of disunion and dismemberment? Or how should he answer him who dwells perpetually on local interests, and fans every kindling flame of local prejudice? How should

he answer him who would array state against state, interest against interest, and party against party, careless of the continuance of that *unity of government which constitutes us one people?*

Gentlemen, the political prosperity which this country has attained, and which it now enjoys, it has acquired mainly through the instrumentality of the present government. While this agent continues, the capacity of attaining to still higher degrees of prosperity exists also. We have, while this lasts, a political life capable of beneficial exertion, with power to resist or overcome misfortunes, to sustain us against the ordinary accidents of human affairs, and to promote, by active efforts, every public interest.

But dismemberment strikes at the very being which preserves these faculties. It would lay its rude and ruthless hand on this great agent itself. It would sweep away, not only what we possess, but all power of regaining lost, or acquiring new, possessions. It would leave the country, not only bereft of its prosperity and happiness, but without limbs, or organs, or faculties, by which to exert itself hereafter in the pursuit of that prosperity and happiness.

Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome. If disastrous war should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle even if the walls of yonder Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley.

All these might be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skilful architecture

which unites national sovereignty with state rights, individual security, and public prosperity?

No, gentlemen, if these columns fall, they will be raised not again. Like the Coliseum, and the Parthenon, they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw — the edifice of constitutional American liberty.

But, gentlemen, let us hope for better things. Let us trust in that gracious Being who has hitherto held our country as in the hollow of His hand. Let us trust to the virtue and the intelligence of the people, and to the efficacy of religious obligation. Let us trust to the influence of Washington's example. Let us hope that that fear of Heaven which expels all other fear, and that regard to duty which transcends all other regard, may influence public men and private citizens, and lead our country still onward in her happy career.

Full of these gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the end of that century which is now commenced. A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth, with no less of sincere admiration than we now commemorate it. When they shall meet, as we now meet, to do themselves and him that honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horizon, so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, still flowing on toward the sea, so surely may they see, as we now see, the flag of the Union floating on the top of the Capitol; and then, as now, may the sun in his course visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country!

CI. — THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

BRYANT.

1 HERE are old trees — tall oaks and gnarled pines —
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades —
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old —
My thoughts go up the long, dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

2 O Freedom, thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses, gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailéd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

3 Thy birthright was not given by human hands;
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock, and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou, by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain-side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

4 Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters, or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets.

5 O, not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom, close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite

Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

CII. — THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

WHITTIER.

[Buena Vista is a hamlet in Mexico where the Mexican army, under General Santa Anna, was defeated by the Americans, under General Taylor, February 22 and 23, 1847. La Angostura is about a mile and a half distant. La Puebla, (pwā'blä, or poo-ā'blä,) is the second city of Mexico.]

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls!"
Who is losing? who is winning? — "Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon, clouding through the mountain rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look Ximena, look once more:
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course."

Look forth once more Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon* wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs the Northern ball."

* Minon, (pronounced min-yon,) was a Mexican general.

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on.
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who has won?
"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall;
O'er the dying rush the living; pray, my sisters, for them all!

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting; Blessed Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

"Oh my heart's love! oh my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee;
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? Canst thou see?
Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! oh my Bernard, look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! mercy! mercy! all is o'er."

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;
But, as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parched lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand, and faintly smiled,
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely, in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! O, thou Christ of God, forgive!"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and lacking food;
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

CIII. — AMERICAN NATIONALITY.

CHOATE.

[RUFUS CHOATE was born in Essex, Massachusetts, October 1, 1799, and died July 13, 1859. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1819, and admitted to the bar in 1824. He practised his profession first at Danvers, then at Salem, and for the last twenty-five years of his life at Boston. He was chosen to the house of representatives in 1832, and served there a single term. He was a member of the senate from February, 1841, to March, 1845. He was a brilliant and eloquent advocate, with unrivalled power over a jury, a thoroughly instructed lawyer, and a scholar of wide range and various cultivation. His writings, consisting of lectures, addresses, and speeches, are distinguished by a combination of logical power and imaginative splendor.

The following extract is from an oration delivered in Boston on the eighty-second anniversary of American Independence, July 5, 1858.]

BUT now, by the side of this and all antagonisms, higher than they, stronger than they, there rises colossal the fine, sweet spirit of nationality, — the nationality of America. See there the pillar of fire which God has kindled, and

lifted, and moved, for our hosts and our ages. Gaze on that, worship that, worship the highest in that. Between that light and our eyes a cloud for a time may seem to gather; chariots, armed men on foot, the troops of kings, may march on us, and our fears may make us for a moment turn from it; a sea may spread before us, and waves seem to hedge us up; dark idolatries may alienate some hearts for a season from that worship; revolt, rebellion, may break out in the camp, and the waters of our springs may run bitter to the taste, and mock it; between us and that Canaan a great river may seem to be rolling; but beneath that high guidance our way is onward, ever onward. Those waters shall part, and stand on either hand in heaps; that idolatry shall repent; that rebellion shall be crushed; that stream shall be sweetened; that overflowing river shall be passed on foot, dry-shod, in harvest-time; and from that promised land of flocks, fields, tents, mountains, coasts, and ships, from north and south, and east and west, there shall swell one cry yet, of victory, peace, and thanksgiving!

But we were seeking the nature of the spirit of nationality, and we pass in this inquiry from contrast to analysis. You may call it, in one aspect, a mode of contemplating the nation in its essence, and so far it is an intellectual conception, and you may call it a feeling towards the nation thus contemplated, and so far it is an emotion. In the intellectual exercise it contemplates the nation as it is one, and as it is distinguished from all other nations, and in the emotional exercise it loves it, and is proud of it as thus it is contemplated.

This you may call its ultimate analysis. But how much more is included in it! How much flows from it! How cold and inadequate is such a description, if we leave it there! Think of it first as a state of consciousness, as a spring of feeling, as a motive to exertion, as blessing your country, and as reacting on you. Think of it as it fills

your mind and quickens your heart, and as it fills the mind and quickens the heart of millions around you.

Instantly, under such an influence, you ascend above the smoke and stir of this small local strife; you tread upon the high places of the earth and of history; you think and feel as an American for America; her power, her eminence, her consideration, her honor, are yours; your competitors, like hers, are kings; your home, like hers, is the world; your path, like hers, is on the highway of empires; your charge, her charge, is of generations and ages; your record, her record, is of treaties, battles, voyages, beneath all the constellations; her image, one, immortal, golden, rises on your eye as our western star at evening rises on the traveller from his home; no lowering cloud, no angry river, no lingering spring, no broken crevasse, no inundated city or plantation, no tracts of sand, arid and burning on that surface, but all blended and softened into one beam of kindred rays, the image, harbinger, and promise of love, hope, and a brighter day!

But if you would contemplate nationality as an active virtue, look around you. Is not our own history one witness and one record of what it can do? This day and all which it stands for, — did it not give us these? This glory of the fields of that war, this eloquence of that revolution, this one wide sheet of flame, which wrapped tyrant and tyranny, and swept all that escaped from it away, forever and forever; the courage to fight, to retreat, to rally, to advance, to guard the young flag by the young arm and the young heart's blood, to hold up and hold on till the magnificent consummation crowned the work, — were not all these imparted or inspired by this imperial sentiment?

Has it not here begun the master-work of man, the creation of a national life? Did it not call out that prodigious development of wisdom, the wisdom of constructiveness which illustrated the years after the war, and the framing and adopting of the constitution? Has it not, in

general, contributed to the administering of that government wisely and well since?

Look at it! It has kindled us to no aims of conquest. It has involved us in no entangling alliances. It has kept our neutrality dignified and just. The victories of peace have been our prized victories. But the larger and truer grandeur of the nations, for which they are created, and for which they must one day, before some tribunal, give account, what a measure of these it has enabled us already to fulfil! It has lifted us to the throne, and has set on our brow the name, of the Great Republic. It has taught us to demand nothing wrong, and to submit to nothing wrong; it has made our diplomacy sagacious, wary, and accomplished; it has opened the iron gate of the mountain, and planted our ensign on the great tranquil sea.

It has made the desert to bud and blossom as the rose; it has quickened to life the giant brood of useful arts; it has whitened lake and ocean with the sails of a daring, new, and lawful trade; it has extended to exiles, flying as clouds, the asylum of our better liberty.

It has kept us at rest within all our borders; it has repressed without blood the intemperance of local insubordination; it has scattered the seeds of liberty, under law and under order, broadcast; it has seen and helped American feeling to swell into a fuller flood; from many a field and many a deck, though it seeks not war, makes not war, and fears not war, it has borne the radiant flag, all unstained; it has opened our age of lettered glory; it has opened and honored the age of the industry of the people!

CIV.—LINES ON THE ENTRY OF THE AUSTRIANS INTO NAPLES.

MOORE.

[In 1820, a popular revolution broke out in Naples and Sicily, which was soon suppressed by the Austrians, who entered Naples in March, 1821, with very little resistance on the part of the Neapolitans. Lord Castlereagh was at that time secretary of state for the foreign department in Great Britain, and a statesman of strong Tory principles. Filicaia and Petrarch were Italian poets and patriots, the former of the seventeenth, and the latter of the fourteenth century.]

1 Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!
From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,
That shrunk from the first touch of Liberty's war,
Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains!

2 On — on, like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,
Ye locusts of tyranny! — blasting them o'er:
Fill — fill up their wide, sunny waters, ye sails,
From each slave-mart in Europe, and shadow their shore.

3 Let their fate be a mock-word — let men of all lands
Laugh out with a scorn that shall ring to the poles,
When each sword, that the cowards let fall from their hands,
Shall be forged into fetters to enter their souls!

4 And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driven,
Base slaves! may the whet of their agony be,
To think — as the doomed haply think of that heaven
They had once within reach — that they might have been free.

5 Shame! shame! when there was not a bosom, whose heat
Ever rose o'er the zero of Castlereagh's heart,
That did not, like Echo, your war-hymn repeat,
And send back its prayers with your Liberty's start!

6 When the world stood in hope — when a spirit that breathed
Full fresh of the olden time whispered about,
And the swords of all Italy, half-way unsheathed,
But waited one conquering cry to flash out!

7 When around you the shades of your mighty in fame,
Filicaias and Petrarchs seemed bursting to view,
And their words and their warnings — like tongues of bright flame
Over Freedom's apostles — fell kindling on you!

8 Good God! that in such a proud moment of life,
Worth ages of history — when, had you but hurled
One bolt at your tyrant invader, that strife
Between freemen and tyrants, had spread through the world.—

9 That then — O, disgrace upon manhood! e'en then
You should falter — should cling to your pitiful breath;
Cower down into beasts, when you might have stood men,
And prefer a slave's life, to a glorious death!

10 It is strange! — it is dreadful! Shout, Tyranny, shout
Through your dungeons and palaces, "Freedom is o'er!"
If there lingers one spark of her fire, tread it out,
And return to your empire of darkness once more.

11 For if *such* are the braggarts that claim to be free,
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss: —
Far nobler to live the brute bondman of thee,
Than sully even chains by a struggle like this!

CV. — JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

SEWARD.

[WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD was born in Florida, New York, May 16, 1801. He was graduated at Union College in 1819, and admitted to the bar in 1822. Without neglecting his professional duties, he early engaged in politics, and in 1838 was chosen governor of New York by the Whigs, and was re-elected in 1846. In February, 1849, he was chosen to the senate of the United States, and continued a member of that body till the election of President Lincoln, when he became a member of his cabinet as secretary of state. During his career in the senate, he was remarkable for the ability and consistency with which he maintained the policy and principles of the anti-slavery party, but he by no means confined his attention to this subject, but spoke upon a variety of questions connected with the commercial and industrial relations of the country. He is a man of patient and persevering industry, and his speeches, which are always carefully prepared, are honorably distinguished for their decorum of tone and their great literary merit. His writings have been published in four octavo volumes, with a biographical memoir and historical notes.

The following extract is from a eulogy on John Quincy Adams, delivered before the legislature of New York, April 6, 1848.]

THE model by which he formed his character was Cicero. Not the living Cicero, sometimes inconsistent, often irreso-

lute, too often seeming to act a studied part, and always covetous of applause. But Cicero, as he aimed to be, and as he appears revealed in those immortal emanations of his genius which have been the delight and guide of intellect and virtue, in every succeeding age. Like the Roman, Adams was an orator, but he did not fall into the error of the Roman, in practically valuing eloquence more than the beneficence to which it should be devoted. Like him he was a statesman and magistrate worthy to be called "The second founder of the republic," — like him a teacher of didactic philosophy, of morals, and even of his own peculiar art; and like him he made all liberal learning tributary to that noble art, while poetry was the inseparable companion of his genius in its hours of relaxation from the labors of the forum and of the capitol.

Like him, he loved only the society of good men, and by his generous praise of such, illustrated the Roman's beautiful aphorism, that no one can be envious of good deeds, who has confidence in his own virtue. Like Cicero, he kept himself unstained by social or domestic vices; preserved serenity and cheerfulness; cherished habitual reverence for the Deity, and dwelt continually, not on the mystic theology of the schools, but on the hopes of a better life. He lived in what will be regarded as the virtuous age of his country, while Cicero was surrounded by an overwhelming degeneracy. He had the light of Christianity for his guide, and its sublime motives as incitements to virtue; while Cicero had only the confused instructions of the Grecian schools, and saw nothing certainly attainable but present applause and future fame. In moral courage, therefore, he excelled his model, and rivalled Cato. But Cato was a visionary, who insisted upon his right to act always without reference to the condition of mankind, as he would have acted in Plato's imaginary republic. Adams stood, in this respect, midway between the impracticable stoic and the too flexible academician.

He had no occasion to say, as the Grecian orator did, that, if he had sometimes acted contrary to himself, he had never acted contrary to the republic; but he might justly have said, as the noble Roman did, "I have rendered to my country all the great services which she was willing to receive at my hands, and I have never harbored a thought concerning her that was not divine."

More fortunate than Cicero, who fell a victim of civil wars which he could not avert, Adams was permitted to linger on the earth, until the generations of that future age, for whom he had lived and to whom he had appealed from the condemnation of contemporaries, came up before the curtain which had shut out his sight, and pronounced over him, as he was sinking into the grave, their judgment of approval and benediction.

The distinguished characteristics of his life were beneficent labor and personal contentment. He never sought wealth, but devoted himself to the service of mankind; yet by the practice of frugality and method, he secured the enjoyment of dealing forth continually no stinted charities, and died in affluence. He never solicited place or preferment, and had no partisan combinations or even connections; yet he received honors which eluded the covetous grasp of those who formed parties, rewarded friends, and proscribed enemies; and he filled a longer period of varied and distinguished service than ever fell to the lot of any other citizen. In every state of this progress he was content. He was content to be president, minister, representative, or citizen.

Stricken in the midst of this service, in the very act of rising to debate, he fell into the arms of conscript fathers of the republic. A long lethargy supervened, and oppressed his senses. Nature rallied the wasting powers, on the verge of the grave, for a very brief period. But it was long enough for him. The rekindled eye showed that the re-collected mind was clear, calm, and vigorous.

His weeping family and his sorrowing compeers were there. He surveyed the scene, and knew at once its fatal import. He had left no duty unperformed; he had no wish unsatisfied; no ambition unattained; no regret, no sorrow, no fear, no remorse. He could not shake off the dews of death that gathered on his brow. He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up before him. But he knew that eternity lay close by the shores of time. He knew that his Redeemer lived.

Eloquence, even in that hour, inspired him with his ancient sublimity of utterance. "This," said the dying man, "this is the last of earth." He paused for a moment, and then added, "I am content." Angels might well have drawn aside the curtains of the skies to look down on such a scene — a scene that approximated even to that scene of unapproachable sublimity, not to be recalled without reverence, when, in mortal agony, One who spake as never man spake, said, "It is finished."

CVI. — TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

MACAULAY.

[This description of the trial of Warren Hastings is from the review of "Gleig's Life of Hastings" in the "Edinburgh Review." Hastings was governor-general of India from 1774 to 1785; and on his return to England was impeached by the House of Commons, and tried by the House of Lords, for numerous acts of injustice and oppression. The trial began in 1788, and dragged on its slow length till 1795, when he was finally acquitted. The judgments of men entitled to respect are still divided as to the amount of blame to be attached to Hastings. He was a man of great abilities, but there can be no doubt that he was often unscrupulous in his conduct, and cruel in his government. He constantly acted upon the dangerous doctrine, that a good end justifies the use of any means to attain it. He was nearly ruined by the expenses of his trial, which are said to have amounted to nearly four hundred thousand dollars.]

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus;* the hall which had resounded

* Westminster Hall was built by William Rufus, for a banqueting hall.

with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the high court of justice, with the placid courage that has half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by heralds under the garter king-at-arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the upper house, as the upper house then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, — George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and the sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace, and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art.

There were seated round the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all

the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman empire * thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate that still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.

There were seen, side by side, the greatest scholar and the greatest painter of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr † to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid.

There appeared the voluptuous charms of her ‡ to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she,§ the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an

* Gibbon.

† Samuel Parr, a clergyman and man of learning, but hardly the "greatest scholar of the age."

‡ Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom the Prince of Wales was supposed to have secretly married.

§ The first wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, a woman remarkable for beauty and musical genius, whom Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted as St. Cecilia.

extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue.

He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, — such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been, by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation to the amiable poet.

On the third day, Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the company, and of the English presidencies.

Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile chancellor,* and, for a moment,

* Lord Thurlow, a stern, rough man, and friendly to Hastings.

seemed to pierce the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical cries and sobs were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit.

At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice, till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honors he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

CVII. — LINES TO A CHILD, ON HIS VOYAGE TO FRANCE, TO MEET HIS FATHER.

WARE.

[HENRY WARE, JR., was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, April 21, 1794, and died September 25, 1843. He was a settled clergyman in Boston from 1817 to 1829, and afterwards professor in the theological school at Cambridge. He published many essays and discourses on moral and religious subjects, and a few pieces of poetry. He was a man of ardent piety, an earnest and excellent preacher, and always controlled by the highest sense of duty. His prose writings are marked by simplicity, directness, and strong religious feeling; and the few poems he wrote show poetical powers of no common order.

The following lines originally appeared in the "Christian Disciple."]

1 Lo! how impatiently upon the tide
The proud ship tosses, eager to be free.
Her flag streams wildly, and her fluttering sails
Pant to be on their flight. A few hours more,
And she will move in stately grandeur on,
Cleaving her path majestic through the flood,
As if she were a goddess of the deep.

2 O, 't is a thought sublime, that man can force
A path upon the waste, can find a way
Where all is trackless, and compel the winds,
Those freest agents of Almighty power,
To lend their untamed wings, and bear him on
To distant climes. Thou, William, still art young,
And dost not see the wonder. Thou wilt tread
The buoyant deck, and look upon the flood,
Unconscious of the high sublimity,
As 't were a common thing — thy soul unawed,
Thy childish sports unchecked; while thinking *man*
Shrinks back into himself — himself so mean
Mid things so vast — and, rapt in deepest awe,
Bends to the might of that mysterious Power,
Who holds the waters in his hand, and guides
The ungovernable winds. — 'T is not in man
To look unmoved upon that heaving waste,
Which, from horizon to horizon spread,
Meets the o'erarching heavens on every side,
Blending their hues in distant faintness there.

3 'T is wonderful! — and yet, my boy, just such
Is life. Life is a sea as fathomless,
As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes
As calm and beautiful. The light of Heaven
Smiles on it, and 't is decked with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon, dark clouds
Arise, contending winds of fate go forth,
And hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.

4 And thou must sail upon this sea, a long,
Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer wreck,
The foolish *must*. O! then be early wise!
Learn from the mariner his skilful art
To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze,
And dare the threatening storm, and trace a path
Mid countless dangers, to the destined port,
Unerringly secure. O! learn from him
To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
To guard thy sail from Passion's sudden blasts,
And make Religion thy magnetic guide,
Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
Points to the light that changes not, in Heaven.

5 Farewell — Heaven smile propitious on thy course,
And favoring breezes waft thee to the arms
Of love paternal. — Yes, and more than this —
Blest be thy passage o'er the changing sea
Of life; the clouds be few that intercept
The light of joy; the waves roll gently on
Beneath thy bark of hope, and bear thee safe
To meet in peace thine other father, — GOD.

CVIII. — THE DEATH OF HAMILTON.

NOTT.

[ELIPHALET NOTT was born in Ashford, Connecticut, June 25, 1773, and died January 29, 1866. He was chosen president of Union College in 1804, and was previously pastor of a church in Albany. It was there that he preached the sermon, of which the following is a portion. It produced a great effect, as the whole nation was deeply moved at the death of Alexander Hamilton, an eminent statesman and soldier, who was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr, July 11, 1804. Dr. Nott published "Lectures on Temperance," and "Counsels to Young Men," and spent much time in experiments and researches connected with the application of the laws of heat to the arts of life.]

A SHORT time since, and he, who is the occasion of our sorrows, was the ornament of his country. He stood on

an eminence, and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen, — suddenly, forever fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him, must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship; there, dim and sightless, is the eye whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever, are those lips on whose persuasive accents we have so often and so lately hung with transport.

From the darkness which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light, in which it is clearly seen that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor of victory! how humble appears the majesty of grandeur! The bubble, which seemed to have so much solidity, has burst; and we again see that all below the sun is vanity.

True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced, the sad and solemn procession has moved, the badge of mourning has already been decreed, and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to the passing traveller his virtues (just tributes of respect, and, to the living, useful); but to him, mouldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they? How vain! how unavailing!

Approach, and behold, while I lift from his sepulchre its covering! Ye admirers of his greatness! ye emulous of his talents and his fame! approach and behold him now! How pale! how silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements; no fascinating throng weep and melt and tremble at his eloquence! Amazing change! a shroud! a coffin! a narrow, subterraneous cabin! — this is all that now remains of Hamilton! And is this all that remains of Hamilton? During a life so transitory, what lasting monument, then, can our fondest hopes erect!

My brethren, we stand on the borders of an awful gulf, which is swallowing up all things human. And is there, amidst this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal, on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten? Ask the hero, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you. He will tell you, did I say? He has already told you, from his death-bed; and his illumined spirit still whispers from the heavens, with well known eloquence, the solemn admonition: "Mortals hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning and avoid my errors; cultivate the virtues I have recommended; choose the Saviour I have chosen; live disinterestedly; live for immortality; and would you rescue anything from final dissolution, lay it up in God."

CIX. — THE INDIANS.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

1 YET while, by life's endearments crowned,
To mark this day we gather round,
And to our nation's founders raise
The voice of gratitude and praise,
Shall not one line lament that lion race,
For us struck out from sweet creation's face?
Alas, alas for them! — those fated bands,
Whose monarch tread was on these broad, green lands.
Our fathers called them savage, — them, whose bread,
In the dark hour those famished fathers fed.

2 We call them savage. O, be just!
Their outraged feelings scan;
A voice comes forth, — 't is from the dust, —
The savage was a man!

Think ye he loved not? Who stood by,
And in his toils took part?
Woman was there to bless his eye, —
The savage had a heart!
Think ye he prayed not? When on high
He heard the thunders roll,
What bade him look beyond the sky?
The savage had a soul!

3 I venerate the Pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red man dare to plead
We bow to Heaven's recorded laws,
He turned to Nature for a creed
Beneath the pillared dome,
We seek our God in prayer;
Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
And the Great Spirit worshipped there.
But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt;
To one divinity with us he knelt;
Freedom, — the self-same freedom we adore, —
Bade him defend his violated shore.
He saw the cloud, ordained to grow
And burst upon his hills in woe;
He saw his people withering by,
Beneath the invader's evil eye;
Strange feet were trampling on his fathers' bones;
At midnight hour he woke to gaze
Upon his happy cabin's blaze,
And listen to his children's dying groans.
He saw, and, maddening at the sight,
Gave his bold bosom to the fight;
To tiger-rage his soul was driven;
Mercy was not, or sought, or given;
The pale man from his lands must fly, —
He would be free, or he would die.

Alas for them! — their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from hill and shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds;
The plough is on their hunting-grounds;
The pale man's axe rings through their woods;
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods;
Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children, — look! by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west
Their children go — to die!

4 O, doubly lost! Oblivion's shadows close
Around their triumphs and their woes.
On other realms, whose suns have set,
Reflected radiance lingers yet;
There sage and bard have shed a light
That never shall go down in night;
There time-crowned columns stand on high,
To tell of them who cannot die;
Even we, who then were nothing, kneel
In homage there, and join earth's general peal.
But the doomed Indian leaves behind no trace
To save his own, or serve another race;
With his frail breath his power has passed away;
His deeds, his thoughts, are buried with his clay;
Nor lofty pile, nor glowing page,
Shall link him to a future age,
Or give him with the past a rank;
His heraldry is but a broken bow,
His history but a tale of wrong and woe, —
His very name must be a blank.

5 Cold, with the beast he slew he sleeps;
O'er him no filial spirit weeps;
No crowds throng round, no anthem notes ascend,
To bless his coming and embalm his end;

Even that he lived, is for his conqueror's tongue;
By foes alone his death-song must be sung:
No chronicles but theirs shall tell
His mournful doom to future times;
May these upon his virtues dwell,
And in his fate forget his crimes.

CX. — AMERICAN LABORERS.

NAYLOR.

[Extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives by HON. C. NAYLOR, Member of Congress from Pennsylvania.]

THE gentleman, sir, has misconceived the spirit and tendency of northern institutions. He is ignorant of northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the northern laborers! Who are the northern laborers? The history of your country is their history. The renown of your country is their renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page. Blot from your annals the words and the doings of northern laborers, and the history of your country presents but a universal blank.

Sir, who was he that disarmed the Thunderer; wrested from his grasp the bolts of Jove; calmed the troubled ocean; became the central sun of the philosophical system of his age, shedding his brightness and effulgence on the whole civilized world; whom the great and mighty of the earth delighted to honor; who participated in the achievement of your independence, prominently assisted in moulding your free institutions, and the beneficial effects of whose wisdom will be felt to the last moment of "recorded time?" Who, sir, I ask, was he? A northern laborer, — a Yankee tallow-chandler's son, — a printer's runaway boy!

And who, let me ask the honorable gentleman, who was he that, in the days of our Revolution, led forth a northern army, — yes, an army of northern laborers, — and aided the chivalry of South Carolina in their defence against British aggression, drove the spoilers from their firesides, and redeemed her fair fields from foreign invaders? Who was he? A northern laborer, a Rhode Island blacksmith, — the gallant General Greene, — who left his hammer and his forge, and went forth conquering and to conquer in the battle for our independence! And will you preach insurrection to men like these?

Sir, our country is full of the achievements of northern laborers! Where is Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the north? And what, sir, has shed an imperishable renown on the never-dying names of those hallowed spots, but the blood and the struggles, the high daring, and patriotism, and sublime courage, of northern laborers? The whole north is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence, of northern laborers! Go, sir, go preach insurrection to men like these!

The fortitude of the men of the north, under intense suffering for liberty's sake, has been almost godlike! History has so recorded it. Who comprised that gallant army, without food, without pay, shelterless, shoeless, penniless, and almost naked, in that dreadful winter, — the midnight of our Revolution, — whose wanderings could be traced by their blood-tracks in the snow; whom no arts could seduce, no appeal lead astray, no sufferings disaffect; but who, true to their country and its holy cause, continued to fight the good fight of liberty, until it finally triumphed? Who, sir, were these men? Why, northern laborers! — yes, sir, northern laborers! Who, sir, were Roger Sherman and — but it is idle to enumerate. To name the northern laborers who have distinguished them-

selves, and illustrated the history of their country, would require days of the time of this House. Nor is it necessary. Posterity will do them justice. Their deeds have been recorded in characters of fire!

CXI. — MRS. CAUDLE URGING THE NEED OF SPRING CLOTHING.

JERROLD.

[DOUGLAS WILLIAM JERROLD was born in London January 3, 1803, and died June 8, 1857. He was first a midshipman in the navy, then a printer, and lastly a man of letters by profession. He wrote many successful plays, and was a frequent contributor to the periodical publications of the day. He was a man of brilliant wit in conversation, and highly estimable in conduct and character. His "Caudle Lectures" were published in the London "Punch," and extensively read in England and America.]

IF there 's anything in the world I hate — and you know it — it is, asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I 'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do, the more shame for you to let me.

What do I want now? As if you did n't know! I 'm sure, if I 'd any money of my own, I 'd never ask you for a farthing — never! It 's painful to me, gracious knows!

What do you say? *If it 's painful, why so often do it?* I suppose you call that a joke — one of your club-jokes! As I say, I only wish I 'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It 's dreadful!

Now, Caudle, you shall hear me, for it is n't often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day — like nobody else's children?

What was the matter with them? Oh! Caudle, how can you ask? Were n't they all in their thick merinoes and beaver bonnets?

What do you say? *What of it?* What! You 'll tell

me that you did n't see how the Briggs girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you did n't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the first of May?"

You did n't see it? The more shame for you! I 'm sure, those Briggs girls — the little minxes! — put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew.

What do you say? *I ought to be ashamed to own it?* Now, Caudle, it 's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday, if they have n't things for the summer. Now mind — they shan't; and there 's an end of it!

I 'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you say that? I 'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that 's it — the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may.

Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you 'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It 's only natural that a father should.

How much money do I want? Let me see, love. There 's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Anne, and ——

What do you say? *I need n't count 'em! You know how many there are!* That 's just the way you take me up!

Well, how much money will it take? Let me see — I 'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things like new pins. I know that, Caudle; and though I say it, bless their little hearts! they do credit to you, Caudle.

How much? Now, don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching — and you know, Caudle, there 's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can — I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds.

What did you say? *Twenty fiddlesticks?*

What! *You won't give half the money!* Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care; let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals; and then you 'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied.

What do you say? *Ten pounds enough?* Yes, just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves. *They only want frocks and bonnets?* How do you know what they want? How should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you* 'll make of it! I 'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you — no, sir!

No; you 've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses! You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it 's false, Caudle; you know it! I only wish to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths, — and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle, — when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the twenty pounds I *will* have, if I 've any; or not a farthing!

No, sir; no, — I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable.

What do you say? *You 'll give me fifteen pounds?* No, Caudle, no; not a penny will I take under twenty. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I 'm sure, when I come to think of it twenty pounds will hardly do!

CXII. — THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

HOOD.

[THOMAS HOOD was born in London in 1798, and died in 1845. He was destined for commercial pursuits, and at an early age was placed in a counting-house in his native city. Being of a delicate constitution, his health began to fail; and at the age of fifteen he was sent to Dundee, in Scotland, to reside with some relatives. Here he lived for two years; reading much in a desultory way, and gaining strength by rambling, fishing, and boating. Upon his return to London, he devoted himself for some time to the art of engraving, and thus acquired that knowledge of drawing which he afterwards turned to good account in the humorous pictorial illustrations with which many of his works were accompanied. But his tastes were strongly literary; and at the age of twenty-three he embraced the profession of letters, and began to earn his bread by his pen. His life was one of severe toil, and, from his delicate health and sensitive temperament, of much suffering, always sustained, however, with manly resolution and a cheerful spirit. He wrote much both in prose and verse. His works consist, for the most part, of collected contributions to magazines and periodicals. His novel of "Tylney Hall" was not very successful. His "Whims and Oddities," of which three volumes were published, and his "Hood's Own," are the most popular of his writings. "Up the Rhine" is the narrative of an imaginary tour in Germany by a family party. "Whimsicalities" is a collection of his contributions to the "New Monthly Magazine," of which he was at one time the editor. At the time of his death he was conducting a periodical called "Hood's Magazine," in which some of his best pieces appeared.

Hood was a man of peculiar and original genius, which manifested itself with equal power and ease in humor and pathos. He was a very accurate observer of life and manners. His wit is revealed by a boundless profusion of the quaintest, oddest, and most unexpected combinations; and his humor is marked alike by richness and delicacy. As a punster, he stands without a rival. No one else has given so much expression and character to this inferior form of wit. His serious productions are mostly in the form of verse, and are remarkable for sweetness and tenderness of feeling, exquisite fancy, and finely chosen language. A few of them, such as "The Dream of Eugene Aram," "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," have great power and pathos. In many of his poems the sportive and serious elements are most happily blended. "A Retrospective Review" is a case in point.]

1 ONE more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

2 Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

3 Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.
Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her —
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

4 Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

5 Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
While wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

6 Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

7 Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity

Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full
Home she had none!

8 Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence:
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

9 When the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

10 The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled —
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world —
In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran.

11 Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;

Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

12 Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth, and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

13 Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity,

14 Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest. —
Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast.

15 Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

CXIII. — SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

KELLOGG.

[ELIJAH KELLOGG was born in Portland, Maine, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1840. In 1844 he was ordained over the Congregational Society of Harpswell. In 1855 he removed to Boston, and became pastor of

the Mariners' Church, under the patronage of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society. He has since continued to reside there.

The following is a supposed speech of Spartacus, who was a real personage. He was a Thracian by birth, and a gladiator, who headed a rebellion of gladiators and slaves against the Romans, which was not suppressed until after a long struggle, in which he showed great energy and ability. A prætor was a Roman magistrate. The vestal virgins were priestesses of Vesta. They had a conspicuous place at the gladiatorial shows. The ancients attached great importance to the rites of sepulture, and believed that if the body were not buried, the soul could not cross the Styx, and reach the Elysian fields, the abode of the departed spirits of the good.]

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre, to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drop on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Volturnus with wavy, tremulous light. It was a night of holy calm, when the zephyr sways the young spring leaves, and whispers among the hollow reeds its dreamy music. No sound was heard but the last sob of some weary wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed.

In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators were crowded together, — their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, and the scowl of battle yet lingering upon their brows, — when Spartacus, rising in the midst of that grim assemblage, thus addressed them:

"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief, who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and yet never has lowered his arm. And if there be one among you who can say that, ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue,

let him step forth and say it. If there be three in all your throng dare face me on the bloody sand, let them come on!

"Yet, I was not always thus, a hired butcher, a savage chief of savage men. My father was a reverent man, who feared great Jupiter, and brought to the rural deities his offerings of fruits and flowers. He dwelt among the vine-clad rocks and olive groves at the foot of Helicon. My early life ran quiet as the brook by which I sported. I was taught to prune the vine, to tend the flock; and then, at noon, I gathered my sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute. I had a friend, the son of our neighbor; we led our flocks to the same pasture, and shared together our rustic meal.

"One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle that shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war meant; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why; and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, till my mother, parting the hair from off my brow, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

"That very night the Romans landed on our shore, and the clash of steel was heard within our quiet vale. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the iron hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling. To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet clasps, behold! it was my friend! He knew me, — smiled faintly, — gasped, — and died. The same sweet smile that I had marked upon his face, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled some lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the Prætor he was my friend, noble and brave, and I begged his body, that I might burn it upon the funeral-

pile, and mourn over him. Ay, on my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that boon, while all the Roman maids and matrons, and those holy virgins they call vestal, and the rabble, shouted in mockery, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale, and tremble like a very child, before that piece of bleeding clay; but the Prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, 'Let the carrion rot! There are no noble men but Romans!' And he, deprived of funeral rites, must wander, a hapless ghost, beside the waters of that sluggish river, and look — and look — and look in vain to the bright Elysian fields where dwell his ancestors and noble kindred. And so must you, and so must I, die like dogs!

"O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me! Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher sound than a flute-note, muscles of iron, and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through rugged brass and plaited mail, and warm it in the marrow of his foe! to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a smooth cheeked boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back till thy yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! the strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet odors from his curly locks, shall come, and with his lily fingers pat your brawny shoulders, and bet his sesterces upon your blood! Hark! Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'T is three days since he tasted meat; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon your flesh; and ye shall be a dainty meal for him.

"If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife; if ye are men, follow me! strike down yon sentinel, and gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your

veins, that ye do crouch and cower like base-born slaves, beneath your master's lash? O! comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors; if we must die, let us die under the open sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle."

CXIV. — THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE BERLIN LANDSTURM.

KÖRNER.

[KARL THEODOR KÖRNER was born September 23, 1791, at Dresden, Saxony, and was killed in battle against the French, August 26, 1813. He wrote dramas and lyrical poems, — of which latter, many are full of patriotic feeling and warlike spirit. In Germany, when the whole people are called upon to take arms in defence of their country, the name of Landsturm is given to the military force thus raised.]

1 FATHER of earth and heaven! I call thy name!
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;
Father, sustain an untried soldier's soul.
Or life, or death, whatever be the goal
That crowns or closes round this struggling hour,
Thou knowest, if ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer, 't was that no cloud might lower
On my young fame! — O hear! God of eternal power!

2 God! thou art merciful. — The wintry storm,
The cloud that pours the thunder from its womb,
But show the sterner grandeur of thy form;
The lightnings, glancing through the midnight gloom,
To Faith's raised eye, as calm, as lovely come,
As splendors of the autumnal evening star,
As roses shaken by the breeze's plume,
When like cool incense comes the dewy air,
And on the golden wave, the sunset burns afar.

God! thou art mighty! — At thy footstool bound,
Lie gazing to thee, Chance and Life and Death;
Nor in the Angel-circle flaming round,
Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath,
Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath. —
Woe in thy frown — in thy smile victory!
Hear my last prayer! I ask no mortal wreath;
Let but these eyes my rescued country see,
Then take my spirit, All Omnipotent, to thee.

Now for the fight — now for the cannon peal —
Forward — through blood and toil and cloud and fire!
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire;
They shake — like broken waves their squares retire, —
On them hussars! — Now give them rein and heel;
Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire: —
Earth cries for blood, — in thunder on them wheel!
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal!

CXV. — TRUE GREATNESS.

CHANNING.

[From an article on the "Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte," originally published in the "Christian Examiner," in 1827.]

Such was Napoleon Bonaparte. But some will say he was still a great man. This we mean not to deny. But we would have it understood, that there are various kinds or orders of greatness, and that the highest did not belong to Bonaparte.

There are different orders of greatness. Among these, the first rank is unquestionably due to *moral* greatness, or magnanimity; to that sublime energy by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly,

for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses as its own the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness, and defies all peril; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; withstands all the powers of the universe which would sever it from the cause of freedom and religion; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour; and is ever "ready to be offered up" on the altar of its country or of mankind.

Of this moral greatness, which throws all other forms of greatness into obscurity, we see not a trace in Napoleon. Though clothed with the power of a God, the thought of consecrating himself to the introduction of a new and higher era, to the exaltation of the character and condition of his race, seems never to have dawned on his mind. The spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice seems not to have waged a moment's war with self-will and ambition.

His ruling passions, indeed, were singularly at variance with magnanimity. Moral greatness has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too self-subsistent, and enters into others' interests with too much heartiness, to live an hour for what Napoleon always lived, to make itself the theme and gaze and wonder of a dazzled world.

Next to moral comes *intellectual* greatness, or genius in the highest sense of that word; and by this we mean that sublime capacity of thought, through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all comprehending laws of nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations all the objects of its knowledge, rises from the finite and transient to the infinite and the everlasting, frames to itself, from its own fulness, lovelier and sublimer forms than it beholds, discerns the harmonies between the world within and the world without us, and finds in every region of the universe types and interpreters

of its own deep mysteries and glorious inspirations. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers, and to the master-spirits in poetry and the fine arts.

Next comes the greatness of *action;* and by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving bold and extensive plans; of constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object, a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects.

To this head belongs the greatness of Bonaparte, and that he possessed it, we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man who raised himself from obscurity to a throne; who changed the face of the world; who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations; who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans; whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny; whose donatives were crowns; whose antechamber was thronged by submissive princes; who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps, and made them a highway; and whose fame was spread beyond the boundaries of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack, and the deserts of the Arab, — a man, who has left this record of himself in history, has taken out of our hands the question, whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action — an energy equal to great effects.

CXVI. — PRISONERS' EVENING SERVICE — A SCENE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MRS. HEMANS.

[The Reign of Terror was the period in French history from June 2, 1793, to July 27, 1794, during which Robespierre was at the head of the government, and a great many persons were put to death by the revolutionary tribunals.

A royalist father and his daughter have been condemned to death, and the following dialogue is supposed to take place between them, in prison, on the evening before their execution.]

[*Scene*—A Prison in Paris, during the Reign of Terror.]

D'AUBIGNE'* *an aged Royalist.* — BLANCHE, *his Daughter, a young girl.*

BLANCHE. What was our doom, my father? In thine arms
I lay unconsciously through that dread hour.
Tell me the sentence! — Could our judges look,
Without relenting, on thy silvery hair?
Was there not mercy, father? — Will they not
Hasten us to our home?

D'AUBIGNE'. Yes, my poor child!
They send us home.

BLANCHE. Oh! shall we gaze again
On the bright Loire? — Will the old hamlet-spire,
And the gray turret of our own château,
Look forth to greet us through the dusky elms?
Will the kind voices of our villagers,
The loving laughter in their children's eyes,
Welcome us back at last? — But how is this?
— Father! thy glance is clouded, — on thy brow
There sits no joy!

D'AUBIGNE'. Upon my brow, dear girl,
There sits, I trust, such deep and solemn peace
As may befit the Christian, who receives
And recognizes, in submissive awe,
The summons of his God.

BLANCHE. Thou dost not mean —
— No, no! it cannot be! — Didst thou not say
They send us *home*?

D'AUBIGNE'. Where is the spirit's home? —
Oh! most of all, in these dark evil days,
Where should it be, but in that world serene,
Beyond the sword's reach, and the tempest's power? —
Where, but in Heaven.

* Pronounced Dọ-bēn'yā.

BLANCHE. My father!

D'AUBIGNE'. *We must die!*

We must look up to God, and calmly die.
— Come to my heart, and weep there! — for awhile
Give Nature's passion way, then brightly rise
In the still courage of a woman's heart!
Do I not know thee? — Do I ask too much
From mine own noble Blanche?

BLANCHE (*falling on his bosom.*) Oh! clasp me fast!
Thy trembling child! — Hide, hide me in thine arms —
Father!

D'AUBIGNE'. Alas! my flower, thou 'rt young to go, —
Young, and so fair! — Yet were it worse, methinks,
To leave thee where the gentle and the brave,
The loyal-hearted and the chivalrous,
And they that loved their God, have all been swept,
Like the sere leaves, away. — For them no hearth
Through the wide land was left inviolate,
No altar holy; therefore did they fall,
Rejoicing to depart. — The soil is steeped
In noble blood; the temples are gone down,
The voice of prayer is hushed, or fearfully
Muttered, like sounds of guilt. — Why, who would live?
Who hath not panted, as a dove, to flee,
To quit forever the dishonored soil,
The burdened air? — Our God upon the cross, —
Our king upon the scaffold, — let us think
Of *these*, — and fold endurance to our hearts,
And bravely die!

BLANCHE. A dark and fearful way!
An evil doom for thy dear honored head!
O! thou, the kind, the gracious! — whom all eyes
Blessed as they looked upon! — Speak yet again, —
Say, will they part us?

D'AUBIGNE'. No, my Blanche; in death
We shall not be divided.

BLANCHE. Thanks to God!
He, by thy glance, will aid me; I shall see
His light before me to the last. — And when —
Oh! pardon these weak shrinkings of thy child! —
When shall the hour befall?
D'AUBIGNE'. Oh! swiftly now,
And suddenly, with brief, dread interval,
Comes down the mortal stroke. — But of that hour
As yet I know not. — Each low throbbing pulse
Of the quick pendulum may usher in
Eternity!
BLANCHE (*kneeling before him.*) My father! lay thy hand
On thy poor Blanche's head, and once again
Bless her with thy deep voice of tenderness,
Thus breathing saintly courage through her soul,
Ere we are called.
D'AUBIGNE'. If I may speak through tears! —
Well may I bless thee, fondly, fervently,
Child of my heart! — thou who dost look on me
With thy lost mother's angel-eyes of love!
Thou that hast been a brightness in my path,
A guest of Heaven unto my lonely soul,
A stainless lily in my widowed house,
There springing up, — with soft light round thee shed, —
For immortality! — Meek child of God!
I bless thee — He will bless thee! — In His love
He calls thee now from this rude, stormy world,
To thy Redeemer's breast. — And thou wilt die,
As thou hast lived, — my duteous, holy Blanche!
In trusting and serene submissiveness,
Humble, yet full of Heaven.
BLANCHE (*rising.*) Now is there strength
Infused through all my spirit. — I can rise
And say, — "Thy will be done!"
D'AUBIGNE' (*pointing upwards.*) Seest thou, my child,
Yon faint light in the west? The signal-star

Of our due vesper-service, gleaming in
Through the close dungeon-grating! — Mournfully
It seems to quiver; yet shall this night pass,
This night alone, without the lifted voice
Of adoration in our narrow cell,
As if unworthy Fear or wavering Faith
Silenced the strain? — No! let it waft to Heaven
The Prayer, the Hope, of poor Mortality,
In its dark hour once more! — And we will sleep —
Yes, calmly sleep, when our last rite is closed.

(*They sing together.*)

CXVII. — THE LAST HOURS OF WEBSTER.

EVERETT.

[The following extract is the concluding portion of a speech delivered by Mr. Everett, October 27, 1852, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, at a meeting of the citizens of Boston, assembled in consequence of the death of Mr. Webster, which had taken place on the 24th.]

AMONG the many memorable words which fell from the lips of our friend just before they were closed forever, the most remarkable are those which have been quoted by a previous speaker, — "I STILL LIVE." They attest the serene composure of his mind; the Christian heroism with which he was able to turn his consciousness in upon himself, and explore, step by step, the dark passage (dark to us, but to him, we trust, already lighted from above), which connects this world with the world to come. But I know not what words could have been better chosen to express his relation to the world he was leaving — "I still live." This poor dust is just returning to the dust from which it was taken, but I feel that I live in the affections of the people to whose services I have consecrated my days. "I still live." The icy hand of death is already

laid on my heart, but I shall still live in those words of counsel which I have uttered to my fellow-citizens, and which I now leave them as the last bequest of a dying friend.

In the long and honored career of our lamented friend, there are efforts and triumphs which will hereafter fill one of the brightest pages of our history. But I greatly err if the closing scene — the height of the religious sublime — does not, in the judgment of other days, far transcend in interest the brightest exploits of public life. Within that darkened chamber at Marshfield was witnessed a scene of which we shall not readily find the parallel. The serenity with which he stood in the presence of the King of Terrors, without trepidation or flutter, for hours and days of expectation: the thoughtfulness for the public business, when the sands were so nearly run out; the hospitable care for the reception of the friends who came to Marshfield; that affectionate and solemn leave separately taken, name by name, of wife and children and kindred and friends and family, down to the humblest members of the household; the designation of the coming day, then near at hand, when "all that was mortal of Daniel Webster should cease to exist!" the dimly-recollected strains of the funeral poetry of Gray; the last faint flash of the soaring intellect; the feebly-murmured words of Holy Writ repeated from the lips of the good physician, who, when all the resources of human art had been exhausted, had a drop of spiritual balm for the parting soul; the clasped hands; the dying prayers. Oh! my fellow-citizens, this is a consummation over which tears of pious sympathy will be shed ages after the glories of the forum and the senate are forgotten.

"His sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived he at its close;
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

"But ere the Sun, in all his state,
Illumed the Eastern skies,
He passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise."

CXVIII. — HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI, SWITZERLAND.

COLERIDGE.

[SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, England, October 21, 1772, and died July 25, 1834. He was one of the most remarkable men of his time; and few writers have exerted a wider and deeper intellectual influence than he. His influence, too, is most felt by minds of the highest class. He was an original and imaginative poet, a profound and suggestive philosophical writer, and a critic of unrivalled excellence. His works are somewhat fragmentary in their character, for he wanted patience in intellectual construction; but they are the fragments of a noble edifice. In conversational eloquence he is said to have excelled all his contemporaries.

Coleridge's life was not in all respects what the admirers of his genius could have wished. His great defect was a want of will. He could see the right, but not always go to it; he could see the wrong, but not always go from it.]

1 HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee, and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge. But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.

2 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

3 Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody, —
So sweet we know not we are listening to it, —
Thou, the mean while, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

4 Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs! all join my hymn.

5 Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink, —
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald — wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

6 And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded, — and the silence came, —
"Here let the billows stiffen and have rest"?

7 Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

8 Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

CXIX. — OLD IRONSIDES.

HOLMES.

[The following spirited lines were called forth by a rumor that the frigate Constitution was about to be broken up as unfit for service.]

1 Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;

The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

2 Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea.

3 O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave:
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms —
The lightning and the gale!

CXX. — CHARACTER OF LAFAYETTE.

ADAMS.

[JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was born in Braintree, Massachusetts, July 11, 1767, and died at Washington, February 23, 1848. He was for half a century in the service of his country, as foreign minister, United States senator, secretary of state, president of the United States, and from 1831 to the time of his death member of the house of representatives. He was a man of indomitable energy, dauntless courage, indefatigable industry, and ardent patriotism. His political opinions made him many enemies, especially in his declining years, but no one ever doubted his honesty and integrity, or failed to respect the spotless purity of his private life. His systematic industry enabled him to accomplish an immense deal of work. He was a man of extensive learning, and familiar with ancient and modern literature. His writings, consisting of speeches, addresses, lectures, and reports, are numerous enough to fill several volumes. He was for a short time professor of rhetoric and oratory in Harvard College, and the lectures he delivered in that capacity were published in 1810, in two octavo volumes. The following extract is from "An Oration on the Life and Character of Lafayette," delivered before the two houses of congress, at Washington, December 31, 1834.]

Lafayette discovered no new principle of politics or of morals. He invented nothing in science. He disclosed no new phenomenon in the laws of nature. Born and educated in the highest order of feudal nobility, under the most absolute monarchy of Europe, in possession of an affluent fortune, and master of himself and of all his capabilities at the moment of attaining manhood, the principles of republican justice and of social equality took possession of his heart and mind, as if by inspiration from above.

He devoted himself, his life, his fortune, his hereditary honors, his towering ambition, his splendid hopes, all to the cause of liberty. He went to another hemisphere to defend her. He became one of the most effective champions of our independence; but that once achieved, he returned to his own country, and thenceforward took no part in the controversies which have divided us.

In the events of our revolution, and in the form of policy which we have adopted for the establishment and perpetuation of our freedom, Lafayette found the most perfect form of government. He wished to add nothing to it. He would gladly have abstracted nothing from it. Instead of an imaginary Utopia, he took a practical existing model, in actual operation here, and never attempted or wished more than to apply it faithfully to his own country.

It was not given to Moses to enter the promised land; but he saw it from the mount of Pisgah. It was not given to Lafayette to witness the consummation of his wishes in the establishment of a republic, and the extinction of all hereditary rule in France. His principles were in advance of the age and hemisphere in which he lived. The life of the patriarch was not long enough for the development of his whole political system.

This is not the time or the place for a disquisition upon the comparative merits, as a system of government, of a

republic, and a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions. Upon this subject there is among us no diversity of opinion; and if it should take the people of France another half century of internal and external war, of dazzling and delusive glories, of unparalleled triumphs, humiliating reverses, and bitter disappointments, to settle it to their satisfaction, the ultimate result can only bring them to the point where we have stood from the day of the Declaration of Independence, to the point where Lafayette would have brought them, and to which he looked as a consummation devoutly to be wished. Then, and then only, will be the time when the character of Lafayette will be appreciated at its true value throughout the civilized world.

When the principle of hereditary dominion shall be extinguished in all the institutions of France; when government shall no longer be considered as property transmissible from sire to son, but as a trust committed for a limited time, and then to return to the people whence it came, — then will be the time for contemplating the character of Lafayette, not merely in the events of his life, but in the full development of his intellectual conceptions, of his fervent aspirations, of the labors and perils and sacrifices of his long and eventful career upon earth; and thenceforward, till the hour when the trump of the archangel shall sound to announce that time shall be no more, the name of Lafayette shall stand enrolled upon the annals of our race, high on the list of the pure and disinterested benefactors of mankind.

CXXI. — HYMN OF PRAISE BY ADAM AND EVE.

MILTON.

[JOHN MILTON was born in London, December 9, 1608, and died November 8, 1674. His is one of the greatest names in all literature; and of course it would be impossible in the compass of a brief notice like this to point out, except in the most cursory manner, the elements of his intellectual supremacy. His "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Arcades," were written before he was thirty years old; "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes" were all published after his fifty-ninth year, and many years after he had been totally blind. His prose works were the growth of the intermediate period.

Milton's early poetry is full of morning freshness, and the spirit of unworn youth; the "Paradise Lost" is characterized by the highest sublimity, the most various learning, and the noblest pictures; and the "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes" have a serene and solemn grandeur, deepening in the latter into austerity; while all are marked by imaginative power, purity, and elevation of tone, and the finest harmony of verse.

His prose works, which are partly in Latin and partly in English, were for the most part called forth by the ecclesiastical and political controversies of the stormy period in which he lived. They are vigorous and eloquent in style, and abound in passages of the highest beauty and loftiest tone of sentiment.

Milton's character is hardly less worthy of admiration than his genius. Spotless in morals; simple in his tastes; of ardent piety; bearing with cheerfulness the burdens of blindness, poverty, and neglect; bending his genius to the humblest duties, — he presents an exalted model of excellence, in which we can find nothing to qualify our reverence, except a certain severity of temper, and perhaps a somewhat impatient and intolerant spirit.

The following passage is from the fifth book of "Paradise Lost."]

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable! who sittest above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,

If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crownest the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climbest,
And when high noon hast gained; and when thou fallest,
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth and stately tread or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as more light dispels the dark.

CXXII. — SONG OF THE GREEKS.

CAMPBELL.

[These stirring lines were written while the struggle between the Greeks and Turks was going on, which ended in the establishment of Greece as an independent kingdom.]

1 AGAIN to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land, — the first garden of Liberty's tree, —
It hath been, and shall yet be, the land of the free;
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

2 Ah! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid? — Be the combat our own!
And we 'll perish or conquer more proudly alone!
For we 've sworn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they 've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we shall be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

3 A breath of submission we breathe not:
The sword that we 've drawn we will sheathe not:
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us;
But they shall not to slavery doom us.
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves: —
But we 've smote them already with fire on the waves,

And new triumphs on land are before us: —
To the charge! — Heaven's banner is o'er us.

4 This day — shall ye blush for its story;
Or brighten your lives with its glory? —
Our women — Oh! say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be who would slacken
Till we 've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from, and named for, the godlike of earth.
Strike home! — and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

5 Old Greece lightens up with emotion!
Her inlands, her isles of the ocean,
Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new hallow their Helicon's spring.
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold, and extinguished in sadness;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms, —
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have crimsoned the beaks of our ravens!

CXXIII. — A PARENTAL ODE TO MY INFANT SON.

HOOD.

1 THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop — first let me kiss away that tear) —
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he 's poking peas into his ear) —
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,

Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin —
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

2 Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he 'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he 'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents — (stop the boy!
There goes my ink!)

3 Thou cherub — but of earth!
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(The dog will bite him if he pulls his tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble — that 's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He 'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

4 Thou young domestic love!
(He 'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He 'll climb upon the table — that 's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He 's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!

No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball — bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove —
(I tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he 's sent above!)

CXXIV. — THE FIRST PREDICTED ECLIPSE.

MITCHELL.

To those who have given but little attention to the subject, even in our own day, with all the aids of modern science, the prediction of an eclipse seems sufficiently mysterious and unintelligible. How, then, it was possible, thousands of years ago, to accomplish the same great object, without any just views of the structure of the system, seems utterly incredible.

Follow, in imagination, this bold interrogator of the skies to his solitary mountain summit; — withdrawn from the world, surrounded by his mysterious circles, there to watch and ponder through the long nights of many, many

years. But hope cheers him on, and smooths his rugged pathway. Dark and deep as is the problem, he sternly grapples with it, and resolves never to give over till victory crowns his efforts.

Long and patiently did the astronomer watch and wait. Each eclipse is duly observed, and its attendant circumstances are recorded, when, at last, the darkness begins to give way, and a ray of light breaks in upon his mind. He finds that no eclipse of the sun ever occurs unless the new moon is in the act of crossing the sun's track. Here is a grand discovery. He now holds the key which will unlock the dread mystery.

Reaching forward with piercing intellectual vigor, he at last finds a new moon which occurs precisely at the computed time of her passage across the sun's track. Here he makes his stand, and announces to the startled inhabitants of the world that on the day of the occurrence of that new moon the sun shall expire in dark eclipse.

Bold prediction! — mysterious prophet! — with what scorn must the unthinking world have received this solemn declaration! How slowly do the moons roll away, and with what intense anxiety does the stern philosopher await the coming of that day which should crown him with victory, or dash him to the ground in ruin and disgrace! Time to him moves on leaden wings; day after day, and at last hour after hour, roll heavily away. The last night is gone, — the moon has disappeared from his eagle gaze in her approach to the sun, and the dawn of the eventful day breaks in beauty on a slumbering world.

This daring man, stern in his faith, climbs alone to his rocky home, and greets the sun as he rises and mounts the heavens, scattering brightness and glory in his path. Beneath him is spread out the populous city, already teeming with life and activity. The busy morning hum rises on the still air, and reaches the watching place of the solitary astronomer. The thousands below him, unconscious of his

intense anxiety, buoyant with life, joyously pursue their rounds of business, their cycles of amusement. The sun slowly climbs the heavens, round, and bright, and full-orbed. The lone tenant of the mountain-top almost begins to waver in the sternness of his faith, as the morning hours roll away.

But the time of his triumph, long delayed, at length begins to dawn; a pale and sickly hue creeps over the face of nature. The sun has reached his highest point, but his splendor is dimmed, his light is feeble. At last it comes! Blackness is eating away his round disc, — onward with slow but steady pace the dark veil moves, blacker than a thousand nights, — the gloom deepens, — the ghastly hue of death covers the universe, — the last ray is gone, and horror reigns. A wail of terror fills the murky air, — the clangor of brazen trumpets resounds, — an agony of despair dashes the stricken millions to the ground, while that lone man, erect on his rocky summit, with arms outstretched to heaven, pours forth the grateful gushings of his heart to God, who had crowned his efforts with triumphant victory.

Search the records of our race, and point me, if you can, to a scene more grand, more beautiful. It is to me the proudest victory that genius ever won. It was the conquering of nature, of ignorance, of superstition, of terror, all at a single blow, and that blow struck by a single arm. And now do you demand the name of this wonderful man? Alas! what a lesson of the instability of earthly fame are we taught in this simple recital! He who had raised himself immeasurably above his race, — who must have been regarded by his fellows as little less than a god, who had inscribed his fame on the very heavens, and written it in the sun, with a "pen of iron, and the point of a diamond," even this one had perished from the earth, — name, age, country, are all swept into oblivion; but his proud achievement stands. The monument reared to his honor stands,

and although the touch of time has effaced the lettering of his name, it is powerless, and cannot destroy the fruits of his victory.

CXXV. — CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS.

IRVING.

THE poetical temperament of Columbus is discernible throughout all his writings, and in all his actions. It spread a golden and glorious world around him, and tinged everything with its own gorgeous colors. It betrayed him into visionary speculations, which subjected him to the sneers and cavillings of men of cooler and safer but more grovelling minds.

Such were the conjectures formed on the coast of Paria, about the form of the earth, and the situation of the terrestrial paradise; about the mines of Ophir, in Hispaniola, and of the Aurea Chersonesus, in Veragua; and such was the heroic scheme of the crusade for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. It mingled with his religion, and filled his mind with solemn and visionary meditations on mystic passages of the scriptures, and the shadowy portents of the prophecies. It exalted his office in his eyes, and made him conceive himself an agent sent forth upon a sublime and awful mission, subject to impulses and supernatural visions from the Deity; such as the voice he imagined spoke to him in comfort, amidst the troubles of Hispaniola, and in the silence of the night, on the disastrous coast of Veragua.

He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardent imagination and mercurial nature were controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of wasting itself in idle

soarings, lent wings to his judgment, and bore it away to conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived; nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out.

To his intellectual vision it was given, to read in the signs of the times, and in the reveries of past ages, the indications of an unknown world, as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. "His soul," observes a Spanish writer, "was superior to the age in which he lived. For him was reserved the great enterprise to plough a sea which had given rise to so many fables, and to decipher the mystery of his time."

With all the visionary fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir, which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia.

What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! and how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the chills of age, and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered, and the nations and tongues and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!

CXXVI. — APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

BYRON.

1 THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

2 Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

3 The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war, —
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

4 Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, — what are they?

Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play —
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

5 Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of Eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

6 And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, — 't was a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

CXXVII. — SUMMER.

MITCHELL.

[DONALD G. MITCHELL is an American author, a graduate of Yale College, of the class of 1841, who, under the assumed name of "Ike Marvel," has written "The Battle Summer in Europe," "Reveries of a Bachelor," and "Dream Life." His prose is graphic and musical; poetical in spirit, and characterized by purity, as well as tenderness, of feeling. This extract is from "Dream Life."]

I THANK heaven every summer's day of my life that my lot was humbly cast within the hearing of romping brooks, and beneath the shadow of oaks. And from all the tramp and bustle of the world, into which fortune has led me in these latter years of my life, I delight to steal away for days and for weeks together, and bathe my spirit in the freedom of the old woods, and to grow young again lying upon the brook-side, and counting the white clouds that sail along the sky, softly and tranquilly — even as holy memories go stealing over the vault of life.

Two days since I was sweltering in the heat of the city, jostled by the thousand eager workers, and panting under the shadow of the walls. But I have stolen away; and, for two hours of healthful regrowth into the darling past, I have been lying, this blessed summer's morning, upon the grassy bank of a stream that babbled me to sleep in boyhood. Dear old stream, unchanging, unfaltering, — with no harsher notes now than then, — never growing old, smiling in your silver rustle, and calming yourself in the broad, placid pools; I love you as I love a friend.

But now that the sun has grown scalding hot, and the waves of heat have come rocking under the shadow of the meadow oaks, I have sought shelter in a chamber of the old farm-house. The window-blinds are closed; but some of them are sadly shattered, and I have intertwined in them a few branches of the late blossoming white azalia, so that every puff of the summer air comes to me cooled with fragrance. A dimple or two of the sunlight still steals through my flowery screen, and dances, as the breeze moves the branches, upon the oaken floor of the farm-house.

Through one little gap, indeed, I can see the broad stretch of meadow, and the workmen in the field bending and swaying to their scythes. I can see, too, the glistening of the steel, as they wipe their blades; and can just

catch, floating on the air, the measured, tinkling thwack of the rifle stroke.

Here and there a lark, scared from his feeding-place in the grass, soars up, bubbling forth his melody in globules of silvery sound, and settles upon some tall tree, and waves his wings, and sinks to the swaying twigs. I hear, too, a quail piping from the meadow fence, and another trilling his answering whistle from the hills. Nearer by, a tyrant king-bird is poised on the topmost branch of a veteran pear-tree; and now and then dashes down, assassin-like, upon some home-bound, honey-laden bee, and then, with a smack of his bill, resumes his predatory watch.

As I sit thus, watching through the interstices of my leafy screen the various images of country life, I hear distant mutterings from beyond the hills.

The sun has thrown its shadow upon the pewter dial, two hours beyond the meridian line. Great cream-colored heads of thunder-clouds are lifting above the sharp, clear line of the western horizon; the light breeze dies away, and the air becomes stifling, even under the shadow of my withered boughs in the chamber window. The white-capped clouds roll up nearer and nearer to the sun, and the creamy masses below grow dark in their seams. The mutterings, that came faintly before, now spread into wide volumes of rolling sound, that echo again and again from the eastward heights.

I hear in the deep intervals the men shouting to their teams in the meadows; and great companies of startled swallows are dashing in all directions around the gray roofs of the barn.

The clouds have now well-nigh reached the sun, which seems to shine the fiercer for his coming eclipse. The whole west, as I look from the sources of the brook to its lazy drifts under the swamps that lie to the south, is hung with a curtain of darkness; and, like swift-working golden ropes

that lift it towards the zenith, long chains of lightning flash through it, and the growling thunder seems like the rumble of the pulleys.

I thrust away my azalia boughs, and fling back the shattered blinds, as the sun and the clouds meet; and my room darkens with the coming shadows. For an instant the edges of the thick, creamy masses of cloud are gilded by the shrouded sun, and show gorgeous scallops of gold that toss upon the hem of the storm. But the blazonry fades as the clouds mount, and the brightening lines of the lightning dart up from the lower skirts, and heave the billowy masses into the middle heaven.

The workmen are urging their oxen fast across the meadow; and the loiterers come straggling after, with rakes upon their shoulders.

The air freshens, and blows now from the face of the coming clouds. I see the great elms in the plain, swaying their tops, even before the storm-breeze has reached me; and a bit of ripened grain, upon a swell of the meadow, waves and tosses like a billowy sea.

Presently I hear the rush of the wind, and the cherry and pear trees rustle through all their leaves, and my paper is whisked away by the intruding blast.

There is a quiet of a moment, in which the wind, even, seems weary and faint; and nothing finds utterance save one hoarse tree-toad, doling out his lugubrious notes.

Now comes a blinding flash from the clouds; and a quick, sharp clang clatters through the heavens, and bellows loud and long among the hills. Then — like great grief spending its pent agony in tears — come the big drops of rain, pattering on the lawn, and on the leaves, and most musically of all upon the roof above me; not now with the light fall of the spring shower, but with strong steppings, like the first, proud tread of youth.

CXXVIII. — EXTRACT FROM RIENZI.

MISS MITFORD.

[MARY RUSSELL MITFORD was born at Alresford, in England, December 16, 1786, and died January 10, 1855. She published a number of works, comprising poems, sketches, and dramas, of which the best and most popular is "Our Village," a collection of pictures of rural life and manners, written in a graceful and animated style, and pervaded with a most kindly and sympathetic spirit. She was very friendly to our country, and edited three volumes of "Stories of American Life by American Authors."

The following extract is from "Rienzi," the most successful of her dramas, founded on the fate and fortunes of a celebrated personage of that name, who in the fourteenth century was for a brief period the ruler of Rome. This speech is made by Rienzi to a Roman noble who was petitioning for the life of a brother who had been condemned to death. A brother of Rienzi's had been killed by a servant of this same noble.]

AND darest talk thou to me of brothers? Thou,
Whose groom — wouldst have me break my own just laws,
To save thy brother? thine! Hast thou forgotten
When that most beautiful and blameless boy,
The prettiest piece of innocence that ever
Breathed in this sinful world, lay at thy feet,
Slain by thy pampered minion, and I knelt
Before thee for redress, whilst thou — didst never
Hear talk of retribution! This is justice,
Pure justice, not revenge! Mark well, my lords —
Pure, equal justice. Martin Orsini
Had open trial, is guilty, is condemned,
And he shall die! Lords,
If ye could range before me all the peers,
Prelates, and potentates of Christendom —
The holy pontiff kneeling at my knee,
And emperors crouching at my feet, to sue
For this great robber, still I should be blind
As justice. But this very day, a wife,
One infant folded in her arms, and two
Clinging to the poor rags that scarcely hid
Her squalid form, grasped at my bridle-rein
To beg her husband's life — condemned to die

For some vile petty theft, some paltry scudi —*
And, whilst the fiery war-horse chafed and reared,
Shaking his crest, and plunging to get free,
There, midst the dangerous coil unmoved, she stood,
Pleading in broken words and piercing shrieks,
And hoarse, low, shivering sobs, the very cry
Of nature! And, when I at last said no, —
For I said no to her, — she flung herself
And those poor innocent babes between the stones
And my hot Arab's hoofs. We saved them all —
Thank heaven, we saved them all! but I said no
To that sad woman, midst her shrieks. Ye dare not
Ask me for mercy now.

CXXIX. — THE PASSIONS.

COLLINS.

[WILLIAM COLLINS was born in Chichester, England, December 25, 1720, and died June 12, 1756. He was a man of sensitive nature and melancholy temperament. His last years were clouded with disease and insanity. His poetical genius was of a high order, and many of his smaller poems are distinguished by imaginative splendor, an etherial tone of sentiment, and subtle beauty of language. His "Ode to the Passions" is a very popular poem, and deservedly so, for nothing can surpass its picturesque energy, brilliant descriptions, and vivid coloring.]

1 WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,

* *Scudi* is the plural of *scudo*, a silver coin nearly equivalent to a dollar.

They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each — for madness ruled the hour —
Would prove his own expressive power.

2 First, Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid:
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

3 Next, Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

4 With woful measures, wan Despair —
Low, sullen sounds! — his grief beguiled,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

5 But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all the song:
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

6 And longer had she sung — but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

7 Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And, now it courted Love; now, raving, called on Hate.

8 With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound:
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay
(Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,)
In hollow murmurs died away.

9 But, O! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung!—
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!

The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial: —
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed:
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
(Loose were her tresses seen, by zone unbound),
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

CXXX. — THE CHURCH-YARD.

KARAMSIN.

[NICOLAI KARAMSIN, a Russian historian and man of letters, was born in 1765, and died in 1826. His writings are numerous both in prose and verse, but his principal work, which was received with great favor by his countrymen, was a "History of Russia," in twelve volumes.

FIRST VOICE.

How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind — the creaks of the bier.
And the white bones all clattering together!

SECOND VOICE.

2 How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep:
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flowerets perfume it with ether.

FIRST VOICE.

3 There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in its nettle weeds hiss.

SECOND VOICE.

4 How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb:
No tempests are there: — but the nightingales come,
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

FIRST VOICE.

5 The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave:
'T is the vulture's abode; 't is the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

SECOND VOICE.

6 There the cony at evening disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod; while the turtles above,
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

FIRST VOICE.

7 There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath,
And loathsome decay fill the dwelling of death;
The trees are all barren and bare!

SECOND VOICE.

8 O, soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamine fair.

First Voice.

9 The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,
Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears,
He is launched on the wreck-covered river!

Second Voice.

10 The traveller, outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes forever.

CXXXI. — TACT AND TALENT.

London Atlas.

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable: tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money.

For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent, ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no

want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together: so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients Talent speaks learnedly and logically, tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that tact has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and, by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment.

Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart, and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. Tact has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know everything, without learning anything. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as

dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius.

CXXXIV. — THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

S. FERGUSON.

[This spirited poem appeared originally in "Blackwood's Magazine." Mr. Ferguson resides in Dublin, and has written several ballads and lyrical poems of considerable merit.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged; 'tis at a white heat now;
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe;
It rises, roars, rends all outright — O Vulcan, what a glow!
'T is blinding white, 't is blasting bright; the high sun shines not so;
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy, lurid row
Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe;
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow
Sinks on the anvil — all about the faces fiery grow —
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out — leap out!" bang, bang, the sledges go;

Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow:
And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every stroke, pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load! *
Let 's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;

* *Lay on load* — strike heavy blows

The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea, the main-mast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains;
But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky-high,
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing — here am I!"
Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime;
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be,
The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we;
Strike in, strike in; the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped;
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the yeo-heave-o, and the heave away, and the sighing seaman's cheer,
When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home,
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last,
A shapely one he is and strong, as e'er from cat* was cast.
A trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep-green sea!
O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy 't were now
To go plump, plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish, of bony blade forlorn,
And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallowed miles;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls,
Meanwhile to swing, a buffeting the far astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean calves; or haply in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undiné's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands!

* *Cat* is the nautical name for the tackle used to hoist up the anchor to the cathead, a stout piece of timber projecting from the ship's side.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;
And night by night 't is thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play;
But, shamer of our little sports, forgive the name I gave;
A fisher's joy is to destroy — thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend;
O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou 'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories, who left the pleasant strand
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland —
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church-yard grave
So freely for a restless bed amid the tossing wave —
O, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

CXXXIII.—THE RAVEN.

POE.

[EDGAR ALLEN POE was born in Baltimore, in January, 1811, and died October 7, 1849. He was a man of letters by profession, editor of various periodical publications, and a constant contributor to the press. His life was reckless and unhappy, and his habits dissipated and intemperate. But his genius was marked and original. His prose tales are elaborated with great rhetorical skill, and show an inventive but wild and morbid fancy, without human sympathy or moral feeling. His poetry is remarkable for the subtle music of its language, and the careful melody of its verse; but its tone is not healthy, and its themes are drawn from an unreal and fantastic region. He was a man of extraordinary intellectual powers, but without natural affection, or the sense of duty; and these defects of character are perceptible in his writings.]

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had tried to borrow,
From my books, surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore —
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door —
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; —
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you" — here I opened wide the door; —
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This *I* whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before;
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore; —
'T is the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore:
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore;
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered —
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before —
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one burden bore —
Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy burden bore
Of 'Nevermore' — of 'Nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen
censer,
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he
hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O, quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —
On this home by horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —
Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead — tell me — tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore —
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aiden,*
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, up-
starting —
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my
door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light, o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the
floor;
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

* The place of departed spirits: from the Greek "Hades" or "Haides."

CXXXIV. — SPEECH OF RINGAN GILHAIZE.

GALT.

[JOHN GALT was born in Irvine, Scotland, May 2, 1779, and died April 11, 1839. He was a voluminous writer, and among other things, author of a series of novels illustrating Scottish life and manners, of which the first in order of time, "The Annals of the Parish," became immediately and widely popular. They are unequal in style and structure, but none are without marked merit. He was for some time in Canada, and in one of the best of his novels, "Lawrie Todd," the scene is laid in this country.

The following extract is from "Ringan Gilhaize," a novel so called from the name of one of the principal characters. The scene is laid in Scotland, during the time of the religious persecutions under Charles II. and James II. The speech is by Ringan Gilhaize, a patriotic and religious enthusiast, in reply to Mr. Renwick, a clergyman, who had counselled moderation.]

MODERATION! — You, Mr. Renwick, counsel moderation — you recommend the door of peace to be still kept open — you doubt if the Scriptures warrant us to undertake revenge, and you hope that our forbearance may work to repentance among our enemies. Mr. Renwick, you have hitherto been a preacher, not a sufferer; with you the resistance to Charles Stuart's government has been a thing of doctrine — of no more than doctrine, Mr. Renwick — with us it has been a consideration of facts. Judge ye therefore between yourself and us, — I say, between yourself and us; for I ask no other judge to decide, whether we are not, by all the laws of God and man, justified in avowing that we mean to do as we are done by.

And, Mr. Renwick, you will call to mind that in this sore controversy the cause of debate came not from us. We were peaceable Christians, enjoying the shade of the vine and the fig-tree of the gospel, planted by the care and cherished by the blood of our forefathers, protected by the laws, and gladdened in our protection by the oaths and the covenants which the king had sworn to maintain. The Presbyterian freedom of worship was our property, — we were in possession and enjoyment, no man could call our right to it in question, — the king had vowed, as a condition before he was allowed to receive the crown, that he would

preserve it. Yet, for more than twenty years, there has been a most cruel, fraudulent, and outrageous endeavor instituted, and carried on, to deprive us of that freedom and birthright.

We were asking no new thing from government; we were taking no step to disturb government; we were in peace with all men, — when government, with the principles of a robber and the cruelty of a tyrant, demanded of us to surrender those immunities of conscience which our fathers had earned and defended; to deny the gospel as it is written in the evangelists, and to accept the commentary of Charles Stuart, a man who has had no respect to the most solemn oaths, and of James Sharp, the apostate of St. Andrews, whose crimes provoked a deed, that but for their crimson hue, no man could have doubted to call a most foul murder. The king and his crew, Mr. Renwick, are, to the indubitable judgment of all just men, the causers and the aggressors in the existing difference between his subjects and him. In so far, therefore, if blame there be, it lieth not with us nor in our cause.

But, sir, not content with attempting to wrest from us our inherited freedom of religious worship, Charles Stuart and his abettors have pursued the courageous constancy with which we have defended the same, with more animosity than they ever did any crime. I speak not to you, Mr. Renwick, of your own outcast condition, — perhaps you delight in the perils of martyrdom; I speak not to those around us, who, in their persons, their substance, and their families, have endured the torture, poverty, and irremediable dishonor, — they may be meek and hallowed men, willing to endure. But I call to mind what I am and was myself. I think of my quiet home, — it is all ashes.

I remember my brave first-born, — he was slain at Bothwell-brigg. Why need I speak of my honest brother; the waves of the ocean, commissioned by our persecutors, have triumphed over him in the cold seas of the Orkneys; and

as for my wife, what was she to you? Ye cannot be greatly disturbed that she is in her grave. No, ye are quiet, calm, and prudent persons; it would be a most indiscreet thing of you, you who have suffered no wrongs yourselves, to stir on her account; and then how unreasonable I should be, were I to speak of two fair and innocent maidens. It is weak of me to weep, though they were my daughters.

O men and Christians, brothers, fathers! but ye are content to bear with such wrongs, and I alone of all here may go to the gates of the cities, and try to discover which of the martyred heads mouldering there belongs to a son or a friend. Nor is it of any account whether the bones of those who were so dear to us, be exposed with the remains of malefactors, or laid in the sacred grave. To the dead all places are alike; and to the slave what signifies who is master. Let us therefore forget the past, — let us keep open the door of reconciliation, — smother all the wrongs we have endured, and kiss the proud foot of the trampler. We have our lives, we have been spared; the merciless blood-hounds have not yet reached us. Let us therefore be humble and thankful, and cry to Charles Stuart, O King, live forever! — for he has but cast us into a fiery furnace and a lion's den.

In truth, friends, Mr. Renwick is quite right. This feeling of indignation against our oppressors is a most imprudent thing. If we desire to enjoy our own contempt, and to deserve the derision of men, and to merit the abhorrence of Heaven, let us yield ourselves to all that Charles Stuart and his sect require. We can do nothing better, nothing so meritorious, nothing by which we can so reasonably hope for punishment here and condemnation hereafter. But if there is one man at this meeting, — I am speaking not of shapes and forms, but of feelings, — if there is one here that feels as men were wont to feel, he will draw his sword, and say with me, Woe to the house of Stuart! Woe to the oppressors! And may a just God look with favor on our cause.

CXXXV. — ALCESTIS AND PHERES.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. HEMANS.

[VITTORIO ALFIERI was born in Asti, in Piedmont, in 1749, and died in 1803. Born of a rich and noble family, his early education was defective, and his youth was passed without any honorable object in life, but at the age of twenty-seven, he resolved to become a tragic poet, and with this view began a laborious course of study, in order to acquire the knowledge he had failed to obtain in his boyhood and youth. He wrote twenty-one tragedies, six comedies, besides several poems and translations from Greek and Latin. The plots of his plays are simple, the verse is unmusical, and the style dry and hard, but they have great energy of expression and fervor of sentiment, and never fail to produce a strong effect upon an audience.

The following scene is from "Alcestis," one of the last tragedies Alfieri composed, and marked by a tenderness of feeling not found in his earlier plays. The plot is founded upon a Greek legend. Alcestis is the wife of Admetus, the son of Pheres. Admetus has died, and an oracle had declared that he might be restored to life if another person would consent to die in his place. Alcestis, in this dialogue, announces her purpose of devoting herself to death, in order that her husband might return to life.]

ALCESTIS. Weep thou no more. O monarch, dry thy tears,
For know, he shall not die; not now shall Fate
Bereave thee of thy son.
PHERES. What mean thy words?
Hath then Apollo — is there then a hope?
ALCESTIS. Yes, hope for *thee*, hope, by the voice pronounced
From the prophetic cave. Nor would I yield
To other lips the tidings, meet alone
For thee to hear from mine.
PHERES. But say, oh! say,
Shall, then, my son be spared?
ALCESTIS. He shall, to *thee*.
Thus hath Apollo said, — Alcestis thus
Confirms the oracle; be thou secure.
PHERES. O sounds of joy! He lives!
ALCESTIS. But not for this;
Think not that e'en for *this* the stranger, joy,
Shall yet revisit these devoted walls.
PHERES. Can there be grief when, from his bed of death,
Admetus rises? What deep mystery lurks
Within thy words? What mean'st thou? Gracious heaven!

Thou, whose deep love is all his own, who hearest
The tidings of his safety, and dost bear
Transport and life in that glad oracle
To his despairing sire; thy cheek is tinged
With death, and on thy pure, ingenuous brow
To the brief lightning of a sudden joy
Shades dark as night succeed, and thou art wrapt
In troubled silence. Speak! oh! speak!

ALCESTIS. The gods
Themselves have limitations to their power,
Impassable, eternal; and their will
Resists not the tremendous laws of fate:
Nor small the boon they grant thee in the life
Of thy restored Admetus.

PHERES. In thy looks
There is expression more than in thy words,
Which thrills my shuddering heart. Declare what terms
Can render fatal to thyself and us
The rescued life of him thy soul adores?

ALCESTIS. O, father! could my silence aught avail
To keep that fearful secret from thine ear,
Still should it rest unheard till all fulfilled
Were the dread sacrifice. But vain the wish;
And since too soon, too well, it must be known,
Hear it from me.

PHERES. Through all my curdling veins
Runs a cold, death-like horror; and I feel
I am not all a father. In my heart
Strive many deep affections. Thee I love,
O fair and high-souled consort of my son!
More than a daughter; and thine infant race,
The cherished hope and glory of my age;
And, unimpaired by time, within my breast,
High, holy, and unalterable love
For her, the partner of my cares and joys,
Dwells pure and perfect yet. Bethink thee, then,

In what suspense, what agony of fear,
I wait thy words; for well, too well, I see
Thy lips are fraught with fatal auguries
To some one of my race.

ALCESTIS. Death hath his rights,
Of which not e'en the great Supernal Powers
May hope to rob him. By his ruthless hand,
Already seized, the noble victim lay,
The heir of empire, in his glowing prime
And noon-day struck; — Admetus, the revered,
The blessed, the loved, by all who owned his sway,
By his illustrious parents, by the realms
Surrounding his, — and oh! what need to add,
How much by his Alcestis? Such was he,
Already in the unsparing grasp of death,
Withering, a certain prey. Apollo thence
Hath snatched him, and another in his stead,
Although not an equal, — (who can equal him?) —
Must fall a voluntary sacrifice.
Another of his lineage, or to him
By closest bonds united, must descend
To the dark realm of Orcus* in *his* place,
Who thus alone is saved.

PHERES. What do I hear?
Woe to us, woe! — what victim? — who shall be
Accepted in his stead?

ALCESTIS. The dread exchange
E'en now, O father! hath been made; the prey
Is ready, nor is wholly worthless him
For whom 't is freely offered. Nor wilt thou,
O mighty goddess of the infernal shades!
Whose image sanctifies this threshold floor,
Disdain the victim.

PHERES. All prepared the prey!
And to our blood allied! O heaven! — and yet

* Orcus, the god of the lower world.

Thou bad'st me weep no more!

ALCESTIS. Yes, thus I said,
And thus again I say, — thou shalt not weep
Thy son's, nor I deplore my husband's doom.
Let him be saved, and other sounds of woe,
Less deep, less mournful far, shall here be heard,
Than those *his* death had caused. With some few tears,
But brief, and mingled with a gleam of joy,
E'en while the involuntary tribute lasts,
The victim shall be honored, who resigned
Life for Admetus. Wouldst thou know the prey, —
The vowed, the willing, the devoted one,
Offered and hallowed to the infernal gods?
Father! 'tis I.

PHERES. What hast thou done? O heaven!
What hast thou done? And think'st thou he is saved
By such a compact? Think'st thou he can live
Bereft of thee? Of thee, his light of life,
His very soul! — Of thee, beloved far more
Than his loved parents, — than his children more,
More than himself! — Oh! no, it shall not be!
Thou perish, O Alcestis! in the flower
Of thy young beauty; — perish, and destroy
Not him, not *him* alone, but us, but all,
Who as a child adore thee! Desolate
Would be the throne, the kingdom, reft of thee.
And think'st thou not of those, whose tender years
Demand thy care? — thy children! think of them!
O thou, the source of each domestic joy, —
Thou in whose life alone Admetus lives, —
His glory, his delight, — thou shalt not die,
While I can die for thee! — Me, me alone,
The oracle demands, — a withered stem,
Whose task, whose duty is, for him to die.
My race is run; — the fulness of my years,
The faded hopes of age, and all the love

Which hath its dwelling in a father's heart,
And the fond pity, half with wonder blent,
Inspired by thee, whose youth with heavenly gifts
So richly is endowed, — all, all unite
To grave in adamant the just decree,
That I must die. But thou — I bid thee live!
Pheres commands thee, O Alcestis! live!
Ne'er, ne'er shall woman's youthful love surpass
An aged sire's devotedness.

ALCESTIS. I know
Thy lofty soul, thy fond paternal love;
Pheres, I know them well, and not in vain
Strove to anticipate their high resolves.
But if in silence I have heard thy words,
Now calmly list to mine, and thou shalt own
They may not be withstood.

PHERES. What canst thou say
Which I should hear? I go, resolved to save
Him who, with thee, would perish: — to the shrine
E'en now I fly.

ALCESTIS. Stay, stay thee! 't is too late.
Already hath consenting Proserpine,
From the remote abysses of her realms,
Heard and accepted the terrific vow
Which binds me, with indissoluble ties,
To death. And I am firm, and well I know
None can deprive me of the awful right
That vow hath won.
Yes! thou mayst weep my fate,
Mourn for me, father! but thou canst not blame
My lofty purpose. Oh! the more endeared
My life by every tie, the more I feel
Death's bitterness, the more my sacrifice
Is worthy of Admetus. I descend
To the dim, shadowy regions of the dead,
A guest more honored.

In thy presence here
Again I utter the tremendous vow,
Now more than half fulfilled. I feel, I know
Its dread effects. Through all my burning veins
The insatiate fever revels. Doubt is o'er.
The Monarch of the Dead hath heard; — he calls,
He summons me away, and thou art saved,
O my Admetus!

CXXXVI. — CANNING AND BROUGHAM.

ANONYMOUS.

[This passage of words between Canning and Brougham took place in April, 1823. Canning had recently come into the cabinet, as secretary for foreign affairs, in consequence of the death (by his own hands) of the Marquis of Londonderry, more generally known as Lord Castlereagh. The charge brought against Canning was, that he had come into office without extorting any distinct pledges from his colleagues in favor of Catholic emancipation, to which he was well known to be friendly; and this formed the burden of Brougham's attack. Canning's defence was, that if that concession had been insisted upon, it would have been impossible to form an administration to carry on the government of the country; and that it was better to secure some desirable results, than to lose the whole by insisting upon having either the whole or none.

The tone of debate in the English house of commons is more guarded and decorous than that of our house of representatives; and Canning's language was an unusually vehement expression of feeling.]

THOUGH they resembled each other in standing foremost and alone in their respective parties, they were in every other respect opposed as the zenith and nadir, or as light and darkness.

This difference extended even to their personal appearance. Canning was airy, open, and prepossessing; Brougham seemed stern, hard, lowering, and almost repulsive. The head of Canning had an air of extreme elegance: that of Brougham was much the reverse; but still, in whatever way it was viewed, it gave a sure indication of the terrible power of the inhabitant within. Canning's features were handsome; his eye, though deeply ensconced under his

eyebrows, was full of sparkle and gayety. The features of Brougham were harsh in the extreme: while his forehead shot up to a great elevation, his chin was long and square; his mouth, nose, and eyes seemed huddled together in the centre of his face — the eyes absolutely lost amid folds and corrugations; and while he sat listening, they seemed to retire inward, or to be veiled by a filmy curtain, which not only concealed the appalling glare which shot away from them when he was roused, but rendered his mind and his purpose a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man.

Canning's passions appeared upon the open campaign of his face, drawn up in a ready array, and moved to and fro at every turn of his oration, and every retort in that of his antagonist: those of Brougham remained within, as in a citadel which no artillery could batter and no mine blow up; and even when he was putting forth all the power of his eloquence, when every ear was tingling at what he said, and while the immediate object of his invective was writhing in helpless and indescribable agony, his visage retained its cold and brassy hue, and he triumphed over the passions of other men by seeming to be wholly without passion himself. The whole form of Canning was rounded, and smooth, and graceful; that of Brougham angular, long, and awkward. When Canning rose to speak, he elevated his countenance, and seemed to look round for the applause of those about him, as an object dear to his feelings; while Brougham stood coiled and concentrated, reckless of all but the power that was within himself. From Canning there was expected the glitter of wit and the flow of spirit — something showy and elegant. Brougham stood up as a being whose powers and intentions were all a mystery — whose aim and effect no living man could divine. You bent forward to catch the first sentence of the one, and felt human nature elevated in the specimen before you; you crouched and shrank back from the other, and dreams

of ruin and annihilation darted across your mind. The one seemed to dwell among men, to join in their joys, and to live upon their praise; the other appeared a son of the desert, who had deigned to visit the human race merely to make them tremble at his strength.

The style, and the eloquence and structure of their orations, were equally different. Canning chose his words for the sweetness of their sound, and arranged his periods for the melody of their cadence; while, with Brougham, the more hard and unmouthable, the better. Canning arranged his words like one who could play skilfully upon that sweetest of all instruments, the human voice; Brougham proceeded like a master of every power of reasoning and of the understanding. Canning marched forward in a straight and clear track; every paragraph was perfect in itself, and every coruscation of wit and genius was brilliant and delightful; it was all felt, and it was all at once. Brougham twined round and round in a spiral, sweeping the contents of a vast circumference before him, uniting and pouring them onward to the main point of attack. When he began, one was astonished at the wideness and obliquity of his course; nor was it possible to comprehend how he was to dispose of the vast and varied materials which he collected by the way; but as the curve lessened, and the end appeared, it became obvious that all was to be efficient there.

Such were the rival orators who sat glancing hostility and defiance at each other during the early part of the session of 1823 — Brougham as if wishing to overthrow the secretary by a sweeping accusation of having abandoned all principle for the sake of office, and the secretary ready to parry the charge and attack in his turn. An opportunity at length offered; and it is more worthy of being recorded, as being the last terrible and personal attack previous to that change in the measures of the cabinet, which, though it had been begun from the moment that Canning, Robinson, and Huskisson came into office, was

not at that time perceived, or at least not admitted and appreciated.

Upon that occasion, the oration of Brougham was at the outset disjointed and ragged, and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or in which principle had been sacrificed for the vanity or lucre of place; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connection, that ordinary men could discover, with the business before the house.

When, however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose, — when the mass had become big and black, — he bound it about and about with the cords of illustration and of argument; when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and effect might be the more tremendous; and while doing this, he ever and anon glared his eye, and pointed his finger, to make the aim and the direction sure. Canning himself was the first that seemed to be aware where and how terrible was to be the collision; and he kept writhing his body in agony, and rolling his eyes in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The house soon caught the impression, and every man in it was glancing his eye fearfully, first towards the orator, and then towards the secretary.

There was — save the voice of Brougham, which growled in that undertone of thunder which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master but himself — a silence as if the angel of retribution had been opening, in the faces of all parties, the scroll of their private sins. A pen, which one of the secretaries dropped upon the matting, was heard in the remotest part of the house. The stiffness of Brougham's figure had vanished; his features seemed concentrated almost to a point; he glanced towards

every part of the house in succession, and sounded the death-knell of the secretary's forbearance and prudence.

With both his clinched hands upon the table, he hurled at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects, than has ever been hurled at mortal man within the same walls. The result was instantaneous — was electric: it was as when the thunder-cloud descends upon some giant peak — one flash, one peal! — the sublimity vanished, and all that remained was a small pattering of rain. Canning started to his feet, and was able only to utter the unguarded words, "It is false!" — to which followed a dull chapter of apologies. From that moment, the house became more a scene of real business than of airy display and of angry vituperation.

CXXXVII. — SCENE FROM KING HENRY IV.

SHAKSPEARE.

[This dialogue is from the first act of the "First Part of King Henry IV." The King, Henry Bolingbroke, now Henry IV., had deposed his predecessor, Richard II., and was reigning in his stead. Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, and Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, father of Hotspur, had been partisans of the reigning king, and he was under obligations to them. An invading army of the Scots had recently been defeated by Hotspur, and the King demands that the prisoners should be surrendered to him. Sir Edmund Mortimer, brother-in-law of Hotspur, had been taken prisoner by the Welsh chieftain, Owen Glendower, and the King had refused to ransom him because he was the lawful heir to the throne after the death of Richard II. This is according to Shakspeare; but the real heir, according to history, was the nephew of Mortimer, the Earl of March, a young boy whom the King kept confined in Windsor Castle. The dialogue is supposed to take place in the royal palace in London.]

[KING HENRY IV., HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, AND NORTHUMBERLAND.]

KING HENRY. Henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My lord Northumberland,

We license your departure with your son: —
Send us your prisoners, or you 'll hear of it.

[*Exit King Henry.*

HOTSPUR. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

NORTHUMBERLAND. What! drunk with choler? stay,
and pause awhile; —
Here comes your uncle. [*Enter Worcester.*

HOT. Speak of Mortimer!
Zounds! I will speak of him, and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
Yea, on his part, I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke.

NORTH. [*To Worcester.*] Brother, the king hath made
your nephew mad.

WORCESTER. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

HOT. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale,
And on my face he turned an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

WOR. I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaimed
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

NORTH. He was: I heard the proclamation;
And then it was when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition:
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be deposed, and shortly, murdered.

WOR. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

.

But now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I 'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HOT. If he fall in, good night! — or sink or swim,
Send danger from the East unto the West,
So honor cross it from the North to South,
And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

NORTH. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOT. By Heaven! methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear,
Without corrival,* all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

WOR. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin,† give me audience for a while,
And list to me.

HOT. I cry you mercy:

WOR. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners —

HOT. I 'll keep them all, —
By Heaven! he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I 'll keep them, by this hand!

WOR. You start away,

* *Corrival*, same as rival.

† In Shakspeare's time, *cousin* was an address frequently applied to a relative of any kind. Hotspur was Worcester's nephew.

And lend no ear unto my purposes: *
Those prisoners you shall keep.
HOT. Nay, I will; that 's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I 'll holla — "Mortimer!"
Nay, I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
WOR. Hear you, cousin; a word.
HOT. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke,
And that same sword-and-buckler† Prince of Wales —
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I 'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale.
WOR. Farewell, kinsman. I will talk to you
When you are better tempered to attend.

CXXXVIII. — THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

LONGFELLOW.

[This poem was published in 1842. The author, in an introduction, says: "The following ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Wind Mill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors."]

1 "SPEAK! Speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!

* *Purposes*, conversation.
† The sword and buckler were weapons worn by low fellows.

Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

2 Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

3 "I was a Viking* old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald† in song has told,
No Saga‡ taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

4 "Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

5 "Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,

* *Viking*, a Northman pirate. † *Skald*, an ancient Scandinavian poet.
‡ *Saga*, an old heroic Scandinavian tale.

While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

6 "But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

7 "Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

8 "Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrel's all,
Chanting his glory;
When of Old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

9 "While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,

And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

10 "She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And, though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight?
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

11 "Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me, —
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen! —
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we Old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

12 "Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,*
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

* *Skaw*, the extreme northern headland of Denmark.

13 "And as to catch the gale,
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

14 "As, with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

15 "Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

16 "There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother:
Death closed her mild blue eyes;
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

17 "Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear, —
O, death was grateful!

18 "Thus, seamed with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"*
Thus the tale ended.

CXXXIX. — MORAL GLORIES.

HORACE MANN.

[HORACE MANN was born in Franklin, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796, and died August 2, 1859. He was graduated at Brown University in 1819, and admitted to the bar in 1823, and continued in the practice of his profession, first at Dedham, and then at Boston, for the next fourteen years. He was, during this period, almost constantly, a member of the legislature, and for two years president of the senate. He was an earnest supporter of all legislative measures for the suppression of vice and crime, and the relief of human suffering. In 1837 he was chosen secretary of the Massachusetts board of education, and for several years devoted himself to the labors of this arduous post with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. By his writings, his lectures, his correspondence, and his personal influence, he gave a great impulse to the cause of education, not merely in Massachusetts, but all over the country. Upon the death of John Quincy Adams, in 1848, Mr. Mann was chosen to congress in his place, and remained a member of the house of representatives till 1852, when he was chosen president of Antioch College, Ohio, where he remained till the time of his death, laboring with his usual zeal and energy in the cause of education and philanthropy. While in congress he was distinguished for his

* In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. The orthography of the word is slightly changed, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

fervent anti slavery zeal. He was a man of ardent benevolence and great force of character, and his writings are distinguished for fervid eloquence and impassioned earnestness.]

[A HIGHER and holier world than the world of Ideas, or the world of Beauty, lies around us, and we find ourselves endued with susceptibilities which affiliate us to all its purity and its perfectness. The laws of nature are sublime, but there is a moral sublimity before which the highest intelligences must kneel and adore.]

The laws by which the winds blow, and the tides of the ocean, like a vast clepsydra, measure, with inimitable exactness, the hours of ever-flowing time; the laws by which the planets roll, and the sun vivifies and paints; the laws which preside over the subtle combinations of chemistry, and the amazing velocities of electricity; the laws of germination and production in the vegetable and animal worlds, — all these, radiant with eternal beauty as they are, and exalted above all the objects of sense, still wane and pale before the Moral Glories that apparel the universe in their celestial light.

The heart can put on charms which no beauty of known things, nor imagination of the unknown, can aspire to emulate. Virtue shines in native colors, purer and brighter than pearl, or diamond, or prism, can reflect. Arabian gardens in their bloom can exhale no such sweetness as charity diffuses. Beneficence is godlike, and he who does most good to his fellow-man is the Master of Masters, and has learned the Art of Arts.

Enrich and embellish the universe as you will, it is only a fit temple for the heart that loves truth with a supreme love. Inanimate vastness excites wonder; knowledge kindles admiration; but love enraptures the soul. Scientific truth is marvellous, but moral truth is divine; and whoever breathes its air, and walks by its light, has found the lost paradise. For him a new heaven and a new earth have already been created. His home is the sanctuary of God, the Holy of Holies.

CXL. — THE REFORM BILL.

SYDNEY SMITH.

[SYDNEY SMITH, a clergyman of the church of England, was born at Woodford, in the county of Essex, England, in 1771, and died in 1845. He was one of the founders of the "Edinburgh Review," a periodical journal which has exerted, and is continuing to exert, so great an influence over the literature and politics of Great Britain; and for many years he was a constant contributor to its pages. Among all the writers of his time, he is remarkable for his brilliant wit and rich vein of humor, which give a peculiar and pungent flavor to everything that falls from his pen. But his wit and humor rested upon a foundation of sound common sense, and were always under the control of a warm and good heart. In reading him, we feel first that he is a wise man, and then a witty man. He was a courageous and consistent friend of civil and religious liberty; and in the various articles which he contributed to the "Edinburgh Review," on social and political reform, he shows the enlarged views of an enlightened statesman, and the benevolent feeling of a Christian philanthropist.

The following is an extract from a speech delivered at Taunton, England, in October, 1831, at a county meeting held in consequence of the rejection by the house of lords of the reform bill which had been passed by the house of commons.]

I HAVE spoken so often on this subject, that I am sure both you and the gentlemen here present will be obliged to me for saying but little, and that favor I am as willing to confer as you can be to receive it. I feel most deeply the event which has taken place, because, by putting the two houses of parliament in collision with each other, it will impede the public business and diminish the public prosperity. I feel it as a churchman, because I cannot but blush to see so many dignitaries of the church arrayed against the wishes and happiness of the people. I feel it more than all, because I believe it will sow the seeds of deadly hatred between the aristocracy and the great mass of the people.

The loss of the bill I do not feel, and for the best of all possible reasons — because I have not the slightest idea that it is lost. I have no more doubt, before the expiration of the winter, that this bill will pass, than I have that the annual tax bills will pass, and greater certainty than this no man can have, for Franklin tells us there are but two things certain in this world — death and taxes.

As for the possibility of the house of lords preventing, ere long, a reform of parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform, reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion.

In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town — the tide rose to an incredible height — the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and feathers, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease — be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

CXLI. — ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

GRAY.

[THOMAS GRAY was born in London, December 26, 1716, and died July 30, 1771. Though he has written but little, he holds a high rank in English literature from the energy, splendor, and perfect finish of his poetical style. He was one of the most learned men of his time, and his letters are delightful from their playfulness and grace. His "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" is perhaps the most popular piece of poetry in the English language. "It abounds," says Dr. Johnson "with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo."]

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

3 Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

7 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

8 Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;

Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9 The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10 Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11 Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

12 Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

13 But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

14 Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15 Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,

Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

16 Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

17 Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined:
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

18 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20 Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21 Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

23 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24 For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If 'chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

25 Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26 "There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27 "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

28 "One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

29 "The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne,

Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

30 Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

31 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery, all he had, a tear —
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

32 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

CXLII. — THE CAUSE OF THE UNION.

R. C. WINTHROP.

[ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP was born in Boston May 12, 1809, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1828. He was admitted to the bar in 1831, but never engaged in the practice of the profession. In 1834 he was elected to the house of representatives of Massachusetts, and re-elected during five successive years, during the last three of which he served as speaker. In the autumn of 1840 he was chosen to the house of representatives in congress, and continued a member of that body during the next ten years, with the exception of a brief interval. From December, 1847, to March, 1849, he was speaker of the house. In 1856 he served a short time in the senate of the United States, by appointment of the governor of Massachusetts. During his public life Mr. Winthrop was a leading member of the Whig party. He spoke frequently upon the great questions of the day, and his speeches always commanded attention from their well-considered arguments and propriety of tone. A volume of his addresses and speeches was published in 1852, since which time he has published several lectures and public discourses. The following piece is made up of extracts from a speech delivered at Boston October 3, 1861, on the presentation of a flag to the twenty-second Massachusetts regiment, then under the command of Mr. Senator Wilson, by whom it had been raised.]

"UNION for the sake of the Union;" "our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country;" these are the mottoes, old, stale, hackneyed, and threadbare, as they may have seemed when employed as the watchwords of an electioneering campaign, but clothed with a new power, a new significance, a new gloss, and a new glory, when uttered as the battle-cries of a nation struggling for existence; these are the only mottoes which can give a just and adequate expression to the cause in which you have enlisted. Sir, I thank Heaven that the trumpet has given no uncertain sound while you have been preparing yourselves for the battle.

This is the Cause which has been solemnly proclaimed by both branches of congress, in resolutions passed at the instance of those true-hearted sons of Tennessee and Kentucky, — Johnson and Crittenden, — and which, I rejoice to remember at this hour, received your own official sanction as a senator of the United States.

This is the Cause which has been recognized and avowed by the President of the United States, with a frankness and a fearlessness which have won the respect and admiration of us all.

This is the Cause which has been so fervently commended to us from the dying lips of a Douglas, and by the matchless living voices of a Holt and an Everett.

And this, finally, is the Cause which has obliterated as no other cause could have done, all divisions and distinctions of party, nationality, and creed; which has appealed alike to Republican, Democrat, and Union Whig, to native citizen and adopted citizen; and in which not the sons of Massachusetts, or of New England, or of the North alone, not the dwellers on the Hudson, the Delaware, and the Susquehanna only, but so many of those also, on the Potomac and the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Missouri, on all the lakes, and in all the vast Mesopotamia of the mighty West, — yes, and strangers from beyond the seas,

Irish and Scotch, German, Italian, and French, — the common emigrant, and those who have stood nearest to a throne, — brave and devoted men from almost every nation under heaven, — men who have measured the value of our country to the world by a nobler standard than the cotton crop, and who realize that other and more momentous destinies are at stake upon our struggle than such as can be wrought upon any mere material looms and shuttles, — all, all are seen rallying beneath a common flag, and exclaiming with one heart and voice: "The American Union, it must be and shall be preserved!"

And we owe it, sir, to the memory of our fathers, we owe it to the hopes of our children, we owe it to the cause of free institutions, and of good government of every sort throughout the world, to make the effort, cost what it may of treasure or of blood, and, with God's help, to accomplish the result.

I have said enough, and more than enough, to manifest the spirit in which this flag is now committed to your charge. It is the national ensign, pure and simple, dearer to all our hearts at this moment, as we lift it to the gale, and see no other sign of hope upon the storm-cloud which rolls and rattles above it save that which is reflected from its own radiant hues, — dearer, a thousand fold dearer to us all, than ever it was before, while gilded by the sunshine of prosperity and playing with the zephyrs of peace. It will speak for itself far more eloquently than I can speak for it.

Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. There is no language or speech where their voices are not heard. There is magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and every perplexity. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom or of despondency.

Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of

later struggles. It speaks of victories, and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and among the dead; and of him, the first and greatest of them all, around whose consecrated ashes this unnatural and abhorrent strife has so long been raging, — "the abomination of desolation, standing where it ought not." But before all and above all other associations and memories, — whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds, or glorious places, — its voice is ever of Union and Liberty, of the Constitution and the Laws.

Behold it! Listen to it! Let it tell the story of its birth to these gallant volunteers, as they march beneath its folds by day, or repose beneath its sentinel stars by night.

Let it recall to them the strange, eventful history of its rise and progress; let it rehearse to them the wondrous tale of its trials and its triumphs, in peace as well as in war; and whatever else may happen to it, or to them, it will never be surrendered to rebels, never be ignominiously struck to treason, nor ever be prostituted to any unworthy and unchristian purpose of revenge, depredation, or rapine.

And may a merciful God cover the head of each one of its brave defenders in the hour of battle!

A FOREST SCENE.

LONGFELLOW.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlock,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

CXLIII. — RICHELIEU'S VINDICATION.

BULWER.

[SIR EDWARD GEORGE EARLE BULWER-LYTTON, (generally known by his original name of Bulwer,) one of the most popular and distinguished of the living writers of England, was born at Haydon Hall, in the county of Norfolk, in 1805, and educated at the University of Cambridge. He is the author of a large number of novels, as well as of plays, poems, and miscellanies. He is a writer of various and versatile power, and his novels are remarkable for brilliant description, startling adventures, sharp delineation of character, and — especially the later ones — a vein of philosophical reflection. The moral tone of his earlier works is not always to be commended, but in this respect, as well as in substantial literary merit, there is a marked improvement in those of later date.

The following scene is from "Richelieu," a play founded upon certain incidents in the life of the great French statesman of that name.]

RICHELIEU. Room, my Lords, room! The minister of France
Can need no intercession with the King.
[*They fall back.*

LOUIS. What means this false report of death, Lord Cardinal?

RICHELIEU. Are you then angered, sire, that I live still?

LOUIS. No; but such artifice —

RICHELIEU. Not mine: — look elsewhere!
Louis — my castle swarmed with the assassins.

BARADAS [*advancing*]. We have punished them already. Huguet is now
In the Bastile. Oh! my Lord, *we* were prompt
To avenge you — *we* were —

RICHELIEU. WE? Ha! ha! you hear,
My liege! What page, man, in the last court grammar
Made you a plural? Count, you have seized the *hireling:*
Sire, shall I name the *master?*

LOUIS. Tush! my Lord,
The old contrivance: — ever does your wit
Invent assassins, — that ambition may
Slay rivals —

RICHELIEU. Rivals, sire! in what?

Service to France? *I have none!* Lives the man
Whom Europe, paled before your glory, deems
Rival to Armand Richelieu?

LOUIS. What! so haughty!

Remember, he who made can unmake.

RICHELIEU. Never!

Never! Your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers, — but my name — my deeds,
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre!
Pass sentence on me, if you will; from Kings,
Lo, I appeal to Time! Be just, my liege —
I found your kingdom rent with heresies
And bristling with rebellion; lawless nobles
And breadless serfs; England fomenting discord;
Austria — her clutch on your dominion; Spain
Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
To armèd thunder-bolts. The Arts lay dead,
Trade rotted in your marts, your Armies mutinous,
Your Treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
Your trust, so be it! and I leave you, sole,
Supremest monarch of the mightiest realm,
From Ganges to the Icebergs: — Look without;
No foe not humbled! Look within; the Arts
Quit for your schools their old Hesperides —
The golden Italy! while through the veins
Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides,
Trade, the calm health of nations!

Sire, I know
Your smoother courtiers please you best — nor measure
Myself with them, — yet sometimes I would doubt
If statesmen, rocked and dandled into power?
Could leave such legacies to kings!

[*Louis appears irresolute.*

BARADAS [*passing him, whispers*]. But Julie,
Shall I not summon her to court?

LOUIS [*motions to Baradas, and turns haughtily to the Cardinal*]. Enough!
Your Eminence must excuse a longer audience.
To your own palace: — For our conference, this
Nor place — nor season.

RICHELIEU. Good my liege! for *Justice*
All place a temple, and all season, summer!
Do you deny me justice? Saints of heaven,
He turns from me! *Do you deny me justice?*
For fifteen years, while in these hands dwelt empire,
The humblest craftsman — the obscurest vassal —
The very leper shrinking from the sun,
Though loathed by Charity, might ask for justice!
Not with the fawning tone and crawling mien
Of some I see around you — Counts and Princes —
Kneeling for *favors;* — but, erect and loud,
As men who ask man's rights! my liege, my Lord,
Do you refuse me justice — audience even —
In the pale presence of the baffled Murther?

LOUIS. Lord Cardinal — one by one you have severed from me
The bonds of human love. All near and dear
Marked out for vengeance — exile, or the scaffold.
You find me now amidst my trustiest friends,
My closest kindred; you would tear them from me;
They murder *you*, forsooth, since *me* they love.
Enough of plots and treasons for one reign!
Home! Home! and sleep away these phantoms!

RICHELIEU. Sire!
I —— patience, heaven! sweet heaven! Sire, from the foot
Of that Great Throne, these hands have raised aloft
On an Olympus, looking down on mortals
And worshipped by their awe — before the foot
Of that high throne — spurn you the gray-haired man,
Who gave you empire — and now sues for safety!

LOUIS. No: — when we see your Eminence in truth
At the *foot* of the throne — we 'll listen to you.

CXLIV. — ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

SHAKSPEARE.

1 FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral. ——

2 He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

3 But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O Masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong — I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet: 't is his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood —
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue. ——

4 If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii: —
Look! In this place ran Cassius's dagger through: —
See, what a rent the envious Casca made —
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it! —
This was the most unkindest cut of all!

For, when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him! Then burst his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you, and all of us, fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: — these are gracious drops,
Kind souls! What, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look ye here! —
Here is himself — marred, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends! sweet friends! Let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it! They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend — and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: — I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know —
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony,
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

CXLV. — VINDICATION OF IRELAND.

SHEIL.

[RICHARD LALOR SHEIL was born near Waterford, Ireland, August 17, 1791, and died May 23, 1857, at Florence, where he was residing as British minister at the court of Tuscany. He was called to the bar in 1814, and entered parliament in 1830. He was a man of brilliant oratorical genius, and the author of several successful dramas. The following piece is an extract from a speech delivered in the house of commons in vindication of the Irish people against a charge made by Lord Lyndhurst in the house of lords, a short time before.]

THERE is, however, one man of great abilities, not a member of this house (Lord Lyndhurst), but whose talents and whose boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party — who, disdaining all imposture, and thinking it the best course to appeal directly to the religious and national antipathies of the people of this country — abandoning all reserve, and flinging off the slender veil by which his political associates affect to cover, although they cannot hide, their motives — distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privilege as Englishmen; and pronounces them, in any particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances by which fellow-citizenship is created, in race, identity, and religion — to be aliens — to be aliens in race — to be aliens in country — to be aliens in religion.

Aliens! good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the house of lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, "Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty?" The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply — I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. "The

battles, sieges, fortunes that he has passed," ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable — from Assaye to Waterloo — the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajos? All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory — Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all the greatest ——.

Tell me, for you were there — I appeal to the gallant soldier before me, (Sir Henry Hardinge,) from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast; — tell me, for you must needs remember — on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance — while death fell in showers — when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science — when her legions, incited by the voice, and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset — tell me if, for an instant when, to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the "aliens" blenched?

And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was at last let loose — when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault — tell me, if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and

drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together: — in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited — the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust — the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril — in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

CXLVI. — THE RISING OF THE VENDEE.

CROLY.

[The Rev. GEORGE CROLY was born in Dublin in 1780, and died in 1860. He was for many years rector of St. Stephens, Walbrook, in London. He was a well-known writer in prose and verse. Among his productions were "Catiline," a tragedy; "Salathiel," a romance; a biography of Burke; and the novel of "Marston, or Memoirs of a Statesman," from which the following spirited poem is taken.

La Vendée,* or the Vendée, is a district on the western coast of France, the inhabitants of which were royalists, and broke out into open rebellion against the revolutionary government of France in 1793. The insurrection was suppressed after a few months, during which the Vendeans displayed the most heroic courage. An Angevine is an inhabitant of the district of Anjou. The Oriflamme was the ancient royal standard of France.]

It was a Sabbath morning, and sweet the summer air,
And brightly shone the summer sun upon the day of prayer,
And silver sweet the village-bells o'er mount and valley tolled,
And in the church of St. Florent† were gathered young and old,
When, rushing down the woodland hill, in fiery haste, was seen,
With panting steed and bloody spur, a noble Angevine;
And bounding on the sacred floor, he gave his fearful cry:
"Up! up for France! the time is come for France to live or die!

"Your queen is in the dungeon; your king is in his gore;
O'er Paris waves the flag of death, the fiery Tricolour;
Your nobles in their ancient halls are hunted down and slain;
In convent cells and holy shrines the blood is poured like rain;

* Vendée, väⁿ(g)-dā'. † St. Florent, säⁿ(g)-flō-räⁿ(g).

The peasant's vine is rooted up, his cottage given to flame;
His son is to the scaffold sent, his daughter sent to shame.
With torch in hand and hate in heart, the rebel host is nigh.
Up! up for France! the time is come for France to live or die!"

That live-long night the horn was heard from Orleans* to Anjou,†
And poured from all their quiet fields our shepherds bold and true.
Along the pleasant banks of Loire shot up the beacon-fires,
And many a torch was blazing bright on Luçon's‡ stately spires;
The midnight cloud was flushed with flame, that hung o'er Parthenay;§
The blaze that shone o'er proud Brissac‖ was like the breaking day,
Till east, and west, and north, and south, the loyal beacons shone
Like shooting stars from haughty Nantes¶ to sea-begirt Olonne.**

And through the night, on horse and foot, the sleepless summons flew,
And morning saw the Lily-flag wide-waving o'er Poitou.††
And many an ancient musketoon was taken from the wall,
And many a jovial hunter's steed was harnessed in the stall,
And many a noble's armory gave up the sword and spear,
And many a bride, and many a babe, was left with kiss and tear,
And many a homely peasant bade farewell to his old dame,
As in the days when France's king unfurled the Oriflamme.

There, leading his bold marksmen, rode the eagle-eyed Lescure,‡‡
And dark Stofflet, §§ who flies to fight as an eagle to his lure;
And fearless as the lion roused, but gentle as the lamb,
Came marching at his people's head the great and good Bonchamp;‖‖‖
Charette, ¶¶ where honor was the prize, the hero sure to win;
And there, with Henri Quatre's plume, young la Rochejacquelein;***
And there, in peasant garb and speech, — the terror of the foe, —
A noble, made by Heaven's own hand, the great Cathelineau.†††

We marched by tens of thousands, we marched by day and night,
The Lily-standard in our front, like Israel's holy light.
Around us rushed the rebels, as the wolf upon the sheep, —
We burst upon their columns as a lion roused from sleep;

* Orléans, ör-lā-än(g).
† Anjou, än(g)-zhō.
‡ Luçon, lụ-sân(g).
§ Parthenay, pär-tẹ-nā.
‖ Brissac, bris-sāc.
¶ Nantes, nän(g)t.
** Olonne, ōl-lŏn.
†† Poitou, pwä-tô.
‡‡ Lescure, lēs-cure.
§§ Stofflet, stŏf-flā.
‖‖‖ Bonchamp, bän(g)-shän(g).
¶¶ Charette, shä-rĕt.
*** la Rochejaquelein, lah-rōsh-zhäk-lăn(g).
††† Cathelineau, cät-ẹh-li-nō.

We tore their bayonets from their hands, we slew them at their guns;
Their boasted horsemen fled like chaff before our forest sons.
That night we heaped their baggage high their lines of dead between,
And in the centre blazed to heaven their blood-dyed guillotine!

In vain they hid their heads in walls; we rushed on stout Thouar; *
What cared we for shot or shell, for battlement or bar?
We burst its gates; then like a wind we rushed on Fontenay; †
We saw its flag with morning light — 't was ours by setting day;
We crushed like ripened grapes Montreuil, ‡ we bore down old Vihiers; §
We charged them with our naked breasts, and took them with a cheer.
We 'll hunt the robbers through the land, from Seine ‖ to sparkling Rhone;
Now, "Here 's a health to all we love, our king shall have his own."

CXLVII. — THE AWAKING OF A GREAT NATION.

MILTON.

METHINKS I see, in my mind, a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her dazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and, in their envious gabble, would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

* Thouar, tô-ăr.
† Fontenay, fân(g)-teh-nā.
‡ Montreuil, mân(g)-trërl.
§ Vihiers, vī-yā.
‖ Seine, sān.

CXLVIII. — ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

[ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. After a youth of toil and struggle, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. In the autumn of 1846 he was elected a representative in Congress from the central district of Illinois, and served in that capacity for one term. In November, 1860, he was chosen President of the United States, and reëlected to the same office in 1864. On the evening of April 14, 1865, he was assassinated at the theatre in Washington. This execrable deed excited throughout the country a degree of horror, indignation, and grief unparalleled in history. The death of President Lincoln was also universally felt to be an irreparable misfortune to the country, as he had acquired the confidence of men of all parties from his pure and disinterested patriotism, his sincere conscientiousness, his kindness of heart, and the sound practical sense which he was applying to the solution of the important political problems which the close of the war had devolved upon the government.

The battle of Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, was fought on the first, second, and third days of July, 1863, between the United States troops under General Meade and the rebel forces under General Lee. The result of the successive conflicts was the entire defeat of the rebels. A portion of the field of battle was appropriated for a cemetery for the Union soldiers who fell in the fight, and was duly consecrated by religious services on the 19th of November, 1863. An interesting historical and patriotic discourse was pronounced by Mr. Everett, after which President Lincoln spoke as follows.]

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation — or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated — can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, *to be dedicated*, here, to

the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

CXLIX. — SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

[The following discourse was pronounced by President Lincoln, March 4, 1865, on the occasion of his being for a second time inducted into the office of President of the United States.]

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have constantly been called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured. On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without

war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war, seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation.

Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came.

One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but located in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing his bread from the sweat of other men's faces.

But let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both should not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those

divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him?

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wound, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

CL. — SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

[THOMAS BUCHANAN READ was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, March 12, 1822. He is a portrait painter by profession, but has published several volumes of poetry, among which are many pieces of decided merit. He has also edited a work entitled "Specimens of the Female Poets of America."

On the 19th of October, 1864, the Union forces at Cedar Creek, in Virginia, were attacked by the rebels, and driven back for some distance in considerable disorder; but the battle was restored by the opportune arrival of General Sheridan, who hastened to the field from Winchester, and the result was a brilliant victory to the Union arms.]

1 UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

2 And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

3 But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hill rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

4 Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

5 Under his spurning feet, the road,
Like an arrowy Alpine river, flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, with his wild eyes full of fire,
Swept on to the goal of his heart's desire:
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

6 The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done — what to do — a glance told him both;
Then striking his spurs, with a muttered oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas.
The sight of the master compelled them to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

7 Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester — twenty miles away!"

CLI. — WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN COMPARED.

SUMNER.

[The following is an extract from a eulogy on President Lincoln pronounced by Mr. Sumner before the citizens of Boston on Thursday, June 1, 1865.]

IN the universe of God there are no accidents. From the fall of a sparrow to the fall of an empire, or the sweep of a planet, all is according to divine Providence, whose laws are everlasting. It was no accident which
5 gave to his country the patriot whom we now honor. It was no accident which snatched this patriot, so suddenly

and so cruelly, from his sublime duties. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord. Perhaps never in history has this providence been more conspicuous than in that recent procession of events where the final triumph was wrapped in the gloom of tragedy. It will be our duty to catch the moral of this stupendous drama.

For the second time in our annals the country has been summoned by the president to unite, on an appointed day, in commemorating the life and character of the dead. The first was on the death of George Washington, when, as now, a day was set apart for simultaneous eulogy throughout the land; and cities, towns, and villages all vied in tribute. More than half a century has passed since this early observance in memory of the Father of his Country, and now it is repeated in memory of Abraham Lincoln.

Thus are Washington and Lincoln associated in the grandeur of their obsequies. But this association is not accidental. It is from the nature of the case, and because the part which Lincoln was called to perform resembled in character the part which was performed by Washington. The work left undone by Washington was continued by Lincoln. Kindred in service, kindred in patriotism, each was naturally surrounded at death by kindred homage. One sleeps in the East, and the other sleeps in the West; and thus, in death, as in life, one is the complement of the other.

Each was at the head of the republic during a period of surpassing trial; and each thought only of the public good, simply, purely, constantly, so that single-hearted devotion to country will always find a synonyme in their names. Each was the national chief during a time of successful war. Each was the representative of his country at a great epoch of history.

Unlike in origin, conversation, and character, they

were unlike, also, in the *ideas* which they served, except so far as each was the servant of his country. The war conducted by Washington was unlike the war conducted by Lincoln — as the peace which crowned the arms of the one was unlike the peace which began to smile upon the other. The two wars did not differ in the scale of operations, and in the tramp of mustered hosts, more than in the ideas involved. The first was for national independence; the second was to make the republic one and indivisible, on the indestructible foundations of liberty and equality. In the relation of cause and effect the first was the natural precursor and herald of the second. By the sword of Washington independence was secured; but the unity of the republic and the principles of the Declaration were left exposed to question. From that day to this, through various chances, they have been questioned, and openly assailed — until at last the republic was constrained to take up arms in their defence.

Such are these two great wars in which these two chiefs bore such part. Washington fought for national independence, and triumphed, — making his country an example to mankind. Lincoln drew a reluctant sword to save those great ideas, essential to the life and character of the republic, which unhappily the sword of Washington had failed to put beyond the reach of assault.

It was by no accident that these two great men became the representatives of their country at these two different epochs, so alike in peril, and yet so unlike in the principles involved. Washington was the natural representative of national independence. He might also have represented national unity had this principle been challenged to bloody battle during his life; for nothing was nearer his heart than the consolidation of our Union, which, in his letter to Congress transmitting the Constitution, he declared to be "the greatest interest of every true American." But another

person was needed, of different birth and simpler life, to represent the ideas which in our day have been assailed.

Washington, always strictly just, according to prevailing principles, and ordering at his death the emancipation of his slaves, was a general and a statesman rather than a philanthropist. His origin — his early life — his opportunities — his condition — his character, were all in contrast with the origin, the early life, the opportunities, the condition, and the character of him whom we commemorate to-day.

Mourn not the dead, but rejoice in his life and example. Rejoice as you point to this child of the people, who was lifted so high that republican institutions became manifest in him! Rejoice that through him Emancipation was proclaimed! Above all, see to it that his constant vows are fulfilled, and that the promises of the Fathers are maintained, so that no person in the upright form of man can be shut out from their protection. Then will the unity of the republic be fixed on a foundation that cannot fail, and other nations will enjoy its security. The corner-stone of National Independence is already in its place, and on it is inscribed the name of George Washington. There is another stone which must have its place at the corner also. This is the Declaration of Independence with all its promises fulfilled. On this stone we will gratefully inscribe the name of Abraham Lincoln.

CLII. — THE ELOQUENCE OF EVERETT.

WINTHROP.

[The following extract is from a speech delivered by Mr. Winthrop at a meeting of the citizens of Boston, in honor of Mr. Everett, held in Faneuil Hall, January 18, 1865.

Plato, a celebrated Greek philosopher, was born at Athens in the year 430 B. C. A story is related of him that a swarm of bees settled upon his lips while he

was sleeping in the cradle. But this is only a poetical way of stating that his style is remarkable for grace and sweetness.

St. John Chrys'ostom, the most renowned of the Greek fathers, was a native of Antioch, and flourished in the fourth century. The word Chrys'ostom, which is compounded of two Greek words, and means the *golden-mouthed*, was applied to him because of his eloquence as a preacher.]

THE event which has called us together has occurred too suddenly, too unexpectedly, for any of us to be quite prepared either for attempting or for hearing any formal account of our departed friend's career, or any cold analysis of his public or private character. There must be time for us to recover from the first shock of so overwhelming a loss before his eulogy can be fitly undertaken or calmly listened to. His honored remains are still awaiting those funeral rites in which our whole community will so eagerly and so feelingly unite to-morrow.

The very air we are breathing at this moment is still vocal and vibrating with his last public appeal. It seems but an instant since he was with us on this platform, pleading the cause of humanity and Christian benevolence in as noble strains as ever fell from human lips. And no one, I think, who had the privilege of hearing that appeal, can fail to remember a passage, which did not find its way into any of the printed reports, but which made a deep impression on my own heart, as I stood on yonder floor a delighted listener to one whom I could never hear too often. It was the passage in which, in terms quite unusual for him, and which seemed as if the shadow of coming events were passing over his mind, he spoke of himself as "an old man who had nothing but his lips left for contributing to the public good."

Nothing but his lips left! Ah, my friends, what lips those were! If ever, since the days of the infant Plato, — of whom the story is told, — if ever, since that age of cunning fable and of deep philosophy with which he was so familiar, the Attic bees have lighted upon any human lips, and left their persuasive honey there without a particle of

their sting, it must have been on those of our lamented friend. What lips they were! And what have they not accomplished since they were first opened in mature, articulate speech! What worthy topic have they not illustrated! What good and noble cause have they not advocated and adorned! On what occasion of honor to the living or to the dead, — at what commemoration of the glorious past, — in what exigency of the momentous present, — have those lips ever been mute? From what call of duty or of friendship, of charity or of patriotism, have they ever been withheld?

Turn to those three noble volumes of his works, and follow him in that splendid series of Orations which they contain, — from the earliest at Cambridge, in which he pronounced that thrilling welcome to Lafayette a little more than forty years ago, down to that on the 4th of July, 1858, which he concluded by saying, that in the course of nature he should go to his grave before long, and he wished no other epitaph to be placed upon it than this: "Through evil report and through good report he loved his whole country."

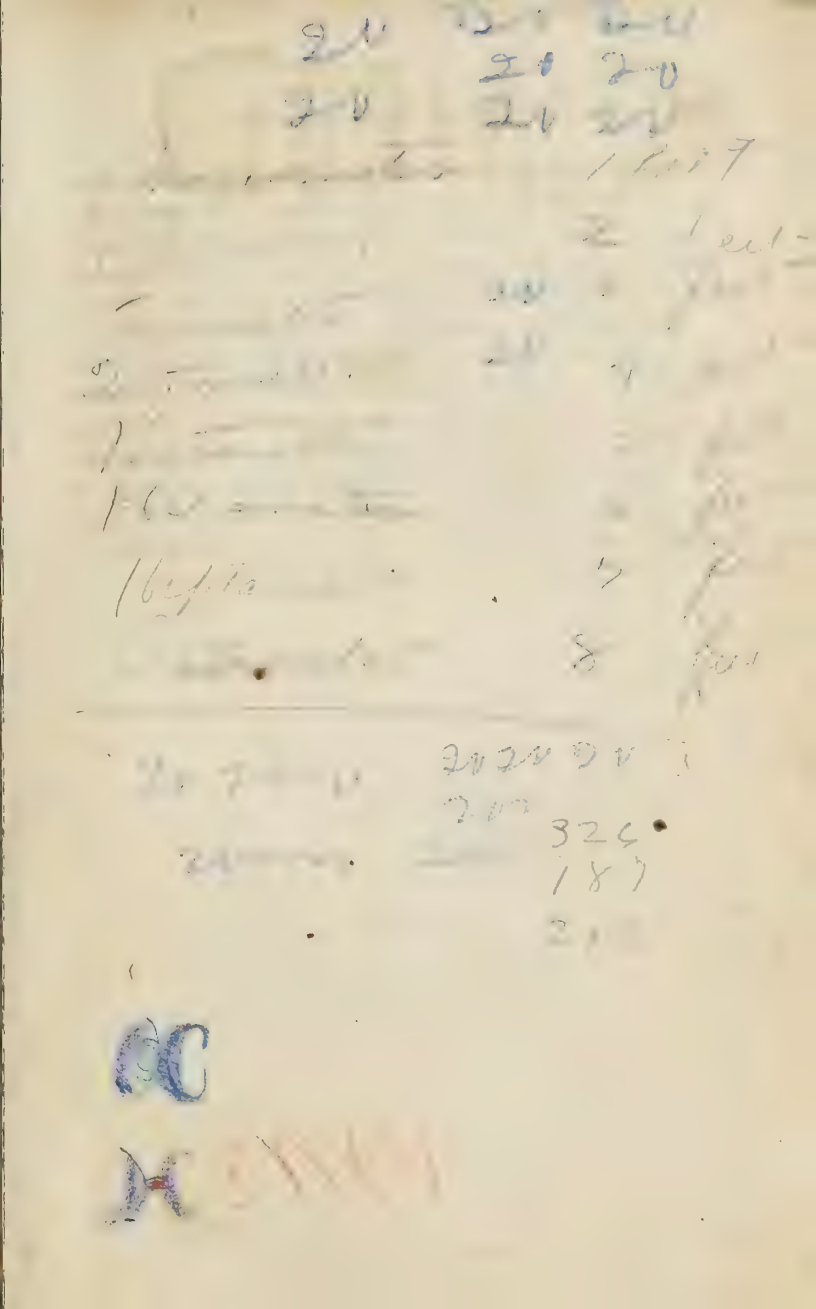
Follow him in his whole career as unfolded in those noble volumes, — the best manual of American eloquence, — and then take up the record of those other Orations and Addresses which are still to be included in his collected works, the record of the last few years, as it is impressed upon the minds and hearts of every patriot in our land, — with all its grand appeals for Mount Vernon and the memory of Washington, for the sufferers of East Tennessee, for the preservation of the Union, for the defence of the country against rebellion and treason, for the support of the national administration agreeably to his own honest convictions of duty.

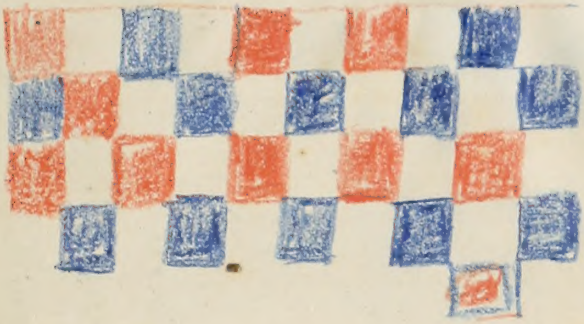
Follow him along the radiant pathway of that whole career, illuminated as it is from his earliest manhood to the last week of his life by the sparkling productions of

his own genius, and then tell me, you who can, what cause of education or literature, what cause of art or industry, what cause of science or history, what cause of religion or charity, what cause of philanthropy or patriotism, has not been a debtor — a debtor beyond the power of payment, and now, alas! beyond the power of acknowledgment — to his voice or to his pen! Who has ever more fairly won the title of "the golden-mouthed," since the sainted Chrysostom of old, than he who, by the music of his voice and the magic of his tongue, has so often coined his thoughts into eagles, and turned his words into ingots, at one moment for the redemption of the consecrated home and grave of the Father of his Country, and at another for the relief of an oppressed and suffering people?

THE END.

[Whole number of pages, 516.]





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